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POPULAR TALES AND FICTIONS

POPULAR TALES AND FICTIONS

THEIR

MIGRATIONS AND TRANSFORMATIONS

BY

W. A. CLOUSTON

EDITOR OF 'ARABIAN POETRY FOR ENGLISH READERS;' 'BAKHTYÁR NÁMA;' 'THE BOOK OF SINDIBÁD,' ETC.

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TALES have wings, whether they come from the East or from the North, and they soon become denizens wherever they alight. Thus it has happened, that the tale which charmed the wandering Arab in his tent, or cheered the Northern peasant by his winter's fireside, alike held on its journey to England and Scotland.—ISAAC D'ISRAELI.

TO

SIR RICHARD F. BURTON, K.C.M.G.,

THE EMINENT SCHOLAR AND WORLD-WIDE TRAVELLER; WHOSE NOTES TO HIS COMPLETE TRANSLATION OF 'THE BOOK OF THE THOUSAND NIGHTS AND A NIGHT' ARE AMPLE EVIDENCE OF HIS INTEREST IN, AND KNOWLEDGE OF, THE GENEALOGY OF POPULAR TALES;

These Volumes are Dedicated

BY

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PREFACE.

THE following papers are designed as a contribution to the history of European popular tales, the study of which—and it is both instructive and fascinating—has been, until within comparatively recent years, much neglected in this country, though its importance has long been recognised by eminent Continental scholars, the value of whose researches it would not be easy to overrate. The illustrations of the pedigree and modifications of our popular fictions adduced in these volumes are the result of many years' special as well as promiscuous reading, but, no doubt, they are in some instances very far from being exhaustive: it is little, after all, that a single labourer can accomplish in exploring so vast a field. I venture to think, however, that the papers will prove both useful to English students of comparative folk-lore and folk-tales and interesting to intelligent readers generally.

So far as I am aware, there is no work precisely similar to this in our country, in which variants of the same general stories are detailed—not merely indicated by their titles—thus enabling the reader to judge for himself of their common origin, and the transformations they have undergone in passing from one country to another, without the labour of consulting a great many different books, some of which are not readily accessible. Dunlop's 'History of Fiction,' though a remarkable work of research, was, even on its first publication, considered as very incomplete; and since then—indeed chiefly of late years—much light has been thrown upon the genealogy of our household tales, by the publication of such as are orally current in the different countries of Europe, as well as by the discovery of ancient Indian story-books and still older Buddhist collections, which has made it now somewhat out of date. An English rendering of Dr Liebrecht's notes to his German translation of Dunlop's work is much to be desired.

Keightley's little book, entitled 'Tales and Popular Fictions,' together with some able articles on the same subject which appeared in the 'Quarterly' and the 'Foreign Quarterly' Reviews shortly before it was published (about fifty years ago), must have helped to promote a more wide-spread interest in the question

of the origin and diffusion of folk-tales; and the writers deserve all praise for having made the most of the materials within their reach. Those materials were, however, very scanty in comparison with the great mass that has since accumulated, by means of which the storiologist is enabled to "survey *folk-tales* from China to Peru." Not only have several of the oldest and most important Asiatic story-books been translated into English and other European languages, but oral tales and legends have been "taken down from the mouths of the people" in several parts of India: in the Panjáb and Kashmír, by Mrs Steel and Captain R. C. Temple; in Bengal, by Mr C. H. Damant and Rev. Lal Behari Day; in Southern India, by Pandit S. M. Natésa Sástrí.

Such a task as tracing through a great number of versions, or variants, the favourite story of Aladdin and his Lamp (in the first volume of this work—and a Buddhist version will be found in the Appendix); the Egyptian legend of the Robbery of the King's Treasury; the Irish legend of Little Fairly; the tale of the Lady and her Suitors; the story of the Three Knights and the Lady, and that of the Three Hunchbacks; and Chaucer's "Pardoner's Tale" (in the second volume)—was quite impossible in the time of Keightley, not to mention Dunlop. Of those two

writers the former seems to have been as diffident of expressing an opinion regarding the probable extraction of a tale as the latter was unhesitating; the consequence of which is that neither is a safe guide to the young student of the history of popular fictions: Keightley being on the whole calculated to induce false theories of their transmission—in fact, he often appears to favour the absurd notion of their independent invention; while Dunlop, in his ignorance of the dates and sources of such Eastern story-books as he knew from translations, is very misleading, ascribing the originals of certain tales to works which are by no means either ancient or "original." Dunlop is perhaps to be trusted in his accounts of the romances of chivalry and the early Italian novels, but when he states their sources he is to be received with caution. Nevertheless, both Dunlop's book and that of Keightley (and the 'Fairy Mythology' of the latter may be included) are good pieces of work: a man cannot tell more than he knows or than is known at the time of his writing: and they can hardly fail of instructing the reader, and also of inciting him to pursue similar researches for himself. With greatly superior advantages in these days, when the results of the investigations of many learned and laborious scholars have been published, the present volumes are designed, not to bolster up any pet theory regarding the transmission

of popular tales, but to supply materials from which those interested in the question may draw their own conclusions, as well as to furnish a collection of entertaining stories.

I may mention that a goodly number of the tales cited in this work appear in English for the first time, while by far the greater portion will probably be quite new to the ordinary reader. Some "discoveries" I believe I have made in the course of my researches: links which were wanted to unite European stories with their Asiatic originals or prototypes; and, occasionally, hitherto unknown sources, or at least Eastern variants, of our household tales. In a work such as this errors both of omission and commission are unavoidable; so frequently is one story found to run into another, with which it had originally no connection, that it is exceedingly difficult to "pigeon-hole" all semi-analogous incidents for the purpose of their being cited in their proper places. The tabulation, or classification, of folk-tales formed no part of my plan; that is being done by members of the Folk-Lore Society, and may be safely left in their able hands.

There are perhaps still some amongst us who think — and not so very long since they were in a small minority who thought otherwise—that our

nursery and popular tales are utterly unworthy of consideration by "sensible, practical" men. But it has been well remarked that "any kind of writing, how trifling soever, that obtains general currency, and especially that early preoccupies the imagination of the youth of both sexes, must demand particular attention: its influence is likely to be considerable both on the morals and the taste of a nation." Sir John Malcolm's observation on the same subject is to the like effect: "He who desires to be well acquainted with a people will not reject their popular stories and superstitions." And I may add that a comparative study of folk-tales, apart from its great linguistic value, is calculated to enlarge the mind, and when assiduously prosecuted, broaden our sympathies, and enable us to recognise, more fully, perhaps, than could anything else, the universal brotherhood of mankind.

My task, if arduous, has been a most pleasant one —in truth, a labour of love; and I must not conclude these prefatory remarks without gratefully acknowledging my obligations to Dr Reinhold Rost, for the loan of scarce books from the Library of the India Office and important suggestions; to Mr F. F. Arbuthnot—author of 'Early Ideas: a Group of Hindoo Stories'—for the use of unpublished translations of Indian story-books; and to my learned and

amiable friend Dr David Ross, Principal of the E. C. Training College, Glasgow, for much valuable assistance. I am also greatly indebted to the courtesy of Mr E. B. Nicholson, of the Bodleian Library, Oxford; to Mr F. T. Barrett, of the Mitchell Public Library, Glasgow; and especially to Mr James Lymburn, of the Glasgow University Library, who cheerfully helped me in my researches at that rich literary treasury.

W. A. C.

November, 1886.

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POPULAR TALES AND FICTIONS.

INTRODUCTION.

SOLOMON'S oft-quoted dictum that "there is nothing new under the sun" may be safely applied to the popular tales and fictions of Europe; indeed, as an able writer has remarked, "to invent what has not been invented before may be no less difficult than it was, in Mr Shandy's opinion, to curse out of the comprehensive digest of Ernulphus." By far the greater number of the apologues and stories which are common to all Europe have been current in Asia from a very remote period; and it is certainly one of the most interesting chapters of the history of the human mind to trace those fictions, which furnished instruction as well as amusement to our simple ancestors, through their various forms, to ancient if not always to their primitive sources. Their independent invention and development, by persons living in countries and in times far apart, is,

as Sir George Cox justly observes, "what no reasonable man could have the hardihood to maintain."

The question of their origin and diffusion has for more than half a century specially engaged the energies of distinguished European scholars, but there still exists very considerable diversity of opinion on the subject. In Germany, such eminent *savans* as Benfey, Gödeke, Köhler, Nöldeke, and Liebrecht maintain that our popular tales, which are current from Norway to Spain, from Italy to the West Highlands of Scotland, are simply secondary forms of Oriental originals, which were imported from Asia in different ways: for the south of Europe this was done through the Turks; for the north, by the Mongolians during their two hundred years of supremacy. In England, it is contended by Dasent, Baring-Gould, Cox, and other scholars, that they are survivals of primitive myths and legends, the common heritage of the whole Aryan race, and came to Europe with the tribes when they migrated westwards and northwards, at some very remote period—just as the languages of Europe are Aryan.

The "solar myth" theory is carried by some of our comparative mythologists to the verge of absurdity. For example, a writer in the 'Westminster Review,' in an article on Mr Swynnerton's 'Adventures of the Panjáb hero, Rájá Rasálú,' asserts that "no one at all acquainted with the science of comparative mythology can for a moment doubt" that King Rasálú is a solar myth. Thus, as the sun in his course rests not in toiling and travelling, so Rasálú's destiny

forbade him to tarry in one place. And as the sun, after a battle, however tremendous, with the elements, shines forth clear and victorious, so Rasálú, after a series of magical thunderbolts hurled at him by the giants, is found, shortly after, calm and undaunted. Hence Rasálú is considered as merely another form of the fables of Indra, Savitar, Woden, Sisyphus, Hercules, Samson, Apollo, Theseus, Sigwid, Arthur, Tristram, and a host of other heroes, with one or other of whom every country, civilised and uncivilised, is familiar. These and similar fanciful analogies are, according to an acute Anglo-Indian scholar, simply imagination running riot: and "if comparative mythology is a science at all, it must at least show that its assertions are capable of proof. Is there," he asks, "a shadow of a proof, properly so called, of any of these statements? Can the history of the stories [of Rasálú] as told at the present day be carried back, step by step, to the solar myth and its development into ordinary folk-lore? Has anything regarding Rasálú been yet discovered which will give even a hint of such development? What if it can be shown that the stories our scientific comparative mythologist has thus strung together form merely a part of the stories told of the so-called solar hero, and that the same stories are not told of him in different localities, and that all those he has put into one category to suit his theory are not told in any one locality? What if it can be shown that some of the stories are the common property of every Indian village, and are told singly, in many a

variant form, from Kashmír to Bombay? What if it can be shown that there is many another story of Rasálú, which the liveliest imagination could not twist into the battle of the elements, or the action of the sun, or moon, or dawn, or any other natural phenomenon that might occur to it, and that we have absolutely no reason for not receiving them as genuine tales about Rasálú, if we receive as such those quoted [by the reviewer]?" The ordinary mythologist, the same writer adds, "lets his imagination loose to follow its own way, and, presto! the thing is done and his point is proved. The hero beats his enemies—which, by the way, he usually does in a story—and it is the sun conquering the storm-clouds! He has one adventure after another, and it is the sun running his course across the sky. He is mortally wounded, and gets over it, perhaps miraculously, and it is the sun setting and rising. He has a long white beard, and it is the winter clothing of the forest. He has twenty sons, all minor heroes, and these are the lightning flashes. His wife runs away with somebody else, on whom he wreaks prompt vengeance, and it is the evening conquered by the night, who, in turn, is slain by the returning sun. What is simpler, and what more beautiful? 'No one at all acquainted with the science of comparative mythology can for a moment doubt' any of these, especially when they have been applied to story after story all the world over with signal success. Granting the beauty, the ingenuity, and the aptness of the ideas thus evolved, there are still those fortunately who are not satisfied

with them, until it is proved, in the ordinary way, that any particular hero is a solar myth." [1]

That tales and legends of a more or less supernatural cast, dealing with magical arts (and the phenomena of physical nature, too, perhaps), in other words, our nursery fairy tales, which are found in almost identical forms, allowing for occasional local modifications and colouring, among peoples differing so much in their customs and modes of thought as the Norwegians and the Italians, are reflections or survivals of primitive Aryan traditions, which also continue current in Asiatic countries, may, I think, be to some extent granted. But the case is very different when we consider the question of the origin and diffusion of tales which have in them nothing of the supernatural —tales, namely, of common life. If we admit the theory as well founded that our fairy tales were, for the most part, brought to Europe when our remote ancestors, during the "childhood of the world," migrated from their Asian homes, most assuredly the storehouse of European folk-lore and folk-tales was largely augmented otherwise in more recent times.

Thanks to the assiduity of modern scholars, the proofs of the Asiatic origin of a very great number of our popular tales and fictions are abundant and conclusive. "The evidence adduced," says Dr H. H. Wilson, "has been of the most positive description. It is not built upon probabilities, upon general and

[1] "Legends of Rájá Rasálú." By Captain R. C. Temple.—'Calcutta Review,' 1884.

indefinite analogies, or on partial and accidental resemblances, but upon actual identities. Although modifications have been practised, names altered, scenes changed, circumstances added or omitted, we can still discern the sameness of the fundamental outline, and amidst all the multiplications of masquerade, lay our hands, without hesitation, upon the authentic individual. We can also, in many instances, follow the steps of the migration which the narratives have undergone, and determine when, and by what means, these Asiatic adventurers were naturalised in the different countries of Europe in which they are found."

It is not unusual for the first introduction of Asiatic fictions into Europe to be ascribed to the vast hordes of pilgrims and others who flocked to the East during the Crusades, and doubtless they helped considerably to swell the stock. But the transmission had begun at a much earlier date, and many apologues and narratives of Eastern origin had found their way to Europe long before Peter the Hermit and Walter the Penniless were born. From the early ages of Christianity down to the fifteenth century, the intercourse with the East, through commerce, literature, religion, and war, "was much more intimate and frequent," says Dr H. H. Wilson, "than it has ever been since. The greater proximity of Asia Minor to the countries of the south of Europe," he goes on to say, "was one especial cause of the more intimate intercourse that subsisted between them; and the greater parity of civilisation—in which indeed the Asiatics had rather the advantage—was

another. The political relations of the divisions of the Eastern and Western Empire necessarily preserved the provinces of either in a communication with each other which could not speedily be forgotten; and although interrupted by the first violences of the Muhammedan conquest, it was readily resumed when the storm had passed, and the first Khalífs of the house of Abbas encouraged the resort of merchants and scholars, both from the east and the west, to Baghdád. Upon their decline followed the Crusades, and the interest which they attracted to the scene of their achievements, and the numbers that, as soldiers, or pilgrims, or traders, were constantly passing to and fro, continued to preserve that interest from decay, and were no doubt actively concerned in importing and disseminating the lighter Oriental fictions of domestic life as well as of chivalry and romance. . . . From the period subsequent to the establishment of the Khalífate, Europe received whatever literary articles were imported from the East through the medium of the Arabs. This did not imply that they were of Arab manufacture exclusively. The subjugation of Persia placed at the disposal of the Arabs whatever treasures they chose to spare from the destruction to which the mass was condemned; and it is upon record that the first Abbaside Khalífs, in the eighth and ninth centuries, from Al-Mansúr to Al-Mamún, patronised in an especial manner the natives of India, and that Hindús of eminence in various branches of literature and science flourished at their courts."

Narratives of Indian, Persian, and Arabian origin were no doubt chiefly introduced into Europe orally; but some came through translations from Eastern books. Passing over the early spiritual romances, such as Barlaam and Josaphat, which were largely derived from Eastern, indeed Buddhist, sources, let us take, for instance, a work which was written, if not before the Crusades, certainly in the first years of the twelfth century, namely, the 'Disciplina Clericalis' of Peter Alfonsus, a Spanish Jew, who was baptised in 1106. This is a small collection of tales derived partly from the Hebrew Talmud—at all events several are found in that work, with which Alfonsus as a Jew was probably familiar—and partly from the Arabian fablers. To this work of Alfonsus the Trouvères, or minstrels of Northern France, were indebted for the groundwork of a number of their entertaining *fabliaux*, though it is very probable that they themselves brought from the East the substance of many of their tales, which were afterwards adopted by the early Italian novelists. A Greek translation of the celebrated Fables of Bidpai, or Pilpay, entitled 'Ichnelates and Stephanites,' was made by Symeon, son of Seth, about the year 1080, from an Arabic version, 'Kalíla and Dimna,' made from an old Persian translation of the Sanskrit original, which is lost. (About the year 1250, Rabbi Joel translated the Arabic version into Hebrew, from which John of Capua soon after composed a Latin version, 'Directorium Humanæ Vitæ.') Next among translations from Eastern story-books

may be mentioned 'Syntipas,' a Greek rendering of a Syriac version of the 'Book of Sindibád,' the prototype of our 'History of the Seven Wise Masters,' made probably during the last decade of the eleventh century. About the year 1184, what is thought to be the first European version, or rather imitation, of the 'Book of Sindibád'—soon followed by a host of others—was composed, in Latin prose, by a monk named Johannes of the Abbey of Alta Silva, in the French diocese of Nancy, under the title of 'Dolopathos; sive, de Rege et Septem Sapientibus' (Dolopathos; or, the King and the Seven Sages). The frame, or leading story, of this work corresponds with that of its Eastern original, but it has only one of the subordinate tales, though all of them are undoubtedly of Asiatic origin. In the thirteenth century this Latin prose 'Dolopathos' was rendered into French verse, under the same title, by a Trouvère named Herbers; and other Latin and French prose versions of the 'Seven Wise Masters' were afterwards produced. Manuscripts of more than one early English metrical text of this widely popular romance are preserved in our great libraries.[1]

[1] The leading story of the 'Book of Sindibád,' or the 'Seven Wise Masters,' is briefly as follows: A young prince having resisted the importunities of one of his father's favourite women—his stepmother in the European versions—like the wife of Potiphar with Joseph, she accuses him to the king of having attempted her chastity. The king condemns his son to death; but the seven vazírs (or wise men) of the king, believing the prince to be innocent, and knowing that he is compelled by the threatening aspect of his horoscope to remain silent for seven days, resolve to save him till the expiry of that period,

Thus, before the tide of Eastern fiction flowing into Europe had begun to be swelled by the Crusaders and pilgrims returning from the Holy Land, we see there existed at least two works of Asiatic origin which were not imported by oral tradition. But even in the case of the tales comprised in these and similar books, their dissemination among the people, as well as that of hundreds of other tales, must have been mainly through the pulpit, for the preachers in mediæval times liberally interspersed their sermons with stories, and not always stories of the most edifying tendency. Moreover, monks and other churchmen were constantly travelling about; and we may readily conceive that a jolly friar, or "clerk of Oxenford," when he sought and obtained a night's lodging at the hospitable domicile of some yeoman or simple rustic, would find he was doubly welcome if he had good store of marvellous, pathetic, and humorous tales to relate to those assembled round his host's cheerful fireside. By such means stories, which had their birth in the Far East more than two thousand years ago, spread into the remotest nooks of Europe; and jests, which had long

by each in turn relating to the king stories showing the depravity of women, and the danger of acting upon their unsupported assertions. This they do accordingly, but the woman each night counteracts the effect of their tales, by relating stories of the deceitful disposition of men; and so each day the king alternately condemns and reprieves his son, until the end of the seventh day, when the prince is free to speak again, and the woman's guilt being discovered, she is duly punished. A compendious account of the several Eastern versions of this romance is given in the Introduction to my editions (from the Arabic and Persian) of the 'Book of Sindibád,' and in the Appendix, abstracts of an early English text of the 'Seven Wise Masters' and the Latin 'Dolopathos.'

shaken the shoulders and wagged the beards of grave and otiose Orientals, became naturalised from cold Sweden to sunny Italy. From oral tradition they were absorbed into literature, whence again they returned to the people; and after being, to all appearance, lost in the revolutions and political turmoils that followed the invention of printing, suddenly "turned up" again in the jest-books of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Much has been done of late years, especially by Continental scholars, towards elucidating the genealogy of popular tales, but more yet remains to be done in this field of research, which is indeed

> Exceeding rich, and long, and wide,
> And sprinkled with a sweet variety
> Of all that pleasant is to the ear or eye.

It is probable that fresh light would be thrown upon the means through which Oriental fictions were diffused over Europe, were more attention bestowed on the examination of the monkish collections of sermons and tales designed for the use of preachers. A very promising beginning, for English readers, has been made in this direction by Professor T. F. Crane, of Cornell University, N.Y., who, in March 1883, read before the American Philosophical Society a very learned, elaborate, and interesting paper on "Mediæval Sermon-Books and Stories," which has been reprinted from the 'Proceedings' of that Society. The first to regularly employ in sermons *exempla*, or

narratives to instruct the people, as well as to keep up their attention when it was likely to flag, was Jacques de Vitry, who died at Rome in the year 1240. This eminent prelate and scholar took part in the Crusades during several years, and was made Bishop of Accon (Acre), in Palestine, in 1217; and there can be little doubt that he brought home from the East many of the tales with which his 'Sermones de tempore et sanctis' are so plentifully larded. Next in point of time was Etienne de Bourbon, a monk of the Dominican order, who died at Lyons about the year 1261; whose great collection of stories, usually called 'Liber de Donis,'[1] was specially designed for preachers' use. This work, as well as the 'Sermones' of Jacques de Vitry, is of earlier date than the 'Gesta Romanorum,' that great storehouse of "moralised" tales—that curious jumble of classical, Oriental, and Gothic fictions

[1] The full title of this work is 'Tractatus de diversis materiis prædicabilibus, ordinatis et distinctis in septem partes, secundum septem dona Spiritus sancti et eorum affectus, currens per distinctiones materiarum, per causas et effectus, refertus auctoritatibus et rationibus et exemplis diversis ad edificationem pertinentibus animarum,' by Stephanus de Borbone. The work is a treatise on the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost (Isaiah xi. 2, 3), *Timor*, *Pietas*, *Scientia*, *Fortitudo*, *Consilium*, *Intellectus*, and *Sapientia*, whence it is also called 'Liber de Septem Donis.'—M. Lecoy de la Marche has printed copious extracts from this work under the title of 'Anecdotes historiques, Légendes et Apologues, tirés du recueil inédit d'Etienne de Bourbon, dominicain du XIII^e^ siècle, publiés pour la Société de l'Histoire de France.' Paris: 1877. The editor's notes to the stories are not, as Professor Crane has remarked, so full as might be desired, and several of the most interesting parallels have been overlooked; nevertheless this selection of Etienne's *exempla* will prove most useful to the student of storiology.

and legends—which was first composed, according to Oesterley, in England, about the close of the thirteenth century, and upon it was based another Latin work, with the same title, done on the Continent, soon after. "The influence of the 'Gesta' on English poetry," says Sir Frederick Madden, in his introduction to an early English translation (made probably in the reign of Henry VI.), which forms one of the publications of the Roxburghe Club, "was very considerable during the reign of Richard II. and his successors, and quite equal to the effect produced on the Italian novelists by the original Latin compilation. The poems of Gower, Chaucer, Occleve, and Lydgate furnish many instances of their familiarity with the work. . . . Of the value of the 'Gesta' in illustrating the incorporation of Eastern fable and classical stories with the feudal institutions of Europe, no one can doubt who has studied its pages; and it is entitled to more than a usual share of consideration as the only instance of a compilation formed in the retirement of a cloister which has, mediately or immediately, furnished to Boccaccio his tale of the 'Two Friends,' to Gower and Chaucer their 'History of Constance,' to Shakspeare his 'Merchant of Venice,' to Parnell his 'Hermit,' to Walpole his 'Mysterious Mother,' and to Schiller his 'Fridolin.'"

The 'Sermones' of Jacques de Vitry and the 'Liber de Donis' of Etienne de Bourbon being prior to the 'Gesta Romanorum,' they are of considerable value in tracing the diffusion of popular tales; moreover, the

authors of the 'Gesta' were indebted to both these works, as well as to the 'Disciplina Clericalis' of Peter Alfonsus, for a number of stories. For instance, the story of the legitimate son who was recognised by refusing to shoot an arrow at the body of his dead father, though his two brothers had no such scruple, which forms chapter xlv. of the Continental 'Gesta' (translated by Swan into English), has been taken from the 'Liber de Donis,' No. 160. The original form of the story is found in the Talmud thus: "A man overheard his wife telling her daughter that though she had ten sons, only one of them could fairly claim her husband as his father. After the father's death it was found that he had bequeathed all his property to one son, but the testament did not mention his name. The question therefore arose, which of the ten was intended. So they came one and all to Rabbi Benaah, and asked him to arbitrate between them. 'Go,' said he to them, 'and beat at your father's grave until he rises to tell you to which of you he had left his property.' All except one did so, and he, because by so doing he showed most respect for his father's memory, was presumed to be the one on whom the father had fixed his affection. He was accordingly supposed to be the one intended, and the others were therefore excluded from the patrimony."[1] In the 'Gesta' we are told, there was a certain wise king who had "a beloved but not a loving wife"; she had three illegitimate sons, who proved ungrateful and

[1] Hershon's 'Talmudic Miscellany,' p. 142, par. 29.

rebellious. In course of time she had another son, about whose legitimacy there was no doubt. When the king died, "there arose strife among his surviving sons about the right of succession." At length they agree to refer the matter to "a certain honourable knight of the late king," who bids them draw out their father's body from the sepulchre, set it upright as a mark for their arrows, "and whosoever transfixes the heart of his father shall obtain the kingdom." The arrow of the first son wounded the king's right hand; that of the second son entered his mouth; and that of the third son pierced the heart; but the fourth son broke forth into a lamentable cry, and with eyes swimming in tears said, "O my poor father, have I lived to see thee the victim of an impious contest?" etc. So, as he would not shoot, the knight decided that he was the true son, and he was seated on his father's throne. This version is obscure at the beginning; but in No. 21 of the selection of mediæval Latin stories, edited by Wright for the Percy Society: "There was a man who had, as he thought, three sons by his wife. One day they quarrelled, and the woman said to her husband, 'You think these boys are yours, but in truth only one of them is your son.'" After his death, the man's "lord" sets the sons to shoot at his body: the third son says, "Is he not my father? I will not shoot at his body for the whole world. Ye may have all his property rather than that I give him a single blow." Then the lord said to him, "You are his true son, and shall have his property and wealth."

Wright remarks that the first part of this tale bears some analogy to one in the old French collection, 'Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles,' 51, "Le vrais pères."[1]

Both De Vitry and De Bourbon have the well-known story of the old man and his two wives, one of whom plucked out all his grey hairs, the other all his black ones, and thus left him entirely bald. This is also in the Talmud. Allan Ramsay makes it the subject of one of his rhymed fables, No. 18, beginning thus:

> In ancient tales there is a story
> Of ane had twa wives, whig and tory.

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[1] About the same date as the version of Etienne de Bourbon, if not earlier, is the *fabliau* entitled "Le Jugement de Salomon" (Barbazan, ed. Méon, iii. 440; Le Grand, ed. 1783, ii. 429), in which, as the title indicates, the sage Hebrew king is the umpire in this singular contest. Herrtage, in his notes to his editions of the 'Gesta' published for the Early English Text Society, cites versions from Alexander Neckam's book, 'De Natura Rerum,' cap. clxxvi. p. 313, end of the 13th century; and from Zuinger's 'Theatrum Vitæ Humanæ,' Basil, 1586 (vol. vii. lib. iv. p. 1910). It also occurs in the great collection of John Bromyard, 'Summa Prædicantium,' v. *Filiatio*, end of the 14th century; in Herolt's 'Promptuarium Exemplorum'; and in the 'Sermones Dominicales' of John Felton, 1431 (Harl. MS. 4, leaf 256). The incident is also found in the 'History of Friar Bacon' (see Thoms' 'Early English Prose Romances,' i. 319); and Geuelette has made use of it in his so-called 'Contes Tartares.' Lastly, it is the subject of a ballad, probably of the early years of the 17th century (reprinted in J. Payne Collier's 'Book of Roxburghe Ballads,' 1847), entitled, 'A Pleasant History of a Gentleman in Thracia, which had four sonnes, and three of them were none of his own: shewing how miraculously the True Heire came to his inheritance.' The affinity of this widely popular mediæval tale with the celebrated Judgment of Solomon as related in the First Book of Kings, ch. iii. 16ff., is very obvious; and the incident of the two women contending for the living child forms the subject of one of the *Jâtakas*, or Buddhist Birth-Stories: see Dr Rhys David's translation, vol. i. pp. xiv-xvi, and his remarks thereon, pp. xliv-xlvii.

The carlie's head was now attired
With hairs in equal mixture lyart.
His wives (faith, ane might well sufficed)
Alternately was aye ill-pleased.

And so on, in this doggrel fashion; the "moral" he deduces being that between the two great political parties the country's interests suffer, as "between two stools," etc. It is very curious to see how the story has become garbled among the Chinese: "A man whose beard was turning grey had ordered his second wife to pull out all the white hairs. She, seeing that the white hairs were very numerous, set about pulling them out. As she could not manage to separate them, she pulled out at the same time all the black hairs. The task finished, the husband looked at himself in the mirror, and was filled with astonishment. He sharply rebuked his second wife, who said to him, 'Since I was to pull out the more numerous [class of hairs], why should I not have plucked out the scarcer [class]?'"[1]

In the 'Liber de Donis' (No. 507) is a story to the effect that Homer (*sic*), having been forbidden to enter the king's palace while clothed in a mean dress, presented himself one day in rich garments, and was honourably received, and obtained what he asked; but instead of thanking the king for the favour, he thanked his clothes. This is also told, among many others

[1] From a selection of Chinese Tales and Fables appended to the 'Avadánas' (Indian Tales and Apologues), translated from the Chinese into French by Stanislas Julien. Paris: 1859.

equally spurious, of Dante, and it is current in another form, as one of the foolish things done by Giufà, the typical noodle of Sicily; of the Khoja Nasr-ed-Dín Efendi, in the collection of Turkish jests ascribed to that typical simpleton of the Ottomans; and of a learned man, in Gladwin's 'Persian Moonshee.'

Another of the entertaining stories in the 'Liber de Donis' (also in De Vitry's 'Sermones') is of an innkeeper who used to tip over his customers' wine, as if by mere accident, and then remind them facetiously that, according to the old saying, this accident was a sign of good luck ("*Hoc significat, abundanciam que veniet vobis, et bonam fortunam*"); but a pilgrim, to whom this had been done, privately opened the spigot of the cask, and repeated to the host his own favourite saying. This droll incident was made the subject of a *fabliau*, and from it adopted by the Italian novelists. It also forms No. 29 of the 'Novellette di San Bernardino,' and 372 of Pauli, 'Schimpf und Ernst.' The *fabliau* has been rendered by Way, from Le Grand, as follows:

When Acre yielded to the hostile host
('Twas but a year or two ago at most),
A pleasant chance in Normandy befell,
Which, as my memory serves, I mean to tell.

A needy bachelor had dwelling there,
Of worldly means in sooth so passing bare,
He once was fain his dinner-meal to make
On the poor pittance of a farthing cake.
To help this miserable morsel down,
He hies him to a tavern in the town,

And bade the vintner, as he meant to dine,
To draw him straight a farthing's worth of wine.
The vintner (one, it seems, of churlish kind,
Who cared but little how his neighbour dined)
From the next vessel filled his measure up,
And, as he poured it thence into a cup,
Slubbered with such ill-grace the business o'er,
That half the draught was spilled upon the floor.
To crown the deed, with supercilious pride,
"You'll soon grow rich, Sir Bachelor," he cried;
"Wine spilt, they say (be't true or falsely spoken),
Some sequent good doth evermore betoken!"

The Norman deemed it were but labour lost
To chafe or wrangle with his boorish host;
His wit to artifice he wisely bent,
And thus devised the caitiff's punishment:

In his poor purse remained one farthing still;
This, with frank guise, as one who thought no ill,
He tendered to his host, so would he please
To furnish him a farthing slice of cheese.
Up to the loft, where all his cheeses lay,
The vintner hied, but muttering all the way;
That self-same instant turned the knight about,
And from the wine-cask pulled the spigot out;
Forth gushed the gurgling liquor, bright and good,
And the wide floor was deluged with the flood.
Back sped the host, and, furious at the sight,
First pegged his cask, and next assailed the knight;
But the strong Norman sternly shook the thrall,
Hurled back, and crushed the wine-pots with his fall;
And, but that entering neighbours quelled the fray,
The vintner then had seen his dying day.

The matter soon was to the king made known
(Count Henry of Champagne possessed the throne);
And first the plaintive vintner stoutly spoke,
And claimed redress—wine lost and vessels broke.

The Prince doomed not the knight to recompense,
But willed him first to argue his defence.
He the plain truth from end to end exposed,
Then with these words his frank recital closed:
"Great sire!" he said, "this worthy host of mine
Foretold much good would spring from spilling wine;
That I, forsooth, whose cup was half thrown down,
Should soon become the wealthiest wight in town.
My gratitude, I own, o'ercame me here,
And, weening wealth might ne'er be bought too dear,
I strove to make him richer than myself,
And shed full half a cask to purchase pelf!"

He ceased: loud plaudits rang through all the court;
No tale was ever told so full of sport;
All ranged them seemly by the Norman's side,
While good King Henry laughed until he cried;
Then thus dismissed the parties and their suit:
"What's spilt is spilt, betide or bale or boot."

Dr Johnson said that a tavern chair is the seat of human felicity: "the more you call for, the more welcome you are;" and no doubt this is very true—when you have money to spend. But "mine host" can be very churlish as well as very obsequious; and certainly the poor gentleman in this tale did *not* "find his warmest welcome at an inn." There is a fine stroke of humour in representing the furious taverner, on discovering the wanton waste of his good liquor, as taking care to replace the spigot before falling foul of his enemy: he did not permit his anger to overcome his notions of economy!

Parnell composed his once very popular poetical tale of 'The Hermit' from chapter lxxx. of the 'Gesta

Romanorum,' into which it was probably taken either from the 'Sermones' of Jacques de Vitry or the 'Liber de Donis' of Etienne de Bourbon. It should seem that the 'Gesta' story was not known to Thomas Bradwardine, confessor to Edward III., who died in 1349, a few weeks after he was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury, since he cites it on the authority of De Vitry (Jacobus de Vitriaco) in his 'De Causa Dei contra Pelagium.' In this story, a hermit has begun to question the equity of God's providence—wicked men being permitted to prosper, and good men to be afflicted. To remove his doubts, an angel is sent from heaven, and they journey together. The first night they lodge in the house of a very pious man, and in the morning the angel takes with him from the house a great cup of gold. Next night they lodged in the house of another holy man, and in the morning the angel, before his departure, killed an infant in the cradle, who was the only son of their host. The third night they came to a house where they were also freely entertained, and when they departed in the morning, the master of the house sent with them his steward, whose fidelity he highly prized, in order to show them the way. As they were going over a bridge, the angel flung the steward into the river, and he was drowned. The fourth night they met with very untoward entertainment at a wicked man's house; yet next morning the angel gave him the cup of gold. Then he explained all his strange actions to the hermit: He had taken away the cup from the first pious host, because, drink-

ing from it every morning, he became somewhat unfit for his holy duties, though not so much that others or himself perceived it; and it was better for him to lose his cup than his temperance. He had killed the only child of the second good man, because since it was born he had given but little to the poor, and become eager to lay up money for his child; but now the child was taken to heaven, the father would serve God better upon earth. The steward, drowned by the angel, had plotted to kill his master the night following. And as for the wicked man, as he was to have nothing in the next world, the angel gave him something in this, which, however, would prove a snare to him, for he would become more intemperate.—The story is also found in some recensions of the 'Vitæ Patrum,' whence it may have been taken by Jacques de Vitry, one version of which is regarded by M. Gaston Paris as the origin of the mediæval variants. It reappeared in John Herolt's 'Sermones de tempore,' printed at Nuremberg in 1496. It also occurs, in a paraphrastic form, with some variations, and an interpolated incident, in Sir Percy Herbert's 'Certain Conceptions or Considerations,' etc., published in 1652. The substance of Herbert's narrative Howell copied in a letter "To my Lord Marquis of Hertford," and printed in an early edition of his 'Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ.' Besides transpositions and some alterations of the circumstances, which Bradwardine, after De Vitry, allotted to the four days, Howell (eleventh edition, 1754) has the following addition: "The fifth day they came to a great

rich town, but some miles before they came to it, they met with a merchant at the close of the day, who had a great charge of money about him; and asking the next passage to the town, the young man put him in a clean contrary way. The anchorite and his guide being come to the town, at the gate they spied a devil, who lay as it were sentinel, but he was asleep. They found also both men and women at sundry kinds of sports, some dancing, others singing, with divers sorts of revellings. They went afterwards to a convent of Capuchins, where about the gate they found legions of devils laying siege to that monastery." At the conclusion of the angel's *dénouement*, we are informed that the merchant was misdirected that he might avoid a band of ruffians prepared to rob and murder him; that the "great luxurious city is so much at Lucifer's devotion that he needs but one single sentinel to secure it, and even he may safely sleep upon his guard." On the contrary, "to the monastery inhabited by so many devout souls, in vain hath he brought so many legions to beleaguer it; for they bear up against him most undauntedly, maugre all his infernal power and stratagems." [1]

[1] In the 'Contes Devots' we have one of the earliest European versions under the title of "L'hermite qu'un ange conduisit dans le siècle." Here the incidents are: a porcelain cup taken from the abode of a recluse, and afterwards given to a miser whose servant had sheltered the two travellers; a rich abbey set on fire by the angel, because the monks had become lazy, luxurious, and regardless of their religious duties: now they would rebuild their monastery in humbler style, and live frugally and piously; and the drowning of the son of a rich but good man. See Le Grand's 'Fabliaux, ou

The original form is found in the Talmud: Rabbi Jochanan, the son of Levi, accompanies Elijah, who had returned to earth, in his travels, and the incidents are: The only cow of a poor man drops dead, in response to Elijah's prayer; the saint causes a carpenter to repair the wall of a house, the master of which, a haughty and wealthy man, had treated them with little hospitality; entering a synagogue, Elijah called out, "Who is here willing to feed and lodge two poor men?" But none answered, and no respect was shown to them. In the morning he re-entered the synagogue, and embracing the members, said, "I wish that you may all become presidents." Next evening the members of the synagogue in another city sent them to the best inn, where they were entertained with honour; and in the morning Elijah, on parting with them, said, "May you have but one president." Rabbi Jochanan could no longer restrain his curiosity. "Tell me," said he to Elijah, "the meaning of all these actions which I have witnessed. To those who have treated us coldly, thou hast uttered good wishes; to those who have been gracious to us, thou hast made no suitable return." Then Elijah said, "We first entered the house of the poor man, who treated us kindly. It had been decreed on that very day that his wife should die. I prayed unto the Lord that the cow might prove a redemption for her; God granted my prayers, and the woman was preserved unto her husband. The

Contes, du XII^e^ et du XIII^e^ siècle;' Paris, 1781; tome v. pp. 211-223.

rich man who treated us coldly, his wall I repaired, without a new foundation, and without digging into the old one; had he repaired it himself, he would have dug, and thus discovered a treasure which lies buried, but which is now for ever lost to him. To the members of the synagogue who were inhospitable I said, 'May you be all presidents,' for where many rule there can be no peace; but to the others I said, 'May you have but one president,' for with one leader no misunderstanding may arise. Now, if thou seest the wicked prospering, be not envious; if thou seest the righteous in poverty and trouble, be not provoked or doubtful of God's justice." [1]

Another talmudic legend is related of Moses while on Mount Sinai: Moses having complained of the impunity of vice and its success in this world, and the frequent sufferings of the innocent, the Lord took him to a rock which projected from the mountain, where he could overlook the plain of the desert stretching at his feet. On one of the oases he beheld a young Arab asleep. He awoke, and leaving behind him a bag of pearls, he sprang into his saddle, and rapidly disappeared from the horizon. Another Arab came to the oasis; he discovered the pearls, took them, and went away in the opposite direction. Now an aged wanderer, leaning on his staff, bent his weary steps towards the shady spot. He laid himself down and went asleep; but scarcely had he closed his eyes when he was rudely roused from his slumber: the young

[1] 'The Talmud' (selections translated), by H. Polano, p. 313.

Arab had returned and demanded his pearls. The hoary man replied that he had not taken them. The other grew enraged, and accused him of theft. He swore that he had not seen the treasure, but the other seized him, and a scuffle ensued. The young Arab drew his sword, and plunged it into the breast of the aged man, who fell lifeless on the earth. "O Lord, is this justice?" exclaimed Moses in horror. "Be silent!" said the Lord. "Behold, this man, whose blood is now mingling with the waters of the desert, many years ago, secretly and on the same spot, murdered the father of the youth who has now slain him. His crime remained concealed from man: but vengeance is mine; I will repay."[1]

From some of the Arabian Jews it is probable that Muhammed derived the story, which he reproduces in the eighteenth chapter of the Kur'án, where it is told, with variations, of Moses and the prophet Khizar.[2] In the course of their wanderings they came to the sea-side, where they went up into a ship, and Khizar made a hole therein. Then they met a youth, and he slew him. Coming to a city, they were refused food by the

[1] Dr Weil's 'The Bible, the Koran, and the Talmud,' pp. 134, 135; note by English translator. See also Lane's 'Arabian Nights,' ii. 577.

[2] According to the Eastern legend, Khizar was despatched by an ancient Persian king to procure him some of the Water of Life. After a tedious journey, he reached the Fountain of Immortality, and having drank of its waters, they suddenly vanished. It is believed that Khizar still lives, and occasionally appears to favoured individuals, always clothed in green, and acts as their guide in difficult adventures. Khizar is often confounded with Moses, Elias, and even St George. The name Khizar signifies *green*.—From my 'Book of Sindibád,' p. 41.

inhabitants; and Khizar, seeing a wall that was ready to fall down, set it upright. Moses desires an explanation of these things, and he is told that the vessel belonged to certain poor men who did their business in the sea; and Khizar rendered it unserviceable because a king took every sound ship for his own use. As to the youth, his parents were true believers, and he, being an unbeliever, was slain, lest his parents should suffer from his perverseness and ingratitude. The wall belonged to two orphan youths in the city, and in it was a treasure hidden that belonged to them; their father was a righteous man, and the Lord was pleased that they should attain their full age, and take forth their treasure. In the Turkish book of the 'Forty Vazírs,' this Muslim version is reproduced as the Lady's 29th Tale.

Parnell's poems were first published by Pope in 1721, two years after the author's death. The invention of the tale of the 'Hermit' had been generally credited to Parnell till Goldsmith wrote his Life, prefixed to an enlarged edition of his poems, in 1773. From Pope, in Spence's Anecdotes, Goldsmith relates (and the opinion is adopted implicitly by Johnson) that the story was written originally in Spanish, whence, probably, Howell translated it into prose, and inserted it in his letters. He adds that "Dr Henry More, in his 'Dialogues,' has the very same story," and that he "had been informed by some that it is originally of Arabian invention." We have seen, however, that it is of Hebrew origin, so far as has

been ascertained; and Parnell doubtless found it in the English translation of the 'Gesta Romanorum' published in 1703. Voltaire reproduces this famous story in his 'Zadig,' chapter xvii., where the "philosopher" accompanies an angel disguised as a hermit, who steals a gold cup from a man who was ostentatious of his wealth and hospitality, and gives it to a miserly old fellow; burns down the house of a man who had treated them kindly; and drowns the nephew of a widow who had entertained them most honourably. The angel explains to Zadig that the cup was taken from the owner in order to reform his pride, and given to the miserly man to excite his generosity; the good man finds a treasure beneath the ashes of his burned house; and the widow's son, had he lived another year, would have been her murderer. Some have supposed that Voltaire copied his apologue from Parnell; but the same story had previously been employed by Antoinette Bourignon the mystic. It is not unlikely that Jacques de Vitry, who seems to have first introduced it into Europe, heard the story while he was in Syria.[1]

The stratagem employed by Sancho Panza, while governor of Barrataria ('Don Quixote,' ii. 45), to discover whether a young man had done violence to a certain woman, is found in Jacques de Vitry and Etienne de Bourbon. This is also in Wright's Latin

[1] This legend has become a popular tale: see the 'Sicilianische Märchen' of Laura von Gonzenbach, No. 92, and De Trueba, 'Narraciones populares,' p. 65.

Stories (No. 20), edited for the Percy Society, where it is thus related: I have heard of a certain woman, who was complaining before a judge of a certain young man, who, so she said, had overpowered and violated her. The youth denied the charge. "Give her," said the judge to him, "ten marks of silver, as a recompense for the violence you have offered her." Having got the money, she went off joyful. Then the judge said to the youth, "Follow her, and take the money from her." The young man tried to fulfil the command of the judge, and to take the money from her. But she began bravely to beat him off, and to call out, and many people running up, he was unable to hurt her. Both were again brought before the judge. "Woman," said he, "what is the matter with you? What do you want? Why were you clamouring so loudly?" She said, "Because, my lord, he was trying to take my money from me; but I beat him off bravely, and cried out so that he could not succeed." "Then," said the judge, "give the money back to the youth; for if you had beaten him off and called out so bravely before, he could never have violated you: you love money more than purity." This is imitated in the Italian novels of Malespini, Part ii. No. 56, and in the 'Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles,' 25, "Forcée de Gré." That the story is of Asiatic origin seems probable from its being one of the Pleasing Tales in Gladwin's 'Persian Moonshee,' and from its occurring in several Indian story-books.

The famous tale of the Widow who was Comforted which forms one of the stories of the 'Seven Wise

Masters,' though it does not occur in the oldest European version of the romance, the Latin 'Dolopathos,' is found in the 'Sermones de tempore et sanctis' of Jacques de Vitry, and the 'Liber de Donis' of Etienne de Bourbon. A man who was very fond of his wife, while jesting with her one day, chanced to wound her slightly in the hand, at which he was so grieved that he died the following day. His widow was inconsolable; and after he was buried, she took up her abode beside his grave, and, refusing food, continued weeping and wringing her hands. When night came on, she made a good fire, for the weather was very cold. Now the bodies of three thieves were hanging on gibbets not far from the place, and a knight had to watch that they were not stolen by their friends, as quit-rent for his lands. Seeing the bright fire, he alighted from his horse, and approached to warm himself. He was both young and comely, and the widow was induced by his soothing speeches to abate somewhat of her excessive sorrow, and partake of some food which he pressed on her; then, fortified with a draught of wine, she yielded him her love. After a time, the knight quitted the widow whom he had comforted, and returned to his ghastly charge, when, to his dismay, he discovered that one of the bodies had been taken away. Going back to the widow, he told her that in consequence of this he should lose his lands. She bade him be of good cheer, for his heritage need not be lost for such a trifling matter; he had only to take up the body of her husband and hang it in

place of that of the thief which had been stolen. But, says the knight, the thief had a great wound on his head. She replied, that he should make a similar wound on the head of her husband. Nay, quoth the knight, I could never strike a dead man; whereupon the widow took a sharp knife and wounded the head of her husband: and when the knight recollected that the thief had lost two of his front teeth, she immediately knocked out two of her husband's teeth with a stone. The body being hung on the gallows, the knight, according to some versions, sternly upbraided the widow for her levity and heartlessness, since her husband had died because he had accidentally shed a few drops of her blood, but she had not scrupled to mutilate his body, and so he would not unite himself to such a wanton.[1]

This was a favourite story of the *raconteurs* during the Middle Ages. The incident is the subject of a *fabliau* entitled "De la femme qui se fist putain sur la fosse de son mari," and Keller refers to many other versions in his "Einleitung," pp. clix-clxvii, to the 'Romans des Sept Sages.'[2] It has been borrowed from

[1] In the 'Liber de Donis' of Etienne de Bourbon—who avowedly took the story from Jacques de Vitry—the body of the husband is not said to have been mutilated; but in another version of the same date, given by M. Lecoy de la Marche, in 'La Chaire française du moyen âge, spécialement au treizième siècle,' &c., in order that the body should correspond to that of the robber, a foot is cut off, an eye is plucked out, and the hair pulled off the head by "the widow who was comforted."

[2] It is found in the Talmud: When the widow is informed that the corpse has been taken away, she says, "Don't be alarmed;

the episode of the Matron of Ephesus, in Petronius Arbiter, where the grief-stricken widow, with her faithful maid, is represented as sitting in her husband's sepulchre with dishevelled hair and beating her bosom. The cause of her husband's death is not mentioned. Her relatives and friends in vain endeavoured to dissuade her from her evident design of starving herself to death. All Ephesus bewailed the exemplary woman, who had been five days without food; when a soldier, who was guarding the bodies of some robbers crucified close by, observing the light of the lamp that burned in the tomb, was led to the spot by curiosity, and so on. The wounding of the husband's body does not occur. The story concludes with these verses:

> Give not your bark to the winds, nor your heart to the fair;
> More perfidious are they than the winds or the sea.
> They are all of them naught: if a good one was e'er,
> How a bad thing came good is a riddle to me.

Voltaire's tale of The Nose in 'Zadig' is similar to that of the Ephesian Widow, though he derived it from a different source: A lady had vowed she would not marry a second husband so long as the rivulet continued to flow past the grave of her lately deceased spouse, and was busy contriving to turn its course.

exhume the body of my husband, and hang it up instead."—(Hershon's 'Talmudic Miscellany,' p. 28, par. 30.) It occurs in the 'Cento Novelle Antiche,' the first collection of Italian tales. Eustace Deschamps reproduces it (14th century); St Evremonde, Lamote, and Fuselier each made it the subject of a comedy; it reappears in La Fontaine; it was taken into Æsop by Ogilvy; and Jeremy Taylor tells it in his 'Holy Dying.'

Zadig's wife tells him of this, and professes her disgust at such heartlessness. Zadig, not long after, pretends to have died suddenly; his intimate friend visits the sorrowing lady, makes love to her, falls suddenly ill—the only cure is the nose of a dead man applied to the affected part; the lady takes a sharp knife, and repairs to her husband's tomb, with the intention of cutting off his nose, but Zadig gets up and scoffs at his wife's hollow professions of affection.

This Voltaire adapted from a tale related in Du Halde's 'Description of the Empire of China,' vol. ii. pp. 167-174. A philosopher called Chwang-tze had married three times: his first wife died; the second he divorced, because of her infidelity; the third is the subject of the tale, which is called 'Tyen,' from the lady's name. Chwang-tze having observed a widow fanning the earth over her husband's grave, he inquired of her the reason for such a strange proceeding, and she told him that she had promised her dying husband not to marry again before the earth of his grave was perfectly dry; "and now," she added, "as it has occurred to me that the surface of this ground, which has been newly tempered, would not very soon dry, I thought I would just fan it a little." The philosopher approved of her plan, and obtained her fan as a souvenir. Returning home, he told his wife of this adventure, and showed her the fan, which she snatched from him and tore into shreds, declaring the woman to be a heartless hussy;—for her own part, were he to die, she should never marry again. Shortly after this Chwang-tze

became suddenly ill and died. The lady was overpowered with grief. Preparations were made for the funeral; friends and acquaintances assembled at her house, amongst whom was a young and handsome student, attended by a servant. He informs the lady that he had purposed becoming a disciple of the late philosopher, and had come to attend his obsequies. The widow falls in love with him, and contrives to acquaint him of her passion through his old and faithful servant. After several objections which the student raised had been removed by the amorous widow, he consents to marry her, but suddenly falls into convulsions. His servant tells her that the only remedy is the brain of a man, recently dead, dissolved in wine. Quoth the lady readily, "My husband has been dead only a few days; open his coffin, and take the remedy from thence.". The coffin was opened accordingly, when, to the consternation of the widow, the philosopher sat up, for he had only pretended to be dead, and had created all the scene by magical arts.[1]

Satirical tales of "widows' tears, which shrink, like Arno in the summer," are common in our old English jest-books. Thus in the 'Hundred Mery Talys' (the book referred to by Beatrice in "Much Ado about Nothing," when she says to Benedick, "Will you tell me who told you that I was disdainful, and that I

[1] This story is also given by Davis in his work on the Chinese. Abel Remusat made a French translation, somewhat fuller than that of Du Halde ('La Matrone du Pays de Soung'), and recently it has been reproduced, with an introduction, by M. E. Legrand.

had my good wit out of the Hundred Merry Tales?") is the story of the woman who followed her fourth husband's bier and wept, not because of his death, as she told a gossip, but because she was not this time, as on former occasions, provided with another husband; and in the same collection, we read of a woman kneeling at the mass of requiem, while the corpse of her husband lay in the chapel, when a young man whispered her "that he myght be her husband;" she replied, "Syr, by my trowthe, I am sorry that ye come too late, for I am sped all redy. For I was made sure yesterday to another man." And in 'Mery Talys and Quicke Answeres,' a young woman grieving sorely for the death of her husband, her father bade her cheer up, for he had provided another husband for her; but she said she would have him not. However, when they were all at dinner, she whispered to her father amidst her sobs, "Father, where is this same young man that is to be my husband?"

From the 'Vitæ Patrum' Jacques de Vitry and Etienne de Bourbon took the story of the nun who tore out her eyes, and sent them to a king who had fallen in love with her beauty. This is the well-known tale of St Bridget (see 'Three Middle Irish Homilies,' by Whitley Stokes, p. 65); and it has its prototype in the great Indian story-book entitled 'Kathá Sarit Ságara'—Ocean of the Streams of Narrative—where it is related of a prince who abandoned his kingdom, and adopted the life of a wandering hermit. Entering the house of a merchant one day

to ask alms, the young wife of the merchant, on seeing him, exclaimed, "How came such a handsome man as you to undertake such a severe vow as this? Happy is the woman who is gazed upon with such eyes as yours!" Upon this the begging hermit tore out one eye, and asked her what there was in it to be so attractive. He then told the lady a story of a hermit who conquered his anger, after which she bowed before him; and he, being regardless of his body, lovely though it was, passed on to perfection.

Liebrecht has shown that the biographies of Christian saints were largely indebted to Buddhist hagiology, in his essay on the sources of the spiritual romance of 'Barlaam and Josaphat.'[1] And a careful examination—but what a task it would prove!—of the mediæval sermon-books and *exempla*, as stories designed for preachers' use were styled, would probably result in the discovery that many of the monkish tales are traceable to Buddhist sources. After the fall of Buddhism in India, and even during its decline, according to Max Müller, the Bráhmans did not scruple to appropriate the beautiful tales and apologues of their enemies, and employ them for purposes of instruction. The Sanskrit book entitled 'Pancha Tantra'—Five Sections—to which our European versions of the Fables of Pilpay are closely allied, and very many of the tales in the 'Kathá Sarit Ságara,' are of Buddhist origin. Moreover, I conceive the germs of more than one of Lucian's amusing stories are found in the Bud-

[1] 'Zur Volkskunde,' p. 441.

dhist writings. Nor is this at all improbable, since Indian fictions certainly began to spread both eastward and westward in the second century of our era; and fables and tales being the means employed for conveying the doctrines of Gautama to the minds of the people, we may well suppose that they would be readily taken up and "wafted from clime to clime," although the lessons they were designed to inculcate may have been ignored. But there is reason to believe that Buddhist doctrines had penetrated Western Europe long before the second century. As Dr J. W. Redhouse remarks eloquently, "When the Hindús had become disciples of Buddha [*i.e.*, Gautama], from the ninth century before Christ, the whole world of civilisation, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, caught many a maxim of grandeur, and especially mercy to others—the brightest gem of theoretical Christianity—from the followers of that mild sage, the greatest man, in some respects, that has ever lived on earth."

The monkish writers of mediæval times were indebted, directly or indirectly, for some of their stories to the Talmud, as we have already seen; and it appears that the compilers of that strange monument of human wisdom and human folly added to their own inventions narratives and apologues of Indian as well as Greek and Roman origin. For example, we are told that the infamous citizens of Sodom had a particular kind of bed for the use of the weary traveller who entered their city and sought shelter for the night: if he was found to be too long for the bed, they reduced

him to the proper length by chopping off so much of his legs; and if too short, he was stretched to the requisite length. Here we have the old Greek legend of Procrustes, the robber of Attica, who was said to treat his victims in this manner. And some trace of the same tale seems to be found in an account of one of the adventures of Kurroglú, the robber-poet of Turkish-Persia (in Chodzko's 'Popular Poetry of Persia'), where the Princess Nighára, daughter of the Sultan of Turkey, playfully says to her bandit-lover, who had gained access to the harem in the disguise of a pilgrim, "I will fetch thee one of my father's robes; and if it should be too short for thee, I shall have thy legs chopped off just at the place where the robe will reach; and if it be too long, I shall direct a nail to be driven into each of thy heels, that thou mayest grow taller." Kurroglú replies that by so doing she should treat him after the code of Abú Hurayra, referring, apparently, to some Arab legend similar to that of Procrustes.[1] Another Greek legend reappears in the Talmud, as a citation from the Book of Jasher: "So light was Naphtali (the son of Jacob) that he

[1] Abú Hurayra—"Father of a kitten." This was the *kunya*, or by-name, of one of Muhammed's most beloved disciples. He was so named by Muhammed from his carrying a kitten on his arm one day. He is the source of several traditions of the Prophet. The Abú Hurayra, whose "code," according to Kurroglú ("son of the blind," so called because his father had been blinded), was similar to that of the robber of Attica, must have been a very different man, and the story referred to seems now forgotten, like the tale of two women alluded to by the genie whom the Arabian fisherman liberated from the copper vessel in which he had been confined by Solomon: "Do not deal with me as did Umáma to Atika."

could go upon the ears of corn without crushing them." This is "the fleet Camilla" in a Jewish gaberdine! And a farther instance of the familiarity of the Rabbins with classical literature is furnished in one of the numerous apothegms in the Talmud: "When love is intense, both [*i.e.*, man and wife] find room enough upon one bench; afterwards they may find themselves cramped in a space of sixty cubits." This seems derived from an anecdote in Athenæus, xii.: Python of Byzantium was a very fat man. He once said to the citizens, in addressing them, to make friends after a political dispute, "Gentlemen, you see how stout I am; well, I have a wife at home who is still fatter. Now, when we are good friends, we can sit on a very small seat; but when we quarrel, I assure you the whole house cannot contain us."

The famous Persian poet Hafiz seems also to have been acquainted with classical Greek and Roman literature. Stobæus (Flor. 36, 19) tells us that Zeno said to a youth who was more disposed to talk than to listen, "Young man, nature gave us one tongue, but two ears, so that we may hear just twice as much as we speak,"—a saying which Hafiz has thus reproduced:

> Two ears and but a single tongue
> By nature's law to man belong.
> The lesson she would teach is clear:
> Repeat but half of what you hear.

The origin of chivalric romance in Europe was the subject of keen controversy among English writers in

the last century, and is still perhaps not satisfactorily ascertained. Percy contended that the spirit of chivalry existed among the northern nations long before the establishment of the feudal system, or the introduction of knighthood as a regular order; and that their fictions were carried from the North by the Scalds who probably accompanied the army of Rollo into Normandy. Warton, on the other hand, maintained that romantic fiction was introduced into Europe by the Saracens, who settled in Spain in the eighth century, and suggested that, even admitting the Gothic theory, yet as the Goths themselves came from the East, their fictions also had in all likelihood an Asiatic origin. There is much to be urged in favour of both theories. Many passages in European romances of chivalry, especially those describing the prowess of the heroes in battle, bear a very striking likeness to the narratives of the exploits of the famous Bedouin poet-hero Antar, in the romance which purports to recount his adventures.[1] In the romance of Guy of Warwick, Sir Heraud, one of Guy's companions, is the prisoner of a king, who, having engaged in war, suffers defeat, and is at length besieged in his capital. It happens that an attendant of the king overhears the prisoner's complaints, and discovering that he is none other than the illustrious Heraud, the second hero of

[1] "A style various and elegant, reaching sometimes to the sublime; characters drawn with force, and skilfully sustained; render the Romance of Antar eminently remarkable: it may be termed the Iliad of the Arabians."—*Caussin de Perceval.*

Christendom, acquaints the king of the name and rank of his prisoner. The king at once sends for Heraud and requests the aid of his sword, promising him his freedom and great gifts in return. Heraud consents, and by his invincible prowess turns the tide of affairs once more in favour of the king. A precisely similar incident occurs in the Arabian romance of 'Antar.' The hero is taken prisoner by Monzar, king of Híra, who, having offended his suzerain, Núshírván, king of Persia, the latter despatches an army to chastise his insolence, led by the famous champion Khosrewán. The king of Híra is defeated in the first battle, and recollecting his noble prisoner Antar, sends for him in his extremity, and requests him to lead his troops against the Persians on the following day. Antar consents, slays the champion Khosrewán in single combat, and the Persians are routed with great slaughter. In the romance of Sir Bevis of Hampton, we are told that Bevis, when only seven years old, knocked down two stout men with his cudgel; and while yet a boy, he slew sixty Saracen knights. The Bedouin hero Antar also exhibited extraordinary courage in his childhood: when he was but ten years old he slew a wolf that had dispersed his flock, and carried home the head and paws of the beast in a basket, and presented them as trophies of his prowess to his mother, —a bold exploit, which may be compared with that of David the Hebrew shepherd-boy: "Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock: and I went out

after him, and delivered it out of his mouth; and when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard, and smote him, and slew him. Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear; and this uncircumcised Philistine shall be as one of them." (1 Sam. xvii. 34-36.)

In the combat of Sir Guy with the Danish champion Colbrand are incidents analogous to some of Antar's hand-to-hand encounters with "foemen worthy of his steel." Colbrand threw three darts at Guy, two of which failed, and the third glided through his shield, and passing under his arm, went an acre before it fell to the ground. He dealt a stroke at Guy with his sword, missed him, but cut his horse in two. At last Guy gives Colbrand a stroke on the neck, smiting his head from his body, and sending it half a foot into the earth. Sir Bevis thus despatched an insolent citizen:

> To that burgess a stroke he sent,
> Through helm and hauberk down it went;
> Both man and horse in that stound
> He cleavèd down to the ground.

King Arthur, dealing a heavy blow on the shoulder of a giant fifteen feet in height, divided him to the nave so accurately that his sides hung over his horse, and he was thus carried about the field to the great horror of the Saracens. Sir Guy cleaved Sir Gunter from the helmet to the pommel of his saddle. In the Romance of Antar the hero wards off the four darts thrown at him by the Greek champion, and catching the mace which he then hurled at him, he returned it

with such force as to throw him off the saddle to the distance of twelve cubits, and broke his ribs and snapped his spine. In another encounter he smites his doughty antagonist with his irresistible sword Dhamí—a blade which may be compared with Morglay, Excalibar, Durandal, Balmung, Gram, Chrysaor, and others famed in European romance—cleaving both him and his horse to the ground, so that they fell each in two halves.

In the romance of Merlin (Part II.), King Arthur obtains his renowned sword Excalibar in this way: A miraculous stone was discovered before the church-door, and in the stone was firmly fixed a sword with these words engraved on its hilt:

> Ich am y-hote [called] Excalibore;
> Unto a king fair treasure.
> (On Inglis is this writing),
> Kerve steel, and yren, and al thing.

It was made law, that whoever should be able to draw out that sword from the stone, should be at once acknowledged as sovereign of Britain. Many strong and bold knights attempted to withdraw the sword in vain: at length Arthur came forward, and being at the time in want of a trusty blade, drew it forth with perfect ease. This incident seems to have been adapted from the (Norse) Volsung Tale. "The Volsungs," says Dr Dasent, "traced themselves back, like all heroes, to Odin, the great father of gods and men. From him sprang Sigi, from him Volsung. In the centre of his hall grew an oak, the tall trunk of

which passed through the roof, and its boughs spread far and wide in upper air. Into that hall, on a high feast day, when Signy, Volsung's daughter, was to be given away to Siggeir, King of Gothland, strode an old one-eyed guest. His feet were bare, his hose were of knitted linen; he wore a great striped cloak and a broad flapping hat. In his hand he bare a great sword, which, at one stroke, he buried up to the hilt in the oak-trunk. 'There,' said he, 'let him of all this company bear this sword who is man enough to pull it out. I give it him, and none shall say he ever wore a better blade.' With these words he passed out of the hall, and was seen no more. Many tried, for that sword was plainly a thing of price, but none could stir it, till Sigmund, the best and bravest of Volsung's sons, tried his hand, and lo! the weapon yielded itself at once. That was the famous blade Gram."[1]

It is, to say the least, exceedingly curious to find a somewhat similar legend related in the Talmud regarding the manner in which Moses, the Hebrew lawgiver, became possessed of his famous rod—the same with which he divided the waters of the Red Sea and smote the rock in the wilderness, causing a stream of pure water to flow forth. According to the rabbinical narrative, this wondrous staff was created on the sixth

[1] Dasent's 'Popular Tales from the Norse'—Introd. pp. lxi, lxii. In the 'Saga of Gisli, the Outlaw,' we read of another famous blade "that would bite whatever its blow fell upon, be it iron or aught else; nor could its edge be deadened by spells, for it was forged by the Dwarfs, and its name is Graysteel."—Dr Dasent's Translation.

day and given to Adam while yet in Paradise. Adam bequeathed it to Enoch, who gave it to Shem, the eldest son of Noah, from whom it descended to Isaac and Jacob. It was by the help of this staff that Jacob crossed the Jordan, and he took it with him to Egypt. Before his death he presented it to Joseph, at whose death it was taken, with the rest of his property, to Pharaoh's treasury, where Jethro, then one of the royal magicians, at once recognised its secret qualities, and on quitting the Egyptian court to settle in the land of Midian, he took it with him, and planted it in his garden, where no person was able to approach it, until the arrival of Moses, who had fled thither after slaying the insolent Egyptian, and having read the mystical words on the staff, pulled it out of the ground with ease.

The hero of chivalric romance is always possessed of a wonderful steed and a sword which nothing can resist. Rustam, the Persian champion of antiquity, had a horse called Raksh (lightning), with which, like some European heroes, he often conversed confidentially. The steed of Rasálú, the hero of the Panjáb, warned him at a crisis not to touch him with whip or spur. Antar's horse Abjer was "dark-coloured, beautiful, and compact; of the race much prized by the Arabs; his hoofs were as flat as the beaten coin; his ears like quills; when he neighed he seemed as if about to speak." His sword Dhamí (which signifies "subduing") was forged out of a thunderbolt that had fallen and killed a camel. When it was finished, the

chief who had employed the smith to forge it took the sword in his hand and asked him, "What name have you given it?" The smith replied:

> The sword is sharp, O son of the tribe of Ghalib,
> Sharp indeed; but where is the striker for the sword?

Then the chief waved the sword, saying, "As for the smiter—I am the smiter!" and struck off the blacksmith's head. The sword Dhamí descended from father to son, till the last possessor on his death-bed called his youngest son, and bade him privily hide it in the earth, so that it should not be seized with the rest of the family property by his grasping tyrannical brother. The youth hid the sword accordingly in the desert; but on the death of the chief, his elder son threatened to slay his brother if he did not deliver it up to him. They went together to the place, but the youth could not find it, and his brother drew his sword and would have slain him had not Antar opportunely arrived, and learning the cause of the quarrel, attacked and killed the tyrant, after which he sent the youth away. Then sitting down to rest himself, he was playing with the sand, when he came on a stone, which he removed, and lo! there lay the sword Dhamí which the youth had sought in vain.

Single combats between the champions of opposing armies are not only common in Asiatic as well as European romances, but seem to have been customary in actual warfare from the most remote times; and the historical books of the Bible furnish several in-

stances. The combat between David and Goliath (1 Samuel xvii. 38-51) is a memorable example, and the battle between the men of Abner and the men of Joab (2 Samuel ii. 15, 16) is another. Such combats are of very frequent occurrence in the Romance of Antar, and, as in the European romances, the opposing champions invariably address each other in haughty tones. Thus Antar exclaims, when about to encounter the Greek champion, "I will break down the support of Greece from its foundations; I will sever Badramút's head with my scimitar! I am he whose might is uncontrollable in battle: I am of the race of Abs, the valiant lion of the cavern!" In like strain does a hero of the 'Shah Náma' (Book of Kings) of Firdausi, the Homer of Persia, vaunt himself:

> I am myself Hujer,
> The valiant champion, come to conquer thee,
> And to lop off that towering head of thine.

"Come to me," said Goliath to David, "and I will give thy flesh to the fowls of the air and to the beasts of the field."

It would appear, from the minute description of the arms and armour of the combatants in the Romance of Antar, that chivalry, in all essential particulars, was an institution in the East long before it was regularly established in Europe. The Persian satrap whom Antar encounters and slays is described as encased in a complete suit of mail "of Davidean workmanship,"[1]

[1] In the celebrated 'Burda,' or Mantle-Poem, of Kaáb the son of

with plumed helmet, and armed with sword, mace, shield, etc., precisely like European knights. Nor can knight-errantry be said to have been unknown to Asiatic chivalry. Oriental historians mention a Persian knight who was surnamed Rezm Kha—"one who goes in quest of adventures;" and two famous Arabian knights-errant, one named Abú Muhammed El-Batal, who wandered everywhere in search of adventures and redressing grievances, and who was killed A.D. 738 (A.H. 121); and the other a great-grandson of the Khalíf Abú Bekr, named Jaáfar Es-Sadík, a man eminent for his piety and extensive knowledge, as well as for his feats of arms, who died in the reign of Al-Mansúr, A.D. 764 (A.H. 147).

The rescue of distressed and imprisoned damsels is often accomplished by Antar. When the Bedouin hero is journeying to Mecca, accompanied by his half-brother Shibúb, they heard, in the calmness of night, a female voice crying out, evidently in sore distress; upon which Antar slackens his bridle and gallops in the direction whence proceeded the cries. He discovers a lady, who informs him that she is of the noble tribe of Kenda; her husband is As-hath, the son of Obed. A famine having visited their land,

Zuhayr, recited by him before Muhammed, at Medina, in the 9th year of the Hijra (A.D. 629-30), after the conquest of Mecca, the warriors of the tribe of Kuraysh are described as "aquiline-nosed heroes; whose clothing, in combat, is of *shirts of the tissue of David* —bright and ample, interlaced with links like the tendrils of the Kafá plant, firmly wove together;"—that is to say, coats of mail. According to Arab tradition, David the Hebrew king was divinely taught, and very skilful, in the manufacture of link armour.

they were proceeding with their family to the country of Harith, where they intended to settle, having a daughter married there, when they were attacked by a horseman of the desert, Sudam, the son of Salheb, with forty plundering Arabs, who had slain her three sons, wounded her husband, and taken herself and her three daughters captive; and that the brigands were about to convey them to the mountains of Tawayla, there to sell them as slaves. Consigning the ladies to the care of his brother, Antar grasps his spear, and turns to meet Sudam and his followers, whom he now sees hastily advancing towards him. The hero is assailed by several brigands at once, but he cuts them down on either side, and at length encounters Sudam, and striking him on the breast with his cleaving Dhamí, the chief falls to the ground dead, weltering in his blood. The three damsels and their mother crowd round their deliverer, kissing his hands and thanking him for having saved them from dishonour; and Antar, desiring the damsels to veil themselves, and having bound up the old shaykh's wounds, sat down to rest himself after the fatigue of his combats. The old shaykh, grateful for the good service rendered his family by Antar, offers him his choice of his three daughters, but the hero courteously declines the compliment, saying to the damsels, "Were my heart my own, I should desire nothing beyond you—it would covet nothing but you. But it loves what tortures it; where no word, no deed, encourages it." Never was European knight more

"solicitous in the cause of women" than the Bedouin hero: when he rescued the tribe of Mazin, and learned that Oosack and his followers were plundering the women's quarter, he rushed with his warriors upon the dastards, scattering them to the right and left: "mighty was every act, and fate descended among them." It is certain that European chivalry owed much to the Arabs; and that many scenes and incidents from 'Antar' and other Arabian romances were appropriated by the early Spanish authors of similar works, which they had derived from their Moorish conquerors; and we may fairly consider 'Antar' as the prototype of European romances of chivalry.[1]

To return, after this long digression, to the subject of the origin and diffusion of popular tales. Mr Ralston has justly remarked that an unfamiliar joke is rarely met with in the lower strata of fiction. The same jests which amuse the Russian or Norwegian peasant are also well known to the vine-dressers of France and Spain, and to the Italian rustic; to the half-farmer-half-fisherman of Argyllshire; to the wandering Arab; to the luxurious Persian; to the peaceable Hindú; to the crafty Chinese. Who has not heard of the Irishman who looked over the shoulder of a gentleman while he was writing a letter in a coffee-house, and when the gentleman concluded with the words, "I have much more to say to you,

[1] For some account of the Romance of Antar, see the Note at the end of this introductory paper.

but an impudent Irishman is reading every word I write," the Irishman exclaimed, "Upon my sowl, I haven't read a word, sorr!" This was told many centuries ago in the 'Bahâristân' of the Persian poet Jámí: A learned man being annoyed while writing a letter to one of his confidential friends at the conduct of a person who, seated at his side, glanced out of the corner of his eye at his letter, wrote: "Had not a hireling thief been seated at my side and engaged in reading my letter, I should have written to thee all my secrets." The man said, "By Allah, my lord, I have neither read nor even looked at thy letter." "Fool," exclaimed the other, "how canst thou, then, say what thou now sayest?"

Another familiar jest is that of the "pragmatical young fellow" who, sitting at a table opposite "the learned John Scott," asked him, "What difference is there between Scot and Sot?" to which he replied, "Just the breadth of the table."[1] This also occurs in Gladwin's 'Persian Moonshee' and several Indian collections of facetiæ: An indigent poet paid a visit to a rich man, and seated himself so near that there was not more distance than a span between them. Offended thereat, the rich man asked him, "What difference is there between you and an ass?" He answered, "The measure of one span."

The well-known story of the "natural" who ate a leg of a fowl intended for the laird's dinner may have been taken from Boccaccio's 'Decameron,' Day

[1] 'A Collection of Jests, Epigrams, Epitaphs,' &c. Edinburgh: 1753.

vi., novel 4. In our version the fool, on being accused of the theft, asserted that a fowl had only one leg, and being desired to prove this, he led the laird to a shed, where a number of fowls were standing with one leg tucked up, as is usual with fowls in wet weather; and when the laird cried, "Shooh! shooh!" the fowls all set down their legs. "Had you cried 'shooh!' to your hen," quoth the fool, "doubtless it would also have put down its other leg!" In Boccaccio it is a crane, a leg of which the cook had given to his sweetheart. It reappears in 'Tarlton's Newes out of Purgatorie,' under the title of "The Tale of a Cook, and why he sat in Purgatorie with a Crane's Leg in his Mouth."

One of the practical jokes of "the man who was called Howleglass" (a translation made about 1550, of the German jests of Tyl Eulenspiegel) is his exhibiting "a strange animal which hath its head placed where its tail ought to be." This is found also in Gladwin's 'Persian Moonshee': A very poor man who had a horse, tied him in the stable with his head towards the part where it is usual to place the tail. He then proclaimed abroad, "O ye people! come and see a strange sight, a horse with his head where his tail ought to be!" All the people of the city crowded together, and from every one who wished to see the show he exacted a small piece of money, and gave them admittance; and they who went into the stable came back and said nothing. In the German version it is said: "As fast as they came in and found how

wittily they had been deceived, they could not help laughing at the hoax, in which Howleglass joining, earnestly entreated them not to ruin his fortunes, and let those who had not paid laugh at them, by telling the secret to the townspeople on the outside. This they all promised, and as soon as they got home each advised his neighbour to go and see the great sight."

In 'Archie Armstrong's Banquet of Jests' is the following anecdote, which had long before been current in Europe: A fellow with one eye, being abroad about his business, his wife in his absence entertained her lover. But it so happened that her husband came home, and entered the room before the loving couple expected him. At whose presence the woman, greatly alarmed, rose up, and running to her husband, clapped her hand on the eye he could see with, saying, "Husband, I dreamt just now that you could see as well with the other eye as with this; pray tell me." Meanwhile her friend slipped out of doors.—This occurs in the 'Gesta Romanorum,' ch. cxxi.; and it is the eighth tale of Peter Alfonsus, where a vine-dresser wounds one of his eyes while working in the vineyard. In the meantime his wife is engaged with her gallant. On the husband's return, she contrives the lover's escape by kissing her spouse on the other eye. The story is also in the novels of Malespini (i. 44), and of Bandello (i. 23); in the 'Heptameron' of Margaret Queen of Navarre, who probably borrowed it from the first tale of the *fabliau* of the "Mauvaise Femme" (Le Grand, iv.

138, ed. 1781); and in the 'Elites de Contes' of the Sieur d'Ouville (Rouen, 1680, p. 284).

From Alfonsus the incident was probably adapted by the author of the old romance of 'Eurialus and Lucretia': The hero, Eurialus, is equerry to the Emperor Sigismundus, and the paramour of Lucretia, wife of the Senator Menelai. "One night, as he was at supper, the senator came in unexpectedly, and must have discovered Eurialus, had not Lucretia's wonted presence of mind saved him and herself from that disgrace. She went out to meet her husband, who had already got as far as the landing-place, and loaded him with the most tender reproaches for having left her to eat her supper alone. In vain did he protest to her that he had not eaten a morsel that day; she was not to be pacified, and falling on his neck, she bedewed the dear man with her tears. The senator, pleased at so rare an instance of her love, kissed off her tears, and comforted his loving wife in the most soothing language. Lucretia acted the farce long enough to give Eurialus time to get out at the window; then walking into the room arm in arm with her *cara sposa*, they sat down lovingly to supper."[1]

The original occurs in the Sanskrit book of tales and apologues, entitled 'Hitopadesa' (Friendly Counsel), Book i. fable 6: In the province of Gaur there is a city called Kausámbi. In it dwelt an opulent merchant named Chandanadasa. Being in the last stage of life, with his mind swayed by desire, he married a

[1] 'Bibliothèque Universelle des Romans.'

merchant's daughter named Lilavatí. She was young, resembling the victorious banner of Makara-Keta; consequently her aged partner was not to her liking. Still the old husband was dotingly fond of her. Now Lilavatí, through the impetuosity of youth, violating the honour of her family, became enamoured of a certain merchant's son. One day Lilavatí was sitting at her ease in familiar chat with the merchant's son, on a couch variegated with the lustre of strings of jewels, when, seeing her husband, who had approached unobserved, she rose up with precipitation, caught him by the hair, and vehemently embracing, kissed him. Meanwhile the gallant rose and escaped.

"Every schoolboy" knows the story of the blockhead who complained to the judge of being annoyed with flies, and being told that he was at liberty to strike them wherever he saw them, observing a big "blue bottle" alight on the judge's nose, delivered a blow with his fist on that useful member, and smashed it as well as the fly. This is also told of Giufà, the typical noodle of Sicily, in Pitrè's collection; and we have a different version of the incident in the Icelandic Tale of a Butter-Tub: An old woman, having privily eaten a whole tub of butter intended for use in winter, her husband was surprised to find the tub empty, and asked her if she knew how it had happened. Just then the old wife saw a big fly which had got into the open barrel, and she said, "Ah, there comes the wretched thief! Look here—this hateful fly has doubtless eaten all our butter from the tub."

This, the old man thought, must be true, and ran off for the big hammer with which he used to beat his dried fish, and would break the skull of the fly. He shut the door of the cottage, that the fly should not get out, and now chased the fly all over the place, knocking and beating at it, but never hitting save his own furniture and household chattels, which he broke to pieces. At last the old man, being tired, sat down in fury and despair. But then the fly came and sat on his nose. Then the carl begged his wife to kill the fly, and said, "Make haste, while it sits on the nose!"—which since has passed into a common saying. The old woman lifted up the hammer with all her might, and thumped it on the old man's nose, and broke his skull so well that he was dead on the spot; but the fly escaped with unbroken skull. It is unscathed yet. But the old woman is still wailing over her carl.[1] The incident seems to be of Buddhist origin, being found in two different forms in the 'Játakas,' or Birth-Stories, Nos. 44 and 45. In the former, a lad takes an axe to kill some mosquitoes that had alighted on his father's bald head, and cleaves the old man's skull. The other is as follows: A slave girl, named Rohini, was once pounding rice, when her aged mother came to the place and sat down. The flies came about her, and bit her as if they were running needles into her. She said to her

[1] 'Icelandic Legends.' Collected by Jón Arnason. Translated by George E. J. Powell and Eirîkr Magnússon. Second Series. London: 1866.

daughter, "My girl, the flies are biting me; drive them off." She said, "I will, mother;" and raising the pestle, thinking, "I will kill and destroy the flies on my mother's body," struck her mother with the pestle, and killed her on the spot. Seeing that, she began to cry, "O mother! mother!"[1]

The really original tales in our collections of facetiæ are indeed but few. "In genuine home-grown humour," says Mr W. Carew Hazlitt, "English literature is by no means wealthy. We shine indeed, but it is with a borrowed light. Our jest-books are little beyond various readings to the Poggiana and other great stores of facetiæ; and if we should take away from the 'Hundred Mery Talys' and its successors what is merely imported matter, it is to be feared that the residue would be compressible into a very slender compass. There is scarcely a story which has not been told over and over again, with the change only of name, place, and circumstance. The germ and

[1] Translations from the Páli of 'Játakas' 41-50, by the Lord Bishop of Colombo; in the 'Transactions' of the Royal Asiatic Society, Ceylon Branch. This is one of the Buddhist tales which have been adapted by the Bráhmans: In the First Book of the 'Panchatantra, a prince sets his pet monkey to watch over him as he sleeps in a pavilion in his garden; a troublesome bee settles on the prince's face, in spite of the monkey's pains to drive it off, till the monkey, highly incensed, snatches up his master's sword, and making a blow at the bee, cuts off the prince's head. The apologue is reproduced in the 'Anvár-i-Suhaylí' (Lights of Canopus), a Persian version, by Husain Va'iz, of the Fables of Bidpai, and the modern Hindústaní version of the Persian work, by Abu-'l Fazel, 'Ayár-i-Dánish' (Touchstone of Knowledge), under the title of "The Gardener, the Bear, and the Fly." In this form it is an old European acquaintance.

spirit are identical. Even the good things which the contemporaries of Sydney Smith applauded in that excellent man are in many cases discoverable in works which it is more probable than otherwise that he had read." And Mr J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps' remark is to the same purpose: "Nothing is more uncertain than the attribution of 'jests' to persons who have made themselves famous as wits, and we are occasionally favoured in the public prints with anecdotes concerning men of our own times that have long been familiar to us in slightly different forms in jest-books of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries."

Among the anecdotes told of Foote is this: Dining at Paris with Lord Stormont, the host descanted volubly on the age of his wine, which was served in very diminutive glasses. Foote, holding up his glass, said, "It is very little of its age." In Taylor's 'Wit and Mirth' (*temp.* James I. of England), the story is thus told: "A proper gentlewoman went to speak with a rich mizer that had more gowt than good manners. At her taking leave, hee requested her to taste a cup of Canara. Shee (contrary to his expectation) tooke him at his word, and thanked him. He commanded Jeffrey Starveling his man to wash a glasse, and fill it to the gentlewoman. Honest Jeffrey fil'd a great glasse about the bigness of the Taylors thimbles, and gave it to his master, who kist it to save cost, and gave it to the gentlewoman, saying that it was good Canara of six yeeres old at the least; to whom shee answered (seeing the quantitie so small): 'Sir, as you

requested me, I have tasted your wine; but I wonder that it should be so little being of so great an age.'" This was probably adapted from Lucian, who tells how a lover brought his mistress a very small cask of wine, which he warmly commended as very choice and old, upon which she said drily: "It is very little of its age." The story is also told by Athenæus.

Queen Elizabeth, according to the tradition, once asked Sir Walter Raleigh whether he could tell the weight of smoke, and he at once undertook to do so. Having smoked a pipe of tobacco, he carefully weighed the ashes, and already knowing the weight of the tobacco, he informed the queen that the difference was the weight of the smoke. Raleigh may have imitated the philosopher in Lucian's story: "Some one, thinking to puzzle Demonax, asked him, 'If I burn a thousand pounds of fuel, how many pounds of it go into smoke?' 'Weigh the ashes,' he replied, 'and all the residue must be smoke.'"

Laird Braco, an ancestor of the Earls of Fife, was a very avaricious man. One day a tenant, who called upon him to pay his rent, happened to be deficient a single farthing. The amount could not be excused, and the farmer had to seek the farthing. When the business was adjusted, the farmer said to the laird, "Now, Braco, I would gie ye a shilling for a sight of a' the gowd and siller ye hae." "Weel, man," said Braco, "it sall no cost ye ony mair," and accordingly, having first received and pocketed the shilling, the laird exhibited several iron boxes filled with gold

and silver coin. "Now," said the farmer, "I'm as rich as yoursel', Braco." "Ay, man," quoth Braco, "how can that be?" "Because I've *seen* it, and you can do nae mair."—A very similar story is current among the Chinese: A rich priest had hoarded a fine collection of jewels, to which he was constantly adding, and of which he was inordinately proud. Upon showing them one day to a friend, the latter feasted his eyes for some time, and on taking his leave thanked his host for the jewels. "How?" cries the priest; "I have not given them to you. Why do you thank me?" "Well," replied his friend, "I have at least had as much pleasure from *seeing* them as you can have, and the only difference between us, that I can see, is that you have the trouble of collecting them."[1]

And this is another well-worn jest which has also its parallel in China: Two fellows meeting, one asked the other why he looked so sad. "I have good reason for it," said the other; "poor Jack such-a-one, the greatest crony and friend I had in the world, was hanged but two days ago." "What had he done?" said the first. "Alas!" replied the other, "he did no more than you or I should have done on the like occasion: he found a bridle on the road, and took it up." "What!" says the other, "hang a man for taking a bridle! That's hard indeed." "To tell the truth of the matter," says the other, "there was a

[1] 'Folk-Lore in China, and its affinities with that of the Aryan and Semitic Races.' By M. B. Dennys. Hong-Kong: 1876. P. 151.

horse tied to the other end of it."[1]—The Chinese tell the story thus: A man was condemned to the cangue [a kind of portable pillory], and some of his friends seeing him asked him the cause of his punishment. He said to them, "As I happened to go along a road I saw a little cord on the ground; thinking it might be useful for something, I took it and went away. That is the cause of my misfortune." His friends replied, "Never has the theft of a cord led any one to such a torture." The thief said, "It is true there was something at the end of the cord." They asked him what it was, and he replied, "It was only two little plough-oxen."[2]

The absurd decisions of judges or magistrates seem to have been favourite subjects of popular jests from remote times. In the Talmud the judges of the city of Sodom are represented as mockers and perverters of justice: A man having cut off the ear of his neighbour's ass, the judge said to the owner, "Let him have the ass till the ear is grown again, that it may be returned to thee as thou wishest." But it is not unlikely that the Talmudists produced stories of Asiatic Dogberries which had been current long before their days, and foisted them on the people of Sodom. However this may be, the sage decree finds a parallel in the 'Kathá Sarit Ságara:' A washerman com-

[1] 'A Collection of Jests, Epigrams, Epitaphs,' &c. Edinburgh: 1753.

[2] "Contes et Bon Mots, extraits d'un livre chinois, intitulé 'Sias li Siao,' traduit par M. Stanislas Julien," in the 'Journal Asiatique,' tome iv., 1824.

plained before a magistrate that the wife of a Bráhman had beaten his donkey, and the animal, in running away, had fallen into a pit and broken its hoof. On the other side, the Bráhman accused the washerman of having assaulted his wife, and thereby caused her to miscarry. The magistrate ruled: "Since the donkey's hoof is broken, let the Bráhman carry the donkey's load till it is again fit for work; and let the washerman keep the Bráhman's wife till she is in the condition she was in before he beat her."—The Persian tale of the Kází of Emessa (the leading incident of which is the "pound of flesh" of Shakspeare's Shylock) furnishes similar examples of judicial wisdom. The people of that town (now called Hums) being noted for their stupidity—in popular stories, at all events—it is the Gotham of the East. Among other cases brought before the kází in this story, a man complained that the merchant in helping him to extricate his ass out of the mud, in which it had stuck fast, had pulled off its tail. "Well," says the kází, "fetch my ass, and let the man pull off its tail." The animal was brought accordingly, and the man exerted all his strength to avenge the insult which had been put upon his favourite. But an ass that had carried the kází was not likely to put up with such an indignity, and soon testified his resentment by several hearty kicks, which made the man faint. When he recovered he begged leave to decline any further satisfaction; but the kází said it was a pity he should not have his revenge, and he might take his own time. But the more he pulled

the harder the vicious animal kicked, till at last the poor man, all bruises and blood, declared that he had accused the merchant falsely, for his own ass never had a tail. Then the judge mulcted him in 100 dínárs. Another man accused the merchant of having thrown a stone at his runaway mule, and knocked out one of his eyes, thus reducing the value of the mule by one-half—before it lost its eye the mule was worth 1000 dirhams. "This is a very simple case," said the judge; "take a saw, cut the mule in two, give him the blind half, for which he must pay you 500 dirhams, and keep the other side to yourself." But the man objected to this suggestion, and was therefore fined in 100 dínárs. Then two young men came forward and accused the merchant of having jumped from the roof of a house on to the street below, where there was a commotion, and lighting on their father, had killed him on the spot. The kází asked them whether they thought the roof of the court-house was about the height of the house that the merchant jumped from. They replied that they thought it was; upon which the kází decreed that the merchant should go to sleep on the ground, and that they should get upon the roof and jump down upon him: and that, as the right of blood belonged to them equally, they must take care to jump both at once. They accordingly went upon the roof; but when they looked below they felt alarmed at the height, and so came down again, declaring that if they had ten lives they could not expect to escape. The kází said he could not help that: they had de-

manded retaliation, and retaliation they should have; but he could not alter the law to please them. So they gave up their claim, but the kází mulcted them also in the sum of 100 dínárs. This last incident is often found in our own jest-books, thus: A Flemish tyler accidentally fell from the top of a house upon a Spaniard and killed him, though he escaped himself. The next of blood prosecuted his death with great violence against the tyler, and when offered pecuniary recompense, nothing could serve him but *lex talionis*. Hereupon the judge said to him, if he did insist upon that sentence, he should go up to the top of the same house, and fall down from thence upon the tyler.[1] In another version, a tailor, looking at two drunken fellows fighting in the street, fell out of the window and killed an old man, whose son caused him to be apprehended on a charge of murder. When the trial came on, the jury could not bring in a verdict of wilful murder, neither could they acquit him; so they referred the case to the judges, who in their turn referred it to the king; and the king asked George Buchanan's opinion, who said that the tailor should stand below and let the old man's son fall on him.[2]

Thus many of the tales in our jest-books, which are generally believed to be "racy of the soil," and many of the "good things" ascribed to wits of recent times, are also current as genuine in other countries

[1] 'A Collection of Jests, Epigrams, Epitaphs,' &c. Edinburgh: 1753.

[2] 'The Witty and Entertaining Exploits of George Buchanan, commonly called the King's Fool.' Leith: 1705.

of Europe, and winged their way from the Far East ages before "Joe Miller" became, what it purports to be, 'The Wits' Vade Mecum.' Perhaps the best jest in that popular jest-book is the name of Joe Miller on its title-page. It is a common practice in most countries to prefix to a new collection of old jokes the name of some man who was famed for his wit in his day and generation, and to credit him with clever or amusing things which he never did or said: as in the case of the Italian ecclesiastic Arlotto; the German arch-rogue Tyl Eulenspiegel; our English Skelton, George Peele, Dick Tarlton, and Archie Armstrong; the Turkish Khoja Nasr-ed-Dín Efendi; and the Indian Temal Ramakistnan, the Scogin of Madras. But it is said that Joe Miller, albeit a comedian by profession, was utterly incapable of making an "original" joke—that he was, in fact, a man of somewhat saturnine disposition: but no matter; the jest-book which has immortalised his name—which his stage career could never have done for him—contains some of the most diverting tales that are to be found in our own or any other language, although he had no more a hand in its compilation than he had in that of the Talmud!

The prototypes of—or, at least, parallels to—most European tales of the Gothamite class have been discovered, within quite recent years, in the 'Játakas' and other Buddhist works.[1] It would probably be

[1] I have made a comprehensive collection of Stories of Noodledom, Asiatic as well as European, which is designed, like the present work,

going too far, however, to maintain that all such tales are of Buddhist invention. There must have existed in India, both orally and in writing, a great mass of stories and fables before the promulgation of Gautama's doctrines; and if the Bráhmans in later ages drew largely from the literary compositions of their enemies, perhaps they were, in some instances, only taking back their own. Nevertheless, there can be no doubt that Buddhist literature is peculiarly rich in original tales, apologues, and parables, which owe nothing to the fictions of the earlier Hindús.

But while most of the popular tales of Europe are traceable to ancient Indian sources, and the belief has been long general among scholars that India was the cradle-land of science and literature, the opinion is daily gaining ground that Egypt, not India, was the actual centre from which both the East and the West derived their civilisation. It cannot be denied that there is much more certainty respecting ancient dates in connection with Egyptian history than there is regarding those of any other country; while on the subject of dates all through India, before the time of Alexander's conquest, there is a very inconvenient vagueness. But in Egyptian history we have absolute dates for thousands of years before Christ. The researches of modern Egyptologists have resulted in surprising and most important discoveries, both in monumental inscriptions and in papyri; and

to illustrate the curious migrations of popular fictions; published by Mr Elliot Stock, London: 1886.

when the manuscripts recently unearthed in Egypt have been carefully examined by competent scholars, new facts may be brought to light, to upset some of our present theories as to the origin and diffusion of literature and science.[1] That the Indian 'Vedas' and the grand epics 'Rámáyana' and 'Mahábhárata' are very old—though certainly not of such high antiquity as was claimed for them by Sir William Jones and other Sanskritists in the last century—is generally admitted by those best qualified to judge, but their date is not positively ascertained. In Egyptian literature, however, there is preserved among the papyri in the British Museum a romance, or fairy tale, of singular interest, of two brothers Anapú and Satú,—the first part of which presents a parallel to the Biblical incident of Joseph and the wife of Potiphar—which was composed in the fourteenth century before Christ, when Pharaoh Ramses Miamun, founder of Pithom

[1] "We know," says Sir Richard F. Burton, "that the apologue, the beast-fable proper, is neither Indian nor Esopic: to mention no others, the 'Lion and the Mouse' is told in a Leyden papyrus. . . . From the Nile banks it was but a step to Phœnicia and Asia Minor, and thence, with the alphabet, the fable went to Greece; while eastward it found a new centre of civilisation in Babylonia and Assyria, lacking, however, the alphabet. When the two great sources were connected by Alexander of Macedon, who completed what Sesostris and Semiramis had begun; when the Medo-Bactrian kingdom was founded, and when the Greeks took moral possession of Persia under the Selucides, then the fable would find its way to India, doubtless meeting there some rude and fantastic kinsman of Buddhistic 'persuasion.' The mingling of blood would produce a fine robust race, and after the second century (A.D.) Indian stories spread over the civilised world, between Rome and China."—'The Academy,' June 20, 1885.

and Ramses, ruled at Thebes, and literature, says Deutsch, "celebrated its highest triumphs at his brilliant court." Nine pre-eminent *savans* were attached to the person of that monarch, at whose court Moses was educated. We have in this precious relic of antiquity, contemporary delineations of the manners and customs, the notions and views, of the Egyptians of 3000 years ago. And it is to be hoped that much more will yet be discovered from the literary remains so miraculously preserved beneath ruined temples, palaces, and sand-heaps, respecting not only the "learning of the Egyptians," but also their folk-lore.

NOTE.

The Arabian Romance of Antar (pp. 39-49).

The *Kassas*, or story-tellers of the East, can be traced up to the first century of the Hijra. It is said that the first was Obeyd, the son of Omayr, in the time of Omar, who pursued his vocation at Mecca. The first story-teller in Egypt was Selim, son of Auz, A.H. 39 (A.D. 659). One of their favourite subjects was doubtless the romantic exploits of Antar, the father of Arab chivalry; but the work itself was not written till the sixth century of the Hijra, the author being Abú-'l Moyed Muhammed Ibn Es-Saygh, surnamed for this reason El-Antarí, or the Antarian. The year of his death is not known; but Abú Ossaibah, in his biography, mentions a letter which he addressed to Hajjet-ed-Dín Merwan, vazír of the Atabeg Zangui, son of Aksáikar, who died A.H. 540 (A.D. 1145). The Arabian biographer's account of him is, that he was a celebrated physician

and scholar, and distinguished himself in philosophy and other branches of science. "The physician Sedid-ed-Dín Mahmúd ben Omar informed me," he says, "that the Antarí wrote at the beginning of his career traditions (tales) of Antar the Absite, and that he became celebrated through the attribute of this name." In one of the copies of the Romance the author is said to have been Sayyid Yusuf, son of Ismael, who procured most of his materials from writers versed in ancient traditions, especially from a learned contemporary of Hárún-er-Rashíd, named El-Asmay, to whom the work is sometimes attributed.[1]

Antar is no imaginary hero; he is well known as a famous warrior, and as the author of one of the seven prize poems (*Mu'allakát*) which were suspended in the Temple at Mecca before the time of Muhammed. That the Arabs possessed traditions of the warlike exploits of Antar long before they were reduced to writing, seems evident from a saying ascribed to Muhammed, who, while sternly prohibiting his followers from listening to the romances which had been brought from Persia, advised them to cherish the tales of the hero Antar, "that their hearts might become as steel." The Romance of Antar is usually bound up in forty-five volumes; and it was from an abridged copy that Terrick Hamilton made a translation of the First Part —which treats of the hero from his birth to his marriage—which was published in four octavo volumes, 1819-20. An epitome of this part is included in my 'Arabian Poetry for English Readers,' 1881, from the appendix to which I may here cite my sketch of the characters in the Romance, the work being now out of print.

The hero Antar, the son of Sheddád, is always the central figure. His blackness of complexion, his homeliness—even ugliness—of feature, are forgotten in admiration of his prodigious strength of arm and his invincible courage; his lofty and impassioned verses; his greatness of soul and his tenderness of heart. A true knight, *sans peur et sans reproche:* bold as a lion when face to face with his foes; magnanimous towards an inferior antagonist; soft and gentle when he thinks of his beloved Abla, still more so when in her presence. Abla, the beauteous Abla, whose dark flowing tresses first ensnared the

[1] 'Asiatic Journal,' vol. xxvii., 1838.

heart of the hero, and whose bright eyes completed the capture; a true Bedouin damsel: like Desdemona with the Moor, she saw Antar's beauty in his mind. And Antar—spite of his black complexion, spite of his base birth—"loved her with the love of a noble-born hero!" When the enemy approaches the tents of his tribe—when the time has come for sword-blows and spear-thrusts—his base origin is forgotten: his sword is then his father, and the spear in his right hand is his noble kinsman!

The other characters are of course subordinated to the hero and his achievements; yet each has an individuality which is strongly marked. Zuhayr, king of the tribes of Abs and Adnan, of Fazarah and Ghiftan—a prince possessing all the virtues and not a few of the failings of his age and race; chivalrous himself, he was not slow to recognise in the youthful son of Sheddád, the future hero. Prince Shas, naturally ill-tempered, proud and tyrannical, yet not without his good points, after adversity had tamed his spirit. Prince Malik, the brave but gentle son of Zuhayr; Antar's first friend and protector against the malice of his enemies; ever ready to plead eloquently in his favour, or to draw his sword when the hero was overwhelmed with numbers. Sheddád, the father of Antar; a bold fellow—"of a heavy-handed kin; a good smiter when help was needed"; proud of his pure blood as ever was hidalgo, yet yearning towards his brave son when his deeds were noised abroad, and bitterly lamenting his reported death. Zebíba, his simple-minded mother; like mothers of great men in general, did not appreciate her son's heroic achievements: thought he had much better stay at home and help her to tend the flocks. Malik, the father of Abla; crafty, calculating, sordid, perfidious, malicious, time-serving; withal a great stickler for the honour of his family. Amara, the Bedouin exquisite; proud, boastful; at heart a coward. Shibúb, the half-brother of Antar and his trusty squire; fleet of foot, and hence called Father of the Wind; a dexterous archer; ready with admirable devices for every emergency: never had gallant knight a more useful auxiliary.

With the noble lyric of the hero's death the curtain is appropriately dropped on the stirring drama: "They say that an old shaykh [his enemy], softened by the fate of the hero who had

made himself illustrious by so many exploits, wept over his corpse, covered it with sand, and uttered these words: *Glory to thee, brave warrior! who, during thy life, hast been the defender of thy tribe, and who, even after thy death, hast saved thy brethren by the terror of thy corpse and of thy name! May thy soul live for ever! May the refreshing dews moisten the ground of this thy last exploit!*" Truly has it been said, "Happy is the warrior whose very enemies praise him." The moral of the story (for a moral there is to those who can read it aright) is, the triumph of a lofty mind and a resolute will over the clogging circumstances of humble birth and class-prejudice.

INVISIBLE CAPS AND CLOAKS: SHOES OF SWIFTNESS: THE INEXHAUSTIBLE PURSE, ETC.

A FAVOURITE ornament of popular fictions, remarks Price, in his edition of Warton's 'History of English Poetry,' "is the highly gifted object which is to supply the fortunate owner with the gratification of some particular wish, or to furnish him with the golden means of gratifying every want." Of this class of magical objects are the inexhaustible purse of Fortunatus and the wishing-cap and shoes of swiftness which so frequently figure in our fairy tales. The romance of Fortunatus, so long a nursery favourite in this country, and indispensable from the chapman's miscellaneous stock of penny story-books, ballads, and small-wares, is probably little known to juveniles of the present day, and copies have become so rare as to be considered as treasures by collectors of literary curiosities. The circumstance of the opening scene of the romance being the city of Famagosta, in the island of Cyprus, might suggest that it was of Venetian origin; but according to a copy in the British Museum,

printed in 1682 (there is an imperfect copy dated six years earlier), it was "first penned in the Dutch [? German] tongue, thence abstracted, and was first put into English by T. C."—that is, by Thomas Churchyarde. Mr Ashton, in his 'Chap-Books of the Eighteenth Century,' says that the earliest notice he has found of the romance is 'Fortunatus Augsp. zu trucken verordnet durch J. Heybler, 1509,' and that it seems to have been popular, for there was a French edition, 'Histoire des aventures de Fortunatus, trad. de l'Espagn.': Rouen, 1656. As usual with chap-books, the title-page of an edition printed at Glasgow, so late as the year 1790, gives an abstract of the chief incidents of the tale: "The History of Fortunatus; setting forth his birth, life, travels, and adventures, in most parts of the world; how Lady Fortune appeared to him, and gave him a Rich Purse that never wanted money; and also in his travels how he got from the Soldan a Wishing Hat, that by putting it on his head he could convey himself immediately into whatever place he desired. With an account how Fortunatus on his deathbed declared to his two sons, Ampedo and Andolocia, the virtue of his Purse and Hat." Fortunatus, having quitted the service of the Earl of Flanders at the instigation of his fellow-chamberlain, who falsely represented to him that their master had a secret design to kill them both, proceeded from Venice to Calais, and thence to London, where, meeting with some merchants of Cyprus, he spent all his money in riotous living, after which he took shipping,

and soon arrived at Picardy, in France. Being benighted in a wood, he lay down to sleep till the morning. "As soon as Fortunatus awoke, he saw standing before him a fair lady with her eyes muffled. 'I beseech thee,' said he, 'sweet virgin, for the love of God to assist me, that I may get out of this wood, for I have travelled a great way without food.' She asked what country he was of, and he replied, 'Of Cyprus; and I am constrained by poverty to seek my fortune.' 'Fear not, Fortunatus,' said she; 'I am the Goddess of Fortune, and by permission of Heaven have the power of Six Gifts, one of which I will bestow on thee, so choose for yourself; they are: Wisdom, Strength, Riches, Health, Beauty, and Long Life.' Said Fortunatus, 'I desire to have Riches, as long as I live.' With that she gave him a Purse, saying, 'As often as you put your hand into this purse, you shall find ten pounds of the coin of any nation thou shalt happen to be in.' Fortunatus returned many thanks to the goddess. Then she bade him follow her out of the wood, and so vanished." After this our hero returns to Famagosta, where he learns that his father and mother are both dead. He purchased his father's house, and pulled it down, and built on its site a stately palace; then he married Cassandra, the youngest daughter of a noble earl, by whom he had two sons, Ampedo and Andolocia. Twelve years after his marriage he resolved to travel once more, and taking leave of his wife and children, sailed for Alexandria, where he made acquaintance with the Soldan.

"Fortunatus, after supper, opened his purse, and gave all the Soldan's servants very liberally. The Soldan, being pleased, told him he would show him such curiosities as he had never seen. Then he took him to a strong marble tower. In the first room were several very rich vessels and jewels; in the second he showed him several vessels of gold coin, with a fine wardrobe of garments, and golden candlesticks which shone all over the room, and mightily pleased Fortunatus. Then the Soldan showed him his bed-chamber, which was finely adorned, and likewise a small felt Hat, simple to behold, saying, 'I set more value on this hat than on all my jewels, as such another is not to be had, for it lets a person be wherever he doth wish.' Fortunatus imagined the Hat would agree very well with his Purse, and thereupon put it on his head, saying he should be glad of a hat that had such virtue. So the Soldan immediately gave it him. With that he suddenly wished himself in his ship, it being then under sail, that he might return to his own country. The Soldan, looking out at his window, and seeing the ship under sail, was very angry, and commanded his men to fetch him back, declaring that, if they took him, he should immediately be put to death. But Fortunatus was too quick for them, and arriving safe at Famagosta, very richly laden, was joyfully received by his wife, his two sons, and the citizens."

The Shoes of Swiftness of the renowned hero Jack the Giant-Killer possessed similar qualities to those of the wonderful Hat of Fortunatus. There can be no

doubt that the tale of Jack and the Giants came to us from the North; and since the incidents are for the most part also found in Asiatic popular fictions, they may perhaps be considered as survivals of primitive Aryan myths, relating to conflicts with monstrous beasts, or hardly less brutal aboriginal races of men. The hero obtained his shoes of swiftness and other magical things in this wise, according to the veracious narrative of his exploits: King Arthur and his son were travelling about, and meeting with Jack, they joined company. The king being in want of money, Jack proposed that they should sup and sleep at the house of a "huge and monstrous" giant, who had three heads (none of which seems to have been of much account), and who could beat five hundred men in armour. So Jack goes to the house of this giant, and tells him that the king's son is coming with a thousand men, which would prove more than a match for him. "This is heavy news indeed," quoth the giant; "but I have a large vault underground where I shall run and hide myself." While the giant is thus in his self-imposed durance, Jack and the prince ate heartily at his expense, and slept soundly till morning, when they arose and took his money. Jack then goes to release the giant, who asked what he should give him for his care, seeing that his castle was not demolished. "Why," answered Jack, "nothing but your old rusty sword, the coat in the closet, and the cap and shoes which you keep at the bed-head." Quoth the giant readily, "Thou shalt have them with all my heart, as a just

reward for thy kindness in protecting me from the king's son; and be sure that thou carefully keep them for my sake, for they are things of most excellent use: the *coat* will keep you *invisible;* the *cap* will furnish you with *knowledge;* the *sword* cuts whatever you *strike;* and the *shoes* are of extraordinary *swiftness.*"

These marvellously endowed objects play important parts in the romances and popular fictions of Northern Europe. The shoes of swiftness were worn by Loke when he escaped from hell. Velent the smith, in the Edda of Sæmund, forged a "sword of sharpness," called Balmung in the Wilkina Saga, and it was so sharp that when Velent cleft his rival Œmilius with it, the blade seemed to the latter only like cold water running down his body. "Shake thyself," said Velent: he did so, and fell in two halves, one on each side of the chair. The coat of invisibility is identical with the *tarn-hut,* or hat of darkness, celebrated in the 'Nibelungenlied' and in the 'Nifflunga Saga,' and with the *nebel kappe,* or cloud-cap, fabled to belong to King Alberich and the other dwarfs of old German romance.—In the German fairy tale of "The Nose-Tree," three poor soldiers receive from a dwarf—one, a cloak, which, whenever the owner put it on his shoulders, accomplished anything he desired; the second, a purse, which was always full of gold, no matter how much was taken out of it; the third, a horn, that drew crowds around it whenever it played; and in the story of the "Dancing Shoes" (which is also domiciled in Portugal—see 'Portuguese Folk-

Tales,' published by the Folk-Lore Society), a soldier is presented, by a little old woman, with a cloak which rendered the wearer invisible. Caps and coats having the same property are among the treasures which the conquered ogres lay before the hero Little Peachling, in Mr Mitford's 'Tales of Old Japan.' In the German story of Heads Off! Heinel, the hero, in the course of his adventures, "came to a hill where three giants were sharing their father's goods; and as they saw him pass, they cried out and said, 'Little men have sharp wits; he shall part the goods between us.' [In fairy tales giants are always foolish.] Now there was a sword that cut off an enemy's head whenever the wearer said, 'Heads Off!' a cloak that made the wearer invisible, or gave him any form he pleased; and a pair of boots that carried the owner wherever he wished to go. Heinel said they must first let him try these wonderful things, that he might know how to set a value upon each of them. So they gave him the cloak, and he wished himself a fly, and in a moment he was a fly. 'The cloak is well enough,' said he; 'now give me the sword.' 'No,' said they, 'not unless you promise not to say, "Heads Off!" for if you do we are all dead men.' Then they gave it him, charging him to try it only on a tree. He next asked for the boots; and the moment he had all three in his power, he wished himself at the Golden Mountain, and there he was at once. So the giants were left behind with no goods to share or quarrel about." And in the Norse story of the Three Princesses of Whiteland, the wan-

dering king comes upon three brothers on a moor, who were fighting for the possession of a hat, a cloak, and a pair of boots, which enabled the wearer to become invisible and to go wherever he pleased. "Why do you stand here," said the king, "fighting for ever and a day? Just let me try these things, and I'll give judgment whose they shall be." This they were very willing to do; but as soon as he had got the hat, cloak, and boots, he said, "When we meet next time, I'll tell you my judgment." And with these words he wished himself away.

This incident—which, as we shall presently see, is world-wide—also occurs in the Italian popular tale of Lion Bruno, which is of modern Greek extraction. The hero finds three robbers quarrelling in a wood, and is chosen to be their arbiter. They had stolen three things of great value, and could not agree about the division of them. These were: a pair of boots which had this virtue, that whoever put them on could run a mile faster than the wind; a purse which, by saying, "Open and shut," yielded a hundred ducats; and a cloak, which whoever put on saw and was not seen. The hero tries all three, and by aid of the boots gets safely off, leaving the robbers to quarrel among themselves, while he continues his journey.—In a Breton version, published in the first volume of 'Mélusine,' entitled, "Voleur avisé," the magical articles are: A cloak which, being put on, transported the owner to any place he desired to reach; a hat that conferred invisibility on the wearer; and

gaiters that gave the power of walking as fast as the wind.[1]

So, too, in the Persian romance entitled 'Bahár-i-Dánish,' or Spring of Knowledge (which is, all but the frame, avowedly derived from Indian sources), two brothers dispute about an old fakír's cloak, which produced, when required, any quantity of rich clothes; a satchel, from which issued at will diamonds, pearls, and other precious gems; a kalender's bowl, which became full to overflowing with all sorts of delicious viands and liquors; and a pair of wooden clogs, which transported the wearer from one end of the world to

[1] "Some Italian Folk-Tales," by H. C. Coote, in 'The Folk-Lore Record,' vol. i. p. 211.—On the close affinity between the French and Italian popular mythologies, Coote remarks: "The same tales which have been told by Celtic crones in sequestered and misty Basse Bretagne, have been recounted in a more graceful tongue and under a better sky in sunny Tuscany, in the old Neapolitan kingdom, and elsewhere in the [Italian] peninsula, as familiar household words. No communication between the two countries can be reasonably supposed, since the disruption of the Western Empire. The simultaneous appearance of the tales in both countries, thus deprived of close intercourse, disposes of the Celtic ascription. Being found in a non-Celtic country as well as in a Celtic one, the common origin of the fictions cannot be Celtic merely. It should rather be sought in the free and unrestricted means of communication which existed between them when they were both parts of the same empire."—Ibid., pp. 212, 213.

A most remarkable *recipe* for making shoes of swiftness is found in an Icelandic story: "The giant told her that Hermódr was in a certain desert island, which he named to her; but she could not get thither unless she *flayed the soles of her feet and made shoes for herself out of the skin;* and these shoes, when made, would be of such a nature that they would take her through the air, or over the water, as she liked."—'Icelandic Legends,' translated by Powell and Magnusson. Second Series, p. 397.

the other in the twinkling of an eye. The hero is appointed arbiter, and shoots two arrows in different directions, which the disputants are to fetch him back, and he who returns first is to have the treasures, with which he decamps while they are running in search of the arrows. The same incident occurs in the Arabian tale of Hasan of Basra, which presents several points of resemblance to the charming Persian romance of King Bahrám Ghúr and the fairy Húsn Bánú. In the latter the royal hero receives from the lord of the second Káf the magical cap of Solomon, which enabled the wearer to see whom he pleased, but they could not see him; from the lord of the third Káf he obtained the staff of Solomon, which caused any door to fly open, no matter how strong it might be, and even if guarded by talismans and enchantments; and from the lord of the fourth Káf, Solomon's slipper, wrought with threads of gold, by which one might travel a journey of a hundred years without being weary, and the distance traversed would seem but a hundred steps.[1]

[1] Muhammedans, like Christians before Copernicus, conceived the earth to be a vast plane of circular form, surrounded by a mountain of immense altitude, called by the Arabs *Káf*, and the Arabian lexicographers describe it as being composed of green emerald. In the 'Borham-i Kati,' a valuable Persian dictionary, we have the following description of it: "Káf, the name of the famous mountain which surrounds the four quarters of the earth. They say that its altitude is five hundred parasangs [nearly two thousand English miles !], and for the most part the sea washes the base of it."—*Duncan Forbes.* Káf was supposed to be the abode of genii, perís, and dívs, or giants—the mysterious region of enchantments. In Muslim legends, Solomon,

An invisible cap and boots of swiftness also figure prominently in the Kalmuk collection of tales, entitled 'Siddhí Kúr,' an English version of which, based upon Bergmann's German translation, was published many years ago by W. J. Thoms in his 'Lays and Legends of many Nations,' a work which was never completed, and the fasciculi that were printed are now become very scarce:[1]

"The Son of the Khán and his companion travelled along a river and arrived in a wood, where they found a number of children quarrelling one with another. 'Wherefore,' inquired they, 'do you thus dispute?' 'We have found a cap in this wood,' said the children, 'and every one desires to possess it.' 'Of what use is this cap?' 'The cap has this wonderful property, that whosoever places it on his head can be neither seen by demons nor men.' 'Now, go all of you to the end of the forest and run hither, and I will in the meanwhile keep the cap, and give it to the first of you who reaches me.' Thus spake the Son of the Khán, and the children ran; but they found not the

the great Hebrew king, is represented as master of all magic arts, all the genii being under his control.

[1] Siddhí Kúr signifies a dead body endowed with supernatural powers, or a corpse into which a vampire has entered. These Relations of Siddhí Kúr are the Mongolian form of the ancient Indian work, 'Vetálapanchavinsati'—Twenty-five (Tales) of a Vetála, or demon. The first part of a book, published a few years ago under the title of 'Sagas from the Far East,' by Miss M. H. Busk, consists of the Tales of Siddhí Kúr, based, it is said, upon Professor Jülg's German translation; the second part, entitled Ardshí Bordshí (Rájá Bhoja), is the Mongolian form of another old Indian collection, 'Sinhásana Dwatrinsati,' or Thirty-two (Tales) of a Throne.

cap, for it was upon the head of his companion. 'Even now it was here,' said they, 'and now it is gone!' And after they had sought for it, but without finding it, they went away weeping.

"And the Son of the Khán and his companion travelled onwards, and at last they came to a forest where they found a party of demons quarrelling one with another, and they said, 'Why do you quarrel one with another?' 'I have made myself master of these boots,' exclaimed each of them. 'Of what use are these boots?' inquired the Son of the Khán. 'He who wears these boots,' replied they, 'is conveyed to any country wherein he wishes himself.' 'Now,' said the Son of the Khán, 'go all of you that may, and he who first runs hither shall have the boots.' And the demons (*chadkúrs*), when they heard these words, ran as they were told; but the Son of the Khán had concealed the boots in the bosom of his companion, who had the cap upon his head. And the demons saw the boots no more; they sought them in vain, and went their way."

A much older version is found in the great collection of tales and apologues, entitled 'Kathá Sarit Ságara,' or Ocean of the Rivers of Story, composed in Sanskrit verse, by Somadeva, of Kashmír, in the eleventh century, after a similar work entitled 'Vrihat Kathá,' or the Great Story (of which no copy has hitherto been discovered), written by Gunadhya, in the sixth century:[1]

[1] This grand work, in which are found the originals of many of the

"As King Putraka wandered about [in the wilds of Vindhya], he saw two heroes engaged heart and soul in a wrestling-match, and he asked them who they were. They replied, 'We are two sons of the Asura Maya,[1] and his wealth belongs to us—this vessel, and this stick, and these shoes. It is for these that we are fighting, and whichever of us proves the mightier is to take them.' When he heard this speech of theirs, Putraka said with a smile, 'That is a fine inheritance for a man.' Then they said, 'By putting on these shoes one gains the power of flying through the air; whatever is written on this staff turns out true; and whatever food a man wishes to have in this vessel is found there immediately.' When he heard this, Putraka said, 'What is the use of fighting? Make this agreement, that whoever proves the best man in running, shall possess these treasures.' Those simpletons said, 'Agreed,' and set off to run, while the prince put on the shoes and flew up into the air, taking with him the staff and the vessel."

It is probable that this incident is of Buddhist origin, since it is found in the 'Avadánas' (No. 74), or, Indian Tales and Apologues, translated into French from the Chinese, by Stanislas Julien, in

tales of the 'Arabian Nights,' has been translated by Professor C. H. Tawney, and recently published at Calcutta, in fourteen fasciculi, or two large volumes. The best thanks of English students of comparative folk-lore are due to Mr Tawney for the service he has thus rendered them: his notes, giving references to variants of the tales, are very valuable as well as interesting.

[1] An *Asura* was formerly considered as a kind of deity, but latterly as a species of demon. The term *Maya* signifies "delusion."

which, however, two Pisachas have *each* a magic coffer, staff, and shoe. "These two demons were always quarrelling, each wishing to have all those six things for himself. They passed whole days fighting with each other, without being able to agree. A man, who had witnessed this obstinate contention, asked them, 'What is there so rare in a coffer, a staff, and a shoe that you should fight so bitterly about them?' The demons answered, 'From this coffer we can take clothes, liquors, food—in short, all sorts of things needful for life and comfort. When we hold this staff, our enemies humbly yield to us, and no one dare withstand us. When we put on this shoe, we can walk as if we were flying, without encountering any obstacle.' On hearing this, the man said to them, 'Go a little way off; I am about to make a fair division.' At these words both the demons went aside. That man took the two coffers, the two staffs, and the two shoes, and made off with them. The two demons were dumfoundered when they saw that there no longer remained anything for them. Then said that man to the demons, 'I have taken possession of everything, which leaves you both in the same plight, and I have removed from you all cause of jealousy and contention.'" The two Pisachas each possessing similar treasures seems a modification by the Chinese translator, but for which this might be considered as nearer the original form of the story.

The Mongolians have a curious legend of the origin

of the Chinese nation, which is based upon the same incident of the contest for possession of a magical treasure:

There was once a poor Bandé. He had nothing to drink or to eat. The Bandé went on the road and met two men quarrelling over a precious stone as big as a sheep's eye. Bandé said to them that they should hand him the stone, and that he should run with it, and whoever first caught him should be given the stone. They prepared to race; then Bandé swallowed the stone and disappeared. He came to the territory of a certain Khán. In a poor tent lived an old man and an old woman; he lived with them; the old man adopted him as a son to his house. Bandé spat and vomited gold. The old man took the gold to the Khán, to ask him for his daughter for wife to Bandé. The Khán wished to see Bandé himself with his own eyes. Bandé vomited out some gold before the face of the Khán. The daughter of the Khán ordered him to be bound with a horse-girth, and giving him salt water, flogged him with a whip, and out flew the stone from him. The Khán's daughter seized the stone and swallowed it. Bandé returned to his old man, and said that he had lost the power of producing gold. "What are we to do now?" says the old man. "Make an ass's saddle and bridle," said Bandé. When the things were prepared, Bandé went to a tree and sat down. At that time the Khán's daughter, with twenty virgins, went out to play with the white tree. Then Bandé began to read a writing which had been read out to

him in his sleep, when he in the time of his poverty slept in the road under the tree. By this reading the Khán's daughter, who was pregnant because she had swallowed the precious stone, was changed into a she-ass. Then the other maidens, seeing only the she-ass, and not seeing the Khán's daughter, were frightened; but Bandé saddled the ass and rode off. He rode for a month; then the ass was wearied out, and could go no farther. Bandé left her, and proceeded on foot to a certain town, where he became a lhama [*i.e.*, Buddhist priest]. The ass which he left behind gave birth to two boys—one good, the other evil. The following generations were all likewise twins. They all became rich; had much gold, silver, cloth, tea, etc. From them came the Chinese nation.[1]

In Steele and Temple's 'Wide-Awake Stories' from the Panjáb and Kashmír (tale of the King and his Seven Sons) there are four magical treasures: a wallet with two pockets, one of which will produce anything desired by the person who smells at it, except that it cannot make a man—the other pocket can even make a man; a staff, which can bring a dead man struck with it to life again three times; a brass pot, if properly cleansed, will give the person who cleanses it the thirty-six kinds of sumptuous food; and a pair of sandals, which convey the wearer wheresoever he pleases.

[1] 'Folk-Lore Journal,' 1886, vol. iv. pp. 23, 24.

A Hindústaní version, in Miss Stokes's 'Indian Fairy Tales,' tells how four fakírs disputed with each other for the possession of four things left them by their late spiritual teacher, namely: a bed that carried whoever sat on it anywhere he wished; a bag that gave the owner of it whatever he wanted—jewels, food, or clothes; a stone bowl that gave as much water as was required, no matter how far one might be from any tank; and a stick and rope to which the owner had simply to say, "Stick, stick! beat as many men and soldiers as are here," and the stick would beat them, and the rope would tie them up. The hero of the story, of course, outwits the four foolish fakírs, and obtains possession of the wonderful bed, bag, bowl, and stick.—In the Rev. Lal Behari Day's 'Folk Tales of Bengal,' an indigent Bráhman received from Durga, the consort of Siva, a magic pipkin, from which flowed the most delicious sweetmeats; and when it was stolen from him, Durga gives him another pipkin, out of which issue fierce demons, who compel the thief to restore what he had stolen. A similar incident is found in Miss Frere's 'Old Deccan Days; or, Indian Fairy Legends.'

The magic stick figures also to the same purpose in the Norse tale of the Lad who went to the North Wind, some of the incidents of which closely resemble those of Miss Stokes's Hindú version. The North Wind having caught the Lad's meal, the hero immediately goes to him and demands it back. This the North Wind

cannot do, but he gives the Lad in place of his meal a cloth, which provided him with everything he should want, when he said, "Cloth! cloth! spread yourself out and serve up all kinds of good dishes." This is stolen from him, so he goes back to the North Wind, who gives him a ram, which coined golden ducats as soon as he said to it, "Ram! ram! make money."[1] This also is stolen from him; so he goes back again to the North Wind, and gets a stick, which belaboured any one if the owner said, "Stick! stick! lay on;" and by means of this wonderful stick he recovers his cloth and his ram.[2]

The same story as this last is—*mutatis mutandis*—current among the people of Italy: A man named Geppone (*i.e.*, Joe) had a farm on the top of a hill, which was so buffeted by the North Wind that he could raise nothing. At last he goes to the North Wind and makes his complaint, and the North Wind gives him, by way of compensation, a box, which he has only to tap, at the same time calling out, "Bring wine, bread, and meat," when forthwith all sorts of eatables and drinkables are spread before him. He takes the box home, and his wife and children get a good dinner. Joe warns his wife to say nothing about his treasure to the prior, else he would want to take it for his own

[1] Stories of Gold-producing Animals will be found compared in the following paper.

[2] Dasent's 'Popular Tales from the Norse.' Second edition, p. 263. A precisely similar story, under the title of "Jack's Luck; or, the Ass, the Table, and the Stick," is told in 'English Fairy Tales from the North Country,' by Dr A. C. Fryer.

use. But she does tell the prior, who obtains the box, on promising to provide Joe with corn, wine, etc. The prior, however, does not keep his promise, so poor Joe goes again to the North Wind, acquaints him of how the prior had defrauded him, and receives this time a golden box. On his way home Joe taps the box and calls out "Provide," upon which out jumps a great big man with a stick in his hand, and belabours him within an inch of his life. Joe shuts up the box and resumes his journey. Having reached home, he was eagerly asked what he had got this time from the North Wind, to which he replied by producing the golden box, and calling out "Provide," when the big man came out of it, and thrashed Joe's wife and children till they cried for mercy. Joe then shuts the box, and bids his wife go to the prior and tell him that he has another box more beautiful than the first, which provides most sumptuous dinners. The prior is delighted to hear this news, and desires her to send her husband with the new box to him at once. Joe sets off accordingly; shows his treasure to the prior, who offers him the old box in exchange for it, which Joe accepts, at the same time cautioning the prior not to open the golden box until people were very hungry. "That will do," responded the prior; "I shall have the titular and many clergymen to dinner, and I won't open the box before noontide." The morning comes; all the priests say mass, and afterwards some of them walk round about the kitchen. "To-day," they say, "the prior surely does not mean to give us any dinner.

The fire is out, and there is nothing prepared." But the others, who had seen the effects of the first box, answered, "You will soon see: when dinner-time comes he opens a box, and makes all sorts of viands appear." When the dinner-hour arrived, the prior told all the priests to take their places, and they anxiously waited to see the miracle of the box. So the box is opened, and six men armed with sticks jump out, and belabour the whole company right and left. The box falls from the prior's hand, still open; but Joe, who is outside, picks it up and shuts it. He ever after retained both boxes, and never lent them to anybody, and became a great lord.[1]

The 17th of Leger's collection of Slav Tales furnishes another interesting variant of the Norse story: A countryman had three sons, the youngest of whom was (as usual in fairy tales) considered as a blockhead. The eldest son hires himself to a farmer for a year, and receives as wages a snow-white sheep, from whose fleece a shower of gold fell whenever one said, "Sheep, help me." On his way home he tries his sheep in a wood, and obtains abundance of gold. He puts up at an inn, and tells the landlady to take care of his sheep, and allow no one to say to it, "Sheep, help me." But during the night she goes to the sheep, and having said these words, gets a shower of gold from its fleece. She then takes it away, and puts

[1] "Some Italian Folk-Tales," by H. C. Coote, in 'The Folk-Lore Record,' vol. i. pp. 204-206.

another sheep in its place. In the morning the youth goes home with this sheep, and in attempting to exhibit its gold-giving nature utterly fails, of course, and being laughed at by his friends, he beats the *spurious* sheep to death. The second son next goes and serves the same farmer for a year, and receives as his wages a napkin, to which one had only to say, "Napkin, serve me," and instantly it was covered with a sumptuous feast. He puts up at the same inn, and is cheated of his napkin, as his brother was of his sheep, and is ridiculed at home. Then the youngest son, whom everybody despised as a noodle, serves the same man, and at the year's end, on relating to him the misadventures of his two brothers, and expressing his wish to recover the sheep and the napkin, he gets from the farmer a stick, which when addressed, "Up, stick! down with the fellow!—*nab* him, slap him!" hits all round until it is recalled. He takes up his lodging at the inn, and gives the landlady the stick to take care of for him till the morning, warning her not to allow any one to say, "Stick! down with him!" But she determines to test the qualities of the stick as she had done those of the other things, and so at night she says to it, "Stick, stick, lay on!" etc.; whereupon the stick bangs her right and left till her yells and screams awoke the youth, who came to her rescue, but would not order the stick to cease beating her until she promised to restore the sheep and the napkin.[1]

[1] 'Contes Populaires Slaves.' Recueillis et traduits par L. Leger. Paris: 1882.

A French version, "Jean a la Tige d'Haricot," current in Picardy, has the same incidents, with an ass that gave money whenever one said, "Ass, show your talent;" a table that was spread with all sorts of eatables and drinkables when one cried, "Table, do your duty;" and a kitchen rolling-pin that compelled the restoration of the two other treasures, which had been stolen by the hostess.[1]

A variant orally current among the common people of Rome, possesses peculiar interest from the resemblance which the first part bears to an Indian story: The two sons of a poor man while in the woods one day saw a great bird alight and drop an egg, which, when the bird flew away, they picked up and discovered some writing on the shell. As they could not read, they took the egg to a farmer, who at once perceived that the inscription signified, "Who eats my head shall become emperor; who eats my heart shall never want

[1] 'Contes Français.' Recueillis par E. Henry Carnoy. Paris: 1885. See also a Tuscan parallel, p. 123 of 'Italian Popular Tales,' by Prof. T. F. Crane. London: 1885.—This is an ingenious "explanation" of the story of the Ass, Stick, &c., by one of our solar-mythologists: "The table is the all-nourishing cloud. The buck-goat [ass, or ram] is another emblem of the clouds, and the gold it spits is the golden light of the sun that streams through the fleecy coverings of the sky. The demon of darkness has stolen these things; the cloud gives no rain, but hangs dusky in the sky, veiling the light of the sun. Then the lightning-spear [*i.e.*, the Stick] of the ancient storm-god Odin leaps out from the bag that concealed it; the robber falls, the rain patters down, the sun shines once more."—'Curiosities of Indo-European Tradition and Folk-Lore.' By Walter K. Kelly. "Curiosities" indeed!

for money;" but wishing to eat both the head and the heart himself, he told the youths that the meaning of the writing was, "Whosoever eats the bird shall make a very good dinner." "To-morrow, therefore," added he, "do you provide yourselves with a good stick, watch for the return of the bird, and knock her down. Then make a fire and cook the bird, and I will come myself and eat it along with you." The bird was accordingly killed next day, and put on a fire to roast. It happened that the head dropped into the fire, and the younger of the two brothers, thinking it too much burnt to set before the farmer, took and ate it; and soon after the heart also fell into the fire, and the elder brother ate it, as it was likewise sadly burnt. When the farmer came, he said he wished to have only the head and the heart of the bird, and great was his rage on learning what had become of them. On their return home the youths informed their poor father how they had unintentionally offended the farmer, at which he was much concerned, and told them there was no help for it, but they must go out into the world and seek their own fortunes. So they left the parental roof and set out on their travels. At night they came to an inn, and the landlord allowed them to sleep on some straw in the stable. What was the astonishment of the elder brother to discover a box full of sequins under his head when he awoke in the morning. Supposing that this was a device of the landlord to try their honesty, the youths carried the box to him, saying that he must have left it in the stable

inadvertently. The landlord, in his turn not a little astonished, took the box, treated them to a good breakfast, and gave them provisions for the day, after which they resumed their journey. The following night they slept in the stable of another inn, and in the morning again the elder brother found a box of sequins under his head. Believing the landlord of the preceding night had thus laid another trap for them, the brothers went back and gave him this second box, which he very willingly accepted, though wondering what it all meant. On the third night, when they were about to lie down in the stable of another inn, the youngest expressed his doubts as to their first landlord being the real owner of the box of money, and he resolved to sit up and watch if the man came during the night. But he did not come, and in the morning there was a third box of sequins under the elder brother's head, so they were now satisfied that the treasure was intended for themselves. Continuing their journey, they reached a great city, the emperor of which had just died, and the inhabitants were at strife regarding the election of his successor. The younger brother, with the box of treasure on his shoulder, happened to be somewhat in advance of the other, and the guards at the city gates seized him, and when the people discovered the glittering contents of his box, they unanimously chose him for their emperor.

Meanwhile the elder brother entered the city unnoticed, and obtained a night's lodging in the house of a woman and her daughter. The box of sequins,

which he found as usual beneath his head, when he awoke in the morning, enabled him to make handsome presents to the woman and her pretty daughter. But the girl wheedled out of him the secret of his wealth—his having eaten the bird's heart—and put an emetic into his wine at supper, which caused him to throw-up the money-giving heart, and he was then ignominiously turned into the street to shift as best he could. The poor youth wandered aimlessly till he came to the margin of a stream, where he lay down and began to weep and bewail his sad fate. Presently three fairies appeared, and having learned his story, gave him a sheep-skin jacket, the pockets of which, they told him, should be always full of money. Our hero then returned to the house of the fair but false demoiselle, with rich presents for herself and her mother. The girl, having ascertained the new source of his wealth, caused her maid to make a similar sheep-skin jacket, which she substituted while he slept, and in the morning he left unsuspicious of the foul trick she had played him. He soon discovered it, however, and seeking the stream once more, the fairies gave him a wand, which, when struck on a table, would give him all he desired. Of course, he returns again to the deceitful demoiselle, and of course she steals the magic rod from him, and sends him about his business. He revisits the stream and receives from the beneficent fairies a wishing-ring, which they caution him to guard very carefully, since it is the last gift in their power to bestow on him.

Going back to the house of the demoiselle, in answer to her inquiries he tells her that the ring on his finger is a wishing-ring. "Then," says she, "do you wish that we may be both together on the top of yonder mountain, and a sumptuous feast spread out for us." The youth willingly complies, and in an instant they are there, and find a grand feast spread out for them. The demoiselle drugs his wine, and while he is asleep steals the ring, and by its virtue is immediately back in her own house. What must have been the feelings of the poor youth when he awoke and found both his ring and the treacherous demoiselle gone! After wandering about for three days weeping, he took some herbs to assuage his hunger, when lo! he was at once transformed into a donkey, with panniers hung over his sides. But he still preserved his intelligence, and before beginning to descend the mountain, he put some of the wonder-working herbs in his panniers. When he reached the foot, he plucked some grass that grew there, and behold! he was restored to his own proper form. Taking a quantity of this grass also, he entered the city, and, disguised as a street-hawker, with a basket of the herbs on his arm, he went under the window of the false demoiselle and bawled out, "Salad, fine salad!" The maid, knowing her mistress was very fond of salad, took him into the house and introduced him to the young lady, who no sooner began to test the quality of the herbs than she was changed into the form of a donkey. Our hero then drove her through the city, and cudgelled

her so severely that a citizen seized him, saying that he must answer for his cruelty to the emperor. Now when he was brought, with the donkey, into the emperor's presence, he at once recognised, in the person of the great monarch, his younger brother, and desired the court to be cleared before he entered into any explanations, which being done, he then told the emperor his story, and the brothers fell upon each other's necks and wept for joy. The emperor caused the wicked demoiselle in donkey-shape to return to her house with our hero, and restore all the treasures she had stolen from him, after which she was given some of the grass, and resumed her natural form.[1]

An Indian analogue of the incident of the eating of the bird's head and heart in this last story is found in the Manipurí tale of the two princes Turi and Basanta, who in the course of their wanderings rest for the night under a tree on which a pair of parrots are perched, and Turi, while his brother sleeps, hears the birds converse together. The cock-parrot calls to his wife, and asks her what will happen to the man who should eat her. She answers that at first he will experience great distress, and afterwards even greater happiness. The cock says that the man who should eat him will be made king. Turi kills both birds, and roasts them. By-and-by he feels very sleepy, and awaking his brother, desires him to keep watch for a

[1] 'The Folk-Lore of Rome.' Collected from the mouths of the People. . By M. H. Busk. London: 1874. Pp. 146-154.

short time. During the night Basanta, feeling hungry, eats the hen-bird, which is fated to bring sorrow upon him. In the morning Turi eats the other bird. Searching for water, the brothers lose sight of each other. Turi becomes a king, and Basanta, after a series of strange vicissitudes, is reunited to his brother.[1]

In another Roman popular story, an aged man on his deathbed bequeaths to his eldest son an old broken hat without a brim; yet such was its virtue, that "if you put it on, you can go in to dine at whatever inn you please, or sit down to drink at what wine-shop you please, and drink what you like, for no one will see you when you have it on." To his second son he gives a purse, "in which, whenever you put your fingers in, you will always find a scudo there, and after that another, and another, and as many as ever you wish—there will always be one." To his youngest son he gives a horn, telling him that whenever he wants anything he has only to sound it, and one[2] will come and bring whatever he wants—be it a dinner, a suit of clothes, a palace, or even an army. The second son—who, strangely, is the hero of this tale—is seen by a maid from a window, and invited to play at cards with the queen her mistress, who learns from him the secret of his wealth, and appropriates the magic purse. He borrows in succession his eldest brother's magic hat

[1] 'Indian Antiquary,' 1875, vol. iv. pp. 260-264.

[2] By "one" we are to understand that the genie, or "slave," of the horn is meant.

and his youngest brother's magic horn, both of which the greedy and unscrupulous queen also contrives to take from him. After this he went about disconsolate, and coming to a fig-tree he plucked and ate some of its fruit, when behold! his nose assumed an enormous length; but by-and-by, eating some cherries, his nose returned to its natural condition. Taking a quantity of these wonder-working figs and cherries, he gave some of the figs to the queen and her servants, whose noses, after their eating the fruit, became fearful snouts —that of the wicked queen was no less than twelve feet long. Then he went near the palace another day and cried, "Noses reduced in size!" So he was taken within, and, to convince the queen of his skill in this branch of surgical science, he reduced the noses of the domestics. When the queen saw this, she desired to have her own nose also reduced, but remarked to him that she possessed more wonderful things than his cure for long noses; and so saying, she showed him the magic hat, purse, and horn, explaining their respective qualities, upon which our hero clapped the hat upon his head, and, thus becoming invisible, then picked up the purse and the horn and went off—leaving the wicked queen still with her "twelve feet of nose."[1]

[1] Miss Busk's 'Folk-Lore of Rome,' p. 129.—This story is also found in Grimm's 'Kinder und Hausmärchen.' The incident of the hero's transformation to donkey-form, by eating certain herbs, in the preceding Italian tale, is simply a variant of the "Nose" in this story. In the 46th chapter of an old English version of the 'Gesta Romanorum,' the hero, who had been tricked of three magic treasures by his leman, in his wanderings ate some fruit that made him a leper, and then came to a river the water of which healed him: returning

Still worse was the fate of the avaricious fellow in the 14th Tale of Siddhí Kúr ('Sagas from the Far East'): There were formerly two brothers, of whom the younger was very rich and very avaricious; the elder was exceedingly poor. One day the rich man gave a grand feast, and did not invite his brother; so, being reduced to absolute want, he went into the wilderness, intending to put an end to his wretched life. There he sees a party of Dakinis (male and female evil genii) assembled, who take from the cleft of a rock a bag, and a hammer with which they beat the bag, when lo! there issues from it a plentiful supply of food and drink; and thumping it a second time, they get from it silver and gold trinkets. After feasting to their hearts' content, they replace the sack and the hammer and disappear. Then the poor man comes out of his place of concealment and takes away these wonderful things. Of course, he soon becomes very rich, which his brother observing, he inquires the cause of his sudden prosperity, and is told the whole story. He sets off at once to the spot where the Dakinis were seen by his lucky brother, in hopes of being equally fortunate; but when the Dakinis discover him, they call out one to another, "This is he who stole our sack and hammer! Let us kill him." In the end they merely draw out his nose till it is four ells long, and then tie nine knots on it. The wretched man hides himself till it is dark, when he creeps home and fright-

to the city, he found the damsel leprous, cured her with some of the same water, and got back his treasures.

ens his wife by his appearance. How to get rid of his knotted nose perplexes him, till at length he sends for his brother, tells him how he had been treated by the Dakinis, and promises to give him half his wealth if he will cure his sore affliction by means of his magic hammer. The brother consents, and at each stroke of the hammer one of the knots disappears; but when eight of them have been thus removed, the wife of the avaricious one, thinking to save the money they had promised for the cure, seizes the hammer and runs with it into an inner room, where afterwards, attempting to do away the ninth knot on her husband's nose, she struck him such a blow with the hammer that he was killed outright.

The covetous man is always punished in fairy tales. Another instance is furnished in the Irish legend of Mick Purcell, who was reduced by a succession of bad harvests to take his only cow to market for sale. On his way he meets with—or is overtaken by—a strange-looking little grey man, who gives him in exchange for his cow a bottle, which, the little man assures him, would make him rich in a very short time: all he had to do was to go home, make his wife sweep the floor, spread a clean cloth over the table; then set the bottle on the ground, saying these words, "Bottle! do your duty"—and he would see the end of it. Mick goes home accordingly, and having strictly followed the little man's instructions, he had no sooner said, "Bottle! do your duty," when

"two tiny little fellows rose like light from the bottle, and in an instant covered the table with dishes and plates of gold and silver, full of the finest victuals that ever were seen, and when all was done went into the bottle again. . . . Next day Mick went to Cork, and sold his plate, and bought a horse and cart, and began to show that he was making money; and they did all they could to keep the bottle a secret: but for all that, their landlord found it out, and came to Mick one day and asked him where he got all his money—sure it was not by the farm; and he bothered him so much, that at last Mick told him of the bottle. His landlord offered him a deal of money for it, but Mick would not give it, till at last he offered to give him all his farm for ever. So Mick, who was very rich, thought he'd never want money, and gave him the bottle. But Mick was mistaken: he and his family spent money as if there was no end of it; and, to make the story short, they became poorer and poorer, till at last they had nothing left but one cow; and Mick once more drove his cow before him to sell her at Cork fair, hoping to meet the old man and get another bottle." Mick does meet the little old man again, and receives another bottle from him in exchange for his cow. Returning home in great glee, he at once begins to try the virtue of the bottle;—the floor is swept, the table covered with a nice clean cloth, and then Mick sets his bottle on the ground and calls out, "Bottle! do your duty." In a twinkling, "two great stout men with big cudgels issued

from the bottle and belaboured poor Mick and his wife and all his family, till they lay on the floor, when in they went again." As soon as Mick was recovered from the effects of his beating, he got up, and tucking the bottle under his coat, sets off to the house of his landlord. "Well, what do you want now?" "Nothing," says Mick, "only I've another bottle." "Oh ho! is it as good as the first?" "A great deal better, as I will show you, before these ladies and gentlemen." "Come along then," says the landlord. So Mick sets it on the floor, saying, "Bottle! do your duty," and suddenly the landlord was tumbled on the floor; ladies and gentlemen, servants and all, were running and roaring and sprawling and kicking and shrieking. Wine-cups and salvers were knocked about in every direction, until the landlord called out, "Stop these two devils, Mick Purcell, or I'll have you hanged." "They'll never stop," says Mick, "till I get my own bottle that I see up there on the top of that shelf." "Give it down to him," says the landlord—"give it down to him before we are killed." Mick put his bottle in his bosom; in jumped the two men into the other bottle, and he carried them home. After this Mick got richer than ever, and his son married his landlord's only daughter.[1]

To the same wide cycle of folk-tales, in which the

[1] 'Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland.' By J. Crofton Croker; edited by Thomas Wright: "Legend of Bottle Hill."

virtuous are rewarded and the greedy and avaricious are justly punished, belongs this Polish tale, from M. Leger's collection: An old man begs food of a woman called Blazkowa, who refuses him, saying merely, "God help you." He then applies for relief to a charitable woman named Janova, who takes from her children two buttered slices of bread which she had cut for them and gives them to the old man, saying, "May God give you something better; this is all I have in my hut." The beggar replies, "May God return it to you, kind woman, tenfold! May you ever have clothing for your children, and what you begin to do to-day may you be unable to finish to-night." She thanks him for his good wishes, and he goes off. But she has no food for her children, and what is she to do? She had lately spun some flax, of which the weaver had made twenty ells of cloth; it was her only wealth, and she was keeping it for winter clothing; but now she was compelled to sell a portion of it to a Jew, in order to obtain the means of support for herself and her children. So she begins to measure the cloth: ell succeeds ell, until she had measured a hundred and eight ells by sunset, and still she had not come to the end. Thousands of ells passed through her hands; time pressed; it is too late now to go to the Jew: she takes a few ells to her neighbour, the greedy woman, Blazkowa, who gives her but a trifling sum of money, which she took to feed her children. Next day Janova goes to the village fair, and her linen was found to be so fine that she had a good and ready sale, and re-

turned home quite wealthy. Her neighbour Blazkowa is envious of her good luck, and invites her to her house. Over "a little glass" she learns the source of Janova's wealth, and the latter promises to send the old beggar-man to Blazkowa, should he come back again. A week later the beggar returns. Janova entertains him, and then sends him to Blazkowa. As soon as she saw him coming, she gave her children two slices of bread-and-butter, and when the old man entered she snatched them from the children and gave them to him. "May God reward you," says he; "and what you now do may you go on doing till sunset." She had got some linen and her ell-measure ready, when her children crying for water to drink, she ran with her pitcher to the well; but no sooner had she returned than she felt compelled to go again for another pitcherful, and so she kept on carrying water till sunset.[1]

An exact parallel story is current in China: Once upon a time Fo came down to this world to try the hearts of men, and was hospitably received by a kind widow. She sat up all night to make him a new shirt, and on leaving next day Fo pronounced this blessing, "May God reward you for what you have done to me, and may the first thing that you begin to do after I leave not cease till the sun sets." Thoughtless of the meaning of his words, the widow began to measure her cloth, to see how much was left, and she measured on till sunset before coming to the end of the piece. The

[1] 'Contes Populaires Slaves.' Paris: 1882.

room was full of linen, and she had become a rich woman. A miserly neighbour, hearing of this good fortune, placed herself at her door in the hope of finding an equally profitable deed of charity. Fo appears in rags as before, and is treated by this woman in the same way as the other had done. On leaving next morning he gave her a similar blessing. Her pig at that moment began to grunt, and she thought to herself, "I shall be measuring linen and unable to feed the pig, so I had better give him some water before beginning." She took up her pail, and began to pour out some water, but soon found that she had not the power of stopping. There she stood and poured on and on till sunset, when the whole village was inundated, and she had to endure the ill-will of all her neighbours.[1]

In the collection of Sicilian popular tales by Laura Gonzenbach, we find a tablecloth, to which, when it is spread out, one has only to say, "Dear little tablecloth, give macaroni," or roast meat, and it supplies whatever is required; a purse, which furnishes as much money as may be wanted; and a pipe, which when played upon compels all who hear it to dance—like the marvellous pipe of the Pied Piper of Hamelin, and the magic violin of French and German fairy tales.[2]

[1] 'National Review,' 1857, vol. v. pp. 398, 399.—The well-known Greek legend of Philemon and Baucis is of the same class: Hospitality Rewarded.

[2] In the romance of Huon of Bourdeaux, Oberon, king of the

Northern folk-lore is peculiarly rich in ingenious modifications of such wonder-working things. In Powell and Magnusson's 'Legends of Iceland' (second series), Hans, the Carl's Son, receives from a dwarf a stone which was of such a peculiar nature that, when one kept it in the palm of the hand, no one could see the holder of it; next he gave him a sword, saying, "It will cut, and it can be made so small that you can put it in your pocket, but it will grow to its full size when you like;" lastly, the dwarf gave him a ship, which he could carry in his pocket—"But when you like," said the dwarf, "you can have it as large as you need, even as large as seaworthy vessels; and it is one of its powers that it goes with equal speed against the wind and with it."

In the Norse tale of the Best Wish (Sir G. Dasent), three brothers are each bequeathed the accomplishment of a wish: the two elder brothers wish that whenever they put their hands in their pockets they should find money there—a reflection, perhaps, of the legend of Midas. The youngest wished that every woman who saw him should fall in love with him, and then he sets out on his travels. An innkeeper's wife becomes enamoured of him, and presents him with a pair of scissors, which could of themselves cut

fairies, presents the hero with a bugle, one of whose virtues was to inspire whosoever heard it with such extraordinary mirth that they were utterly unable to repress the transports it occasioned. A similar magic pipe forms the chief subject of the old English tale of "The Frere and the Boy," printed, with a preface by Thomas Wright, from a manuscript preserved in Cambridge University Library.

out of the air the loveliest garments. Another hostess gives him a tablecloth, which covered itself with the finest kinds of food the moment it was spread. A third gave him a tap, from which, whenever he pleased, he could draw the best liquors. In another Norse tale, Katie Woodencloak — which presents several points of resemblance to the modern Greek story of Xylo-Marie—we read of a *wishing-bull*, in whose ear is a cloth, which, taken and spread out, furnishes as many dishes as may be desired. There can be little doubt that this is the wishing-cow of Hindu legend, which plays an important part in the great Indian epic 'Rámáyana.' In other Norse tales we find a blue belt, which gives superhuman strength to the wearer, and a wishing-ring.—It was by means of an invisible ring that Angelica escaped the embraces of Rogero, in Ariosto's 'Orlando Furioso' (xi. 6, Rose's translation):

> Then softly to her mouth the hoop conveys,
> And, quicker than the flash which cleaves the skies,
> From bold Rogero's sight her beauty flies,
> As disappears the sun concealed in clouds.

So, too, in Berni's 'Orlando Innamorato' there is a ring, which, put on the finger, renders enchantment of no effect, and, placed between the lips, confers invisibility.[1] And in the 46th chapter of the Anglican 'Gesta Romanorum' we are told how a king bequeathed

[1] According to Plato, Gyges, a shepherd of Lydia, by means of a ring which rendered him invisible, introduced himself to the wife of Candaules, king of Lydia, murdered the latter, and got possession of the kingdom.

to his youngest son a ring, that won the wearer the love of all men; a brooch, which gave him whatever he wished for; and a cloth, that conveyed whoever sat upon it whithersoever he desired to go.[1]

The youngest of a tailor's three sons, who leave home to seek their fortunes, in the German fairy tale (Grimm's collection), finds at the foot of a tree, in a great forest, a table that is covered with dainties the instant the desire for such is expressed. This he exchanges with a charcoal-burner for an old military knapsack, which has the quality, if knocked upon by the hand, of causing a corporal and six soldiers to appear, ready to obey any orders. Going farther, he summons the soldiers by means of the knapsack, and orders them to bring him back his wishing-table from the charcoal-burner, which is done immediately. He next meets with another charcoal-burner, who gives him in exchange for his table a hat, which has a very peculiar quality: if the wearer lift it up and turn it round above his head, a number of shots are fired, like a discharge of artillery, so that no enemy dare approach; and by means of this hat he again recovers his table, which once more he exchanges with a third charcoal-burner for a horn, which, when sounded near

[1] Similar to the *bed* in the Indian story referred to on p. 88, and to the *carpet* in the Arabian tale of Prince Ahmed and the Perí Bánú. Muslim writers seem to have borrowed the idea of such a wondrous conveyance from the rabbinical legend of Solomon's carpet, on which he and his vast army were transported through the air great distances in a few minutes; and the rabbins may have adapted this from Indian fictions.

a town or village, causes fortresses, walls, houses, and all they contain, to be thrown down in one heap of confusion and ruin.

In a Bohemian variant (No. 2 of M. Leger's French collection of Slav tales), the hero takes from a giant's castle a table, upon which one has merely to strike thrice and say, "A royal meal!" and it is before him. The table he exchanges with an old man for a wonderful bagpipe, which when played upon sends forth any number of armed soldiers. By means of the bagpipe he recovers his table, of course, which he again exchanges with another old man for a sack, which produces any number of strong castles that may be necessary. The bagpipe causes its uhlans to bring back the table once more, after which the hero returns home with his treasures, and marries the king's daughter.

Now observe the close analogy which these two stories bear to this Kalmuk version from the Tales of Siddhí Kúr:

Next morning the man descended from the tree, and said to himself, "Last night there were in this spot many choice viands and liquors, and now they are all vanished." And while he was thus speaking he found a golden flask, and being thirsty he put it to his lips, when suddenly there sprang out meat and cakes, and other delicacies fit for eating. "This," cried he, "is of a surety a wishing-flask, which will procure him who has it everything he desires. I will take it with me." And, so saying, he continued his journey,

until he met with a man holding a sword in his hand, and he asked him why he did so. The man answered, "This sword is called Kreischwinger, and when I say to it, 'Kreischwinger, there goes a man who has taken such a thing from me; follow him and bring it back,' —it goes forth, kills the man, and brings my property back again." To this the other replied, "Out of this vessel springeth everything you can desire; let us exchange." So they made an exchange, and when the man went away with the flask, he who now owned the sword said, "Kreischwinger, go forth and bring me back my flask." So the sword went forth, smote its former master dead, and brought the golden vessel back again. And when he had journeyed a little farther, he met a man holding in his hand an iron hammer. "Wherefore," said he, "dost thou hold that iron hammer in thy hand?" The man answered, "When I strike the earth nine times with this hammer, a great iron wall appears." Said the other, "Let us exchange;" and when the exchange was made, he sent his sword after the man to bring back his flask. After this he met another man, who carried in his bosom a goat-skin sack, and he asked him, "Wherefore keepest thou that sack?" And the man replied, "This sack is a very wonderful thing. When you shake this sack, it rains; if you shake it very hard, it rains very heavily." Hereupon the owner of the flask said, "Let us exchange," and they did so; and then the sword went forth and slew the man, and returned to its master with the golden flask.

But the original form is the Buddhist story of "Sakka's Presents," which is thus rendered by Dr T. W. Rhys Davids:

"Once upon a time, when Brahma-datta was reigning in Benáres, four brothers, Bráhmans of that kingdom, devoted themselves to an ascetic life, and having built themselves huts at equal distances in the region of the Himálaya mountains, took up their residence there. The eldest of them died, and was reborn as the good Sakka. When he became aware of this, he used to go and render help at intervals every seven or eight days to the others. And one day, having greeted the eldest hermit and sat down beside him, he asked him, 'Reverend sir, what are you in need of?' The hermit, who suffered from jaundice, answered, 'I want fire.' So he gave him a double-edged hatchet. But the hermit said, 'Who is to take this and bring firewood?' Then Sakka spake thus to him, 'Whenever, reverend sir, you want firewood, you should let go the hatchet from your hand and say, "Please make me fire," and it will do so.' So he gave him the hatchet, and went to the second hermit, and asked him, 'Reverend sir, what are you in need of?' Now the elephants had made a track for themselves close to his hut, and he was annoyed by the elephants, and said, 'I am much troubled by elephants; drive them away.' Sakka, handing him a drum, said, 'Reverend sir, if you strike on this side of it, your enemies will take to flight; but if you strike on this side, they will become friendly and surround you on all sides, an army in

fourfold array.' So he gave him the drum, and went to the third hermit, and asked him, 'Reverend sir, what are you in need of?' He was also afflicted with jaundice, and said therefore, 'I want sour milk.' So he gave him a milk-bowl, and said, 'If you wish for anything, and turn this bowl over, it will become a great river, and pour out such a torrent that it will be able to take a kingdom, and give it to you.' And so he went away. But henceforward the hatchet made fire for the elder hermit; when the second struck one side of his drum the elephants ran away; and the third enjoyed his curds.

"Now at that time a wild boar, straying in a forsaken village, saw a gem of magical power. When he seized this in his mouth, he rose by its magic into the air, and went to an island in the midst of the ocean. And thinking, 'Here I ought to live,' he descended and took up his abode in a convenient spot under an *udumbara* tree. And one day, placing the gem before him, he fell asleep at the foot of the tree. Now a certain man of the land of Kási had been expelled from home by his parents, who said, 'This fellow is of no use to us.' So he went to a seaport and embarked in a ship as a servant to the sailors. And the ship was wrecked, but by the help of a plank he reached that very island. And while he was looking about for fruits, he saw the boar asleep, and going softly up, he took hold of the gem. Then by its magical power he straightway rose right up into the air. So, taking a seat on the tree, he said to himself,

'Methinks this boar must have become a sky-walker through the magic power of this gem. That's how he got to be living here. It's plain enough what I ought to do: I'll first of all kill and eat him, and then I can get away.' So he broke a twig off the tree and dropped it on his head. The boar woke up, and not seeing the gem, ran about trembling this way and that way. The man seated in the tree laughed. The boar, looking up, saw him, and dashing his head against the tree, died on the spot. But the man descended, cooked the flesh, ate it, and rose into the air. And as he was passing along the summit of the Himálaya range he saw a hermitage, and descending at the hut of the eldest hermit, he stayed there two or three days and waited on the hermit, and thus became aware of the magic power of the hatchet. 'I must get that,' thought he. And he showed the hermit the magic power of the gem, and said, 'Sir, do you take this, and give me your hatchet.' The ascetic, full of longing to be able to fly through the air, did so. But the man, taking the hatchet, went a little way off, and letting it go, said, 'O hatchet, cut off thou his head, and bring the gem to me.' And it went and cut off the hermit's head and brought the gem. Then he put the hatchet in a secret place, and went to the second hermit, and stayed there a few days; and having become aware of the magic power of the drum, he exchanged the gem for the drum, and cut off his head too in the same way as before. Then he went to the third hermit, and saw the magic power of the milk-bowl, and exchanging the

gem for it, caused his head to be cut off in the same manner. And taking the gem, the hatchet, the drum, and the milk-bowl, he flew away up into the air."[1]

Such supernaturally endowed objects are common to the folk-lore of all countries, and are of ancient date. In the Greek legends there is the wondrous horn of Amalthea, which produced a never-failing supply of food. In early British romance we find the dish or napkin of Rhydderich the Scholar, which provided a splendid banquet, and the Horn of Bran, which produced whatever liquors were called for. In the Indian romance, 'Sinhásana Dwatrinsati' (Thirty-two Tales of a Throne), the magical objects are various and numerous: an inexhaustible purse; earth, which, when rubbed on the forehead, overcomes all enemies, and none dare oppose its possessor; a stick, which during the first part of the night furnishes ornaments studded with jewels, in the second part a beautiful girl, in the third part confers invisibility, and in the fourth part a deadly foe or death; a garland of flowers, which renders the possessor invincible and secures success; a lotus-flower, which produces a diamond each day, and never fades. In the Persian romance of 'Hatim Taï,' the hero obtains from the mouth of a dragon a pearl that restored sight to the blind, cured the bite of a snake, endeared the possessor to friend or foe,

[1] 'Buddhist Birth-Stories.' Translated, from the Pali text of V. Fausböll, by T. W. Rhys Davids. London: Trübner & Co. 1880. Vol. I. This is, according to the learned translator, the oldest extant collection of folk-tales, in which are found the germs of many Eastern as well as Western stories and apologues.

secured victory in battle, conferred profound wisdom and boundless wealth, and rendered all creatures obedient to his commands.[1] In the 'Kathá Sarit Ságara,' a poor woodcutter receives from a party of Yakshas (a species of semi-celestial beings) a pitcher, from which, whenever he put in his hand, he could have an inexhaustible supply of food and drink; but should the pitcher be broken, it would at once and for ever disappear. For some time after this the woodcutter lived in happiness and prosperity, until one evening, while he was entertaining his friends, he took the pitcher and placed it on his shoulder, and began to dance and caper about, when suddenly the pitcher fell to the ground and was broken in pieces, and immediately it reverted to its former possessor, leaving "the last state of that man worse than the first," since he could not be content to enjoy his fortune reasonably.[2] The prototype of all inexhaustible vessels, bowls, flasks, &c.,

[1] Hatim was a chief of the Arab tribe of Taï, and flourished shortly before the promulgation of Islám. He was famed for his unbounded generosity, and even at the present day throughout the East no higher praise can be bestowed on a generous man than to say that he is "as liberal as Hatim." In the Persian romance, Hatim has been adopted for the hero solely because of his renown: the marvellous exploits which are there ascribed to him are purely imaginary, of course. The incidents in the romance—which is very entertaining, and of which an English translation by Duncan Forbes was published in 1830—are for the most part traceable to ancient Indian sources.

[2] This story reappears in the Persian romance, 'Tútí Náma' (Parrot-Book) of Nakhshabí, where it is interwoven with the tale of the Singing Ass. It is omitted in Káderi's abridgment of the 'Tútí Náma.' In Bartsch's Meklenburg stories a man gets possession of an inexhaustible beer-can, and immediately after telling how he got it, the beer vanished.

is the widow's cruse, of which we read in the First Book of Kings (ch. xvii. 14), although it possessed only a temporary virtue.[1]

According to Norse legend, King Frodi had a quern (or hand-mill, such as is still used in the East), which ground peace and plenty. Gold was so abundant, that golden armlets lay untouched from year's end to year's end on the king's highway. "In Frodi's house were two maidens of the old giant race, Fenja and Menja. These daughters of the giant he had bought as slaves, and he made them grind his quern, *Grotti*, out of which he used to grind peace and gold. . . . He kept them to the mill, nor gave them longer rest than the cuckoo's note lasted, or they could sing a song. But the quern was such that it ground anything that the grinder chose, though until then it had ground nothing but gold and peace. So the maidens ground and ground, and one sang their piteous tale, in a strain worthy of Æschylus, as the other rested. They prayed for rest and pity, but Frodi was deaf. Then they turned in giant mood, and ground no longer peace and plenty,

[1] During a famine in Ceylon, which continued for twelve years, a priest on a journey stopped at the house of a man named Sakka. "There remained of his store only one scanty meal of rice, which without hesitation he ordered to be dressed for his guest. His charity was rewarded: his little modicum became inexhaustible, and supported his family and all the country round as long as the drought and famine lasted. Though a Gowansè only, the people out of gratitude raised him to the throne, and as a perpetual memento they made the commencement of his reign an era, which is still in common use. The first year of Sakka corresponds with 621 of Buddha and with 78 of our era."—Davy's 'Account of Ceylon,' p. 298.

but fire and war. Then the quern went fast and furious, and that very night came Mysing, the sea-rover, and carried off the quern, and slew Frodi and all his men, and so Frodi's peace ended. The maidens the sea-rover took with him, and when he got on the high seas he bade them grind salt: so they ground, and at midnight they asked if he had not salt enough; but he bade them still grind on; so they ground, till the ship was full and sank—Mysing, maids, and mill and all—and that's why the sea is salt."[1]

The magic quern figures also in Icelandic story: A poor man having obtained from a mysterious individual a quern that would grind whatever it was ordered to grind, on repeating this charm—

> Grind neither malt nor salt;
> Grind in the name of the Lord.

Very soon his house was filled with all needful articles. At length it occurred to him that it would be a good thing to have some money to spend, although, in truth, he needed none, as he had plenty of everything. So he bade the quern grind gold; and the quern ground on, and ground pure gold. This was done time after time, so that he shortly became mighty rich in gold. Then said he to his wife, he fain would know how much gold they had. She answered that she deemed that not needful; she only knew they had plenty of it, as of everything else. But he had no peace till he found out by what means to measure his gold. As

[1] Dasent's 'Popular Tales from the Norse.'

they themselves had no measure, he ran to his brother's house and asked him for one. The rich brother bade his wife to lend him the measure. She did so; but said to herself, "What, in the wide world, can they have to measure?" And, so saying, she took resin and smeared the measure with it, where the sides and bottom meet, and then gave it to her brother-in-law. He went home, and having measured his gold-dust gave back the measure. His sister-in-law took it and looked within, and saw that all round the bottom gold-dust clave to it. She then took it to her husband, and said, "Your brother measures gold, while we measure only rye."[1] So the rich man went and learned from his brother all about the wonderful quern, and offered to exchange his manor for it, to which the latter, being already sufficiently wealthy, agreed. And the cottage-farmer moved to the manor, and took to himself all his brother's possessions. But the other bought himself a vessel, and embarked in it, taking nothing with him but his wife, his children, and his quern, thinking that he had made a marvellous gain by his bargain. When he was a good distance from the coast, he set to work to put the quern in trim, in order that it might grind them all they needed, and he repeated this verse—

Grind neither malt nor salt;
Grind in the name of the Lord!

[1] The reader will not fail to be struck with the resemblance which this incident bears to one in the Arabian tale of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves; it is, indeed, of frequent occurrence in folk-tales everywhere.

But do and say whatever he would, the quern stood still and immovable, till at last he grew angry, and cried out, in a wild rage:

> Grind, then, both malt and salt;
> Grind in the name of the Lord!

Then the quern began grinding malt and salt, and in a short while overcharged the vessel, and as there were no means, anyhow, of stopping the quern, the end of it was that the vessel sank with all on board of it, and has never since been seen."[1]

The Norwegian version of this tale concludes differently: The elder brother, having obtained the quern, orders it to grind broth and herrings, but he did not know how to stop it, so the broth and herrings filled his house, and flowed over all his fields, and he gladly restored it to the hero, who sold it to a skipper. When the skipper was out at sea, he told the quern to grind salt for his cargo, and after the ship was filled, the quern continued to grind away till the ship sank and

[1] Powell and Magnusson's 'Icelandic Legends,' second series, pp. 16-20.—There are some points of resemblance between this story and the Kalmuk tale of the Avaricious Brother, *ante*, pp. 101, 102. In the commencement of the Icelandic story, the rich brother kills an ox one day, and the poor one goes to ask him for a piece of the flesh, for he is in sore distress for want of food. At first he is refused by the rich brother, but in the end he gets one of the thighs of the ox, and is told, in a rage, to "go along with it to the devil." The poor fellow thinks his brother meant what he said, and sets off to deliver the meat to the fiend, and receives in return the magic quern, which, as we have seen, is the cause of the rich brother's destruction.—It is curious to observe in fairy tales of this kind that the possessor of a wealth-giving thing is always so foolish as to sell it *for money!*

all were drowned; and as the quern still grinds, the sea is always salt.[1]

We have thus seen that the purse and hat of Fortunatus, and the sword, shoes, coat, and cap of the renowned Jack, have their counterparts among "all peoples, and kindreds, and tongues," and to the numerous and varied magical objects which have passed under our review may be added, without by any means exhausting the list—the *lamp* of Aladdin, which (or rather, the "slave" of which) procured him everything he desired; the *purse* of Bedredden Hasan, which the fairy always kept filled for him; the *Sangreal*, which furnished the knights of Arthur's Round-Table with a grand banquet; and the *table* of the Ethiopians, which Herodotus tells us was covered with all kinds of dainties.

[1] Dasent's 'Popular Tales from the Norse.'

GOLD-PRODUCING ANIMALS.

SOMETIMES, in place of an inexhaustible purse, we find a tree, a beast,[1] a bird, and even the human person represented as producing in the same marvellous manner a daily supply of gold. Our nursery tale of the goose that daily laid a gold egg has its parallels in the folk-tales of Europe generally, and finds counterparts in Indian fiction. According to the Latin Æsop (ed. 1658): "He that seeketh to get more than he ought, ofttimes getteth nothing; as saith the fable of a man which had a goose that laid every day an egg of gold. The man, out of covetousness, commanded her that she should lay every day two eggs, and she said, 'Certainly, my master, I may not.' Whereupon the man was wroth with her and slew her, by means whereof he lost his profit, and afterward waxed very sorrowful."[2] But in our modern nursery version, the

[1] Such as the *ram* and the *wishing-bull* of Norse tales, already mentioned, pp. 89 and 109.

[2] This fable is ascribed to Avian, a Latin writer of the fourteenth century, who imitated Phædrus.—It is thus briefly related by Bab-

goose (it is a hen in some editions of Æsop) is killed in expectation of finding a lump of gold in her inside.[1] In the course of Jack the Giant-Killer's memorable adventures, he finds among the treasures of one of his 'cousins" a gold-laying hen; and in the story of Jack and the Bean-stalk, the hero steals a wonderful hen that lays a gold egg as often as the possessor says "Lay."—In the 13th fable of Book iii. of the 'Panchatantra' we read of a bird that perched upon a tree and voided pure gold: she is captured by a huntsman, who presents her to the king, describing her wonderful qualities; but the king's foolish advisers persuade him to discredit the huntsman's story, and set the bird at liberty. In the noble Indian epic 'Mahábhárata,' it is related that King Srinjaya obtained as a boon from the sage Nárada that he should have a son whose nature was such, that all that issued from his body was of gold. The king's wealth in consequence increased enormously. The son was, however, carried off and killed by robbers, who hoped to get gold from his

rius: "A bird once laid golden eggs. Wishing to take the gold from her, a lover of gold killed her, and lost the very great gift of fortune."

[1] Mr Baring-Gould says, "The golden egg laid every morning by the red hen is the dawn-produced sun." And Dr Rhys Davids thus explains the origin of the legend of the goose that laid golden eggs: "The word *hansa* (pronounce *hangsa*), generally translated goose, means more exactly a wild-duck; and the epithet golden, in description of its beauty of colour. But the word *hansa* is etymologically the same as our word goose (compare German *gans*), and the epithet golden, when applied to a goose, being meaningless as descriptive of outward appearance, gave rise to the fable of the goose with the golden eggs. The latter, therefore, is a true myth, born of a word-puzzle, invented to explain an expression which had lost its meaning through the progress of linguistic growth."—Both absurdly wrong!

body, but were disappointed.[1] Here we seem to have the original of our nursery story of the gold-laying goose.

Serpents are celebrated producers of gold, and also of jewels of talismanic power, in fairy tales. In the Kalmuk 'Relations of Siddhí Kúr,' the son of the khán, after killing the yellow serpent, eats its head, and lo! he can spit out gold in any quantity; his companion eats the head of the green serpent, and can spit out emeralds. The 5th fable of Book iii. of the 'Panchatantra' is of the same class as our story of the goose that laid eggs of gold:

"In a certain country dwelt a Bráhman who reaped no benefit from the cultivation of his grounds. As he was reposing one day in the hot season under the shade of a tree, he dreamt that he beheld a large hooded snake, coiled upon an ant-hill, at a little distance; and waking from his dream, he concluded that the snake must be the tutelary deity of the spot, who was little pleased with him, as one from whom he had never received any veneration. The Bráhman determined therefore to worship him, and boiling some milk, he placed it in a vessel, and carried it to the ant-hill, exclaiming, as he laid the cup upon the ground, 'Lord of the soil, I have hitherto been ignorant of thy place of residence, and therefore have only forborne thy worship; forgive my negligence, and accept my obla-

[1] 'Metrical Translations from Sanskrit Writers,' by Dr John Muir, p. 27.—There are also birds that void gold in the 'Mahábhárata.' In La Fontaine's 'Contes et Nouvelles' there is a little dog "qui secoue de l'argent et des perreries;" and an ass with the same gift in the Signora von Gonzenbach's 'Sicilianische Märchen.'

tion.[1] So saying, he left the milk and went home. When he visited the ant-hill in the morning following, he found in place of the milk a *dínar*, and this was repeated daily. At last the Bráhman, having occasion to go to the village, appointed his son to present an oblation of milk in his absence. When the lad, upon the ensuing morning, found the *dínar* as usual, it occurred to him that the mound must be filled with coin, and that it would be the most eligible plan to kill its serpent owner, and seize at once upon the whole of the treasure.[2] Arming himself, therefore, with a stick, he lay in wait for the snake, as he was lapping the milk, and struck him on the head. The blow failed to kill the snake, and the animal, inflamed with wrath, bit the lad with his venomous fangs, so that he immediately died. The body was burnt by his people, who were at hand, and saw what had chanced. The father returned on the day following, and, when he had heard the cause of his son's death, was satisfied that the

[1] Regarding serpent-worship, see Tylor's 'Primitive Culture,' vol. ii. p. 217.

[2] It is a popular belief throughout the East that serpents and dragons are the guardians of concealed treasure. The notion was probably derived from the Hindús, although it also prevailed among the ancient Greeks; for example: the Scythian griffins that guarded the treasures coveted by the Arimaspians, and the dragon that watched the golden apples of the Hesperides. In the 'Nibelungenlied,' the dragon Fafnir keeps guard over a vast treasure of gold; Sigurd fights and slays him, and takes away all the treasure. And in Eastern fiction, whenever the adventurous hero comes to a valley strewed with diamonds and other precious stones—Sindbád's diamond-valley is not the only one!—the treasures are invariably found guarded (or, which is all the same, the place is infested) by multitudes of fierce serpents and similar creatures.

event was not unmerited, declaring that the vital elements will be ever snatched from those who show no tenderness to those living creatures that repair to them for preservation, as happened to the swans and their lake. The persons present asked him to explain this allusion, and he thus replied:

"'In a certain country reigned Chitraratha, in whose gardens was an extensive lake, guarded by his troops. In this lake were golden swans, who moulted a feather once in every six months. A large bird, having joined them, was refused admission to their troop, they claiming the exclusive occupation of the lake, by the fee of the moulted feather. After much discussion, the stranger-bird applied to the king, and said: "Sire, these swans have had the audacity to say, 'What have we to do with the king? We will not allow any one to preside here;' and it was to no purpose that I expostulated with them on the impropriety of such language, and threatened to bring it to your knowledge." The king, having heard this, commanded his servants to go and kill the birds, and bring them to him; and they set off with this intent. When they approached the lake, an old swan, suspecting their purpose, persuaded the rest to fly away; and thus, although they preserved their lives, they lost the residence which they refused to share with a guest.'[1]

"Having related this tale, the Bráhman proceeded to worship the snake. But the serpent could not be tempted forth, but showing himself at the entrance of

[1] But the king lost his half-yearly fee of a golden feather.

his hole, he thus spoke: 'Avarice brings thee hither, and banishes all sorrow for thy son's fate, but there cannot be any cordiality between thee and me. In the insane presumption of youth, your son struck me; I have bitten him and killed him: how is it possible for me ever to forget his violence? How is it possible that you should ever forget his death? Take this jewel, then; depart, and never more approach this place.' Having thus spoken, and cast a gem of inestimable value to the Bráhman, he withdrew into his hole. The Bráhman took the jewel, but, considering its value very much inferior to what he might have acquired by long assiduous homage, never ceased to lament the folly of his son."[1]

This story seems to be an adaptation of the legend of the king's son in the 'Mahábhárata' already referred to; and it forms the 141st tale of Swan's translation of the 'Gesta Romanorum,' as follows:

"In the reign of the Emperor Fulgentius, a certain knight named Zedechias married a very beautiful but imprudent wife. In a certain chamber of their mansion a serpent dwelt. Now the knight's vehement inclination for tournaments and jousting brought him to extreme poverty; he grieved immoderately, and, like one who was desperate, walked backward and forward, ignorant of what he should do. The serpent, beholding his misery, like the ass of Balaam, was on

[1] "Analytical Account of the Pancha Tantra," by Horace Hayman Wilson, in 'Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland.' Vol. i. 1827.

this occasion miraculously gifted with a voice, and said to the knight, 'Why do you lament? Take my advice, and you shall not repent it. Supply me every day with a certain quantity of sweet milk, and I will enrich you.' This promise exhilarated the knight, and he faithfully followed the instructions of his subtle friend. The consequence was that he had a beautiful son, and became exceedingly wealthy. But it happened that his wife one day said to him, 'My lord, I am sure that serpent has great riches hidden in the chamber where he dwells. Let us kill him, and get possession of the whole.' The advice pleased the knight, and at the request of his wife he took a hammer to destroy the serpent, and a vessel of milk. Allured by the milk, it put its head out of the hole, as it had been accustomed to do, and the knight lifted the hammer to strike it. The serpent, observing his perfidy, suddenly drew back its head, and the blow fell upon the vessel. No sooner had he done this than the knight's offspring died, and he lost everything that he formerly possessed." In the sequel, the knight's wife urges him to go to the serpent and humbly acknowledge his offence; he does so, but the serpent replies that he can never forget the blow aimed at him, and henceforward there could be no peace between them. The knight then departed, bitterly regretting that he had followed his wife's counsel.[1]

[1] One of the fables of Marie de France, who flourished in the middle of the 13th century, "Le Villain et le Dragon," was in all likelihood the direct source of the 'Gesta' story. (See Le Grand's 'Fabliaux,'

The story is told differently in the Latin Æsop, which was composed in the fifteenth century; the serpent does not give gold, but his presence is the cause of good fortune to a poor man:

"He that applies himself to do other men harm ought not to think himself secure; wherefore Æsop rehearseth this fable. There was a serpent which came into the house of a poor man, and lived of that which fell from the poor man's table, for the which thing there happened great fortune to this man, and he became rich. But on a day this man was very angry against the serpent, and took a sword and smote at him, wherefore the serpent went out of the house and came no more thither again. A little after, this man fell again into great poverty, and then he knew that by fortune of the serpent he was become rich, wherefore it repented him that he had driven away the serpent. Then he went and humbled himself to the serpent, saying, 'I pray thee that thou wilt pardon me the offence that I have done thee.' And the serpent said, 'Seeing thou repentest thee of thy misdeed, I forgive thee; but as long as I shall live I shall remember thy malice, for as thou hurtedst me, so thou mayest again.' Wherefore that which was once evil shall ever so be held: men ought therefore not to insult over him of whom they receive some benefit, nor yet to suspect their good and true friends."

ed. 1781, vol. v. p. 405.)—In a version from Bukhara cited by Rev. Dr Wolff in his journal (see 'The Morning Watch', 1832-33), the man's son attempts to kill the gold-giving serpent after his father's death.

In No. 17 of Dozon's collection of Albanian Tales[1] we have a similar story of a gold-producing lion: A poor man, who had a wife and one son, gained a scanty livelihood by carrying stones on asses to the neighbouring city. On one occasion he went a greater distance for stones than was his wont, and discovered a great lion sunning himself. The lion, on seeing him, rose up, at which the man would have fled, being much terrified; but the beast, as if to reassure him, lay down again, and he then drew somewhat nearer, when the lion dropped from his mouth a piece of gold of the value of 1000 piastres. The man hastened home and showed this windfall to his wife, who, like himself, was full of joy. He goes again next day, with the same result, and so for some days, when, by the advice of his wife, he erects an iron railing around the lion, with a gate for entry, and begins to feed the invaluable animal with 4 ocques of meat and 3 ocques of milk daily, receiving in return the same golden present each time he came with the food. The people soon begin to wonder at their neighbour's wealth, and somehow come to know about the lion; and the boys jeer at his son, calling him a booby, because he does not know that his father is really a mere carrier of stones, and that his wealth is obtained from a lion. Stung by their jeers and flouts, the lad goes to his mother, and worms out of her all the particulars, and insists upon going to see the lion, but she is afraid lest

[1] 'Contes Albanais,' recueillis et traduits par Auguste Dozon. Paris: 1881.

he should be killed, as the beast did not know him: ultimately she gives him the key of the cage, and he sets off on horseback, accompanied by a servant. He enters the cage, springs on the lion with a drawn sabre, and is instantly torn in pieces. The servant returns home and recounts the youth's fate to his parents, who are distracted with grief. The father erects a tomb for his son near the lion's cage, but the beast gives no more a piece of gold. At length he goes to the lion one day with his usual supply of food, and with tears begs him to renew his former gifts, for he is now become very poor. "Thou hast killed my son," says he, "but I bear thee no hatred on that account." To which the noble animal replied, "I shall give thee, it is true, the piece of gold, and thou shalt give me the usual ration: but none the less is our friendship at an end; for thou, seeing here the tomb of thy son, wilt curse me—hatred and fear will fill thy heart; and I, thinking on the blood which has flowed from my tail, shall wish to see thee no more. Yet, if thou continuest to feed me, I will give thee the piece of gold."

These stories of gold-producing animals, it will be readily perceived on comparing them, are each *alter et idem;* the "moral" being one that "runs at large," and thus neatly expressed in our own vernacular: "Don't kill the goose that lays the golden eggs!"

ADVENTURES WITH GIANTS, TROLLS, GHÚLS, ETC.

IN a former paper it is said that the story of Jack and the Giants came to us from the North, and that the Northern legends and tales of adventures with trolls and similar monsters are also found in Eastern fiction; and in order to prove this, let us take one or two of the renowned Jack's valiant exploits, from the veracious chap-book narrative.

Jack, we are told, "having got a little money, travelled into Flintshire, and came to a large house in a lonesome place; and, by reason of his present necessity, he took courage to knock at the gate, when, to his amazement, there came forth a monstrous giant with two heads, yet he did not seem so fiery as the former giants, for he was a Welsh giant." The story informs us that this giant was of a less savage disposition because of his breakfasting on a great basin of hasty-pudding. Our hero, having undressed himself, was about to lie down on the bed appropriated to him, when he heard the giant say to himself, as he walked towards another chamber—

"Though here you lodge with me this night,
You shall not see the morning light;
My club shall dash your brains out quite."

"Say you so?" muttered Jack; "is that one of your Welsh tricks? But I hope to be quite as cunning as you, my friend." Then, looking about the room, he found a thick billet and laid it on the bed in his stead, and hid himself in a dark corner of the room. In the dead time of the night came the giant with his club, and struck several blows on the bed where Jack had craftily laid the billet, and then returned to his own room, supposing he had broken all Jack's bones. Early in the morning Jack came to thank the giant for his lodging. "Oh," said the giant, "did you see anything last night?" "No," said Jack; "but a rat gave me three or four slaps with its tail."[1]

Compare this with the device practised by the giant

[1] In a subsequent adventure Jack enters the castle of the giant Thondel, who speedily discovers his presence though he does not see him, exclaiming—

"Fe, fa, fum!
I smell the blood of an Englishman;
Be he alive, or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make me bread."

That our story of Jack and the Giants is older than the time of Queen Elizabeth seems evident from the occurrence of part of the giant's exclamation in Shakspeare's 'King Lear,' where Edgar, as Mad Tom, sings (Act. iii. sc. 5)—

"Child Rowland to the dark tower came,
His word was still, Fee, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man."

It is curious to find a similar expression in Scandinavian stories, in which trolls, giants, and ogres exclaim, when the hero is concealed in the house, "I smell Christian flesh!" Thus also in French tales:

Skrymer, when he accompanied Thor on his journey to Utgard, which is found related in the 12th chapter of the Edda of Snorro: At midnight the mighty son of earth laid himself to sleep beneath an oak, and snored aloud. Thor, the giant-killer, resolved to rid himself of his unsuspicious companion, and struck him with his tremendous hammer. "Hath a leaf fallen upon me from the tree?" exclaimed the awakened giant. The giant soon slept again, and snored, as the Edda says, as loudly as if it had thundered in the forest. Thor struck the giant again, and, as he thought, the hammer made a mortal indentation in his forehead. "What is the matter?" quoth Skrymer; "hath an acorn fallen on my head?" A third time the potent giant snored, and a third time did the hammer descend, "with huge two-handed sway," and with such force that Thor weened the iron had buried itself in Skrymer's temples. "Methinks," quoth Skrymer, rubbing his cheek, "some moss hath fallen on my face." Thor might well be amazed at the escape of the giant; but Skrymer had outwitted his enemy by placing an immense rock on the leafy couch, where Thor supposed he was sleeping, which received the blows of the hammer instead.

And in the Albanian story of the Bear and the

"Femme, je sens la viande fraîche, la chair de chrétien!" In Italian stories of ogres, etc.—

"Fum! fum!
Sento odour di cristianum!"

And in Indian stories of rákshasas is the same formula as that of Jack's giant Thondel: "Fee, faw, fum! This room smells of man's flesh!"

Dervish, we read that the bear told his mother and his sister to sharpen the axe, for he must kill that man, he is so strong; but the bear's sister warned the dervish of this, so he concealed himself. During the night the bear made three or four strokes with his axe on the bed, and went back to sleep. In the morning he went out early for wood, and was surprised on his return to see the dervish alive and well. "Did nothing happen to you during the night?" asked he of the dervish. "Nothing, except that three or four fleas bit me."—Dozon's 'Contes Albanais.'

Jack, it will be remembered, having escaped being pulverised by the giant in the manner aforesaid, sits down to breakfast with his two-headed host. The giant placed a huge bowl of his favourite hasty-pudding on the table, and invited Jack to help himself. Jack had secretly fastened his scrip beneath his jacket, and instead of swallowing each spoonful he slipped a great deal into the scrip, and when at length the giant could eat no more, Jack told him that he could easily relieve his stomach without hurting himself, and thus be ready to eat as much more: so saying, he slit open the scrip with his knife, upon which the Welsh giant, exclaiming, "Hur can do that hurself," ripped himself open, and immediately expired.

This incident occurs in the Norse tale of the Youth who ate a match with a Troll. The young man has a soft new cheese in his scrip, and when the troll threatens to kill him, he takes it out, and in his turn

threatens to squeeze the troll as he squeezes the water out of "this white *stone*." The troll is frightened, and makes his peace with the young hero. When it is supper-time the troll undertakes to make up the fire, while the lad goes to fetch water for their porridge, in his iron pails, which he could not so much as lift from the ground. "Pooh!" said he, "it isn't worth while to touch these finger-basins; I'll just go and fetch the spring itself." The troll can't afford to lose his spring, so he fetches the water himself. When the porridge was ready, the lad proposed they should eat a match, and hanging his scrip in front of him, he spooned more into it than he ate himself. At last the troll is quite gorged with the porridge he has supped, upon which the lad tells him that he ought to cut a hole in his paunch as he had done (in his scrip); and being assured that it didn't hurt, the troll cut his paunch open, and died on the spot.[1]

The Albanian story of the Bear and the Dervish, already cited, presents several points of resemblance to these incidents in the Norse tale: A shepherd being much annoyed by a bear that devoured five or six of his sheep every day, a dervish undertook to rid him of the pest, and, having obtained of the shepherd three skins of cream cheese, set off in quest of the bear, whom he soon met, when they began each to brag of his own strength. "I'll crush you as small as

[1] See Dasent's 'Popular Tales from the Norse'; also Thorpe's 'Yule-Tide Stories': "The Boy who contended with the Giant in Eating" (Swedish version), pp. 245-249 of Bohn's edition.

this stone," said the dervish, at the same time slyly taking a cheese from his wallet, and crushing it into powder. The bear tried to do the same with a stone, but failed, so he deemed it prudent to make friends with such a strong man. Supper-time drawing nigh, the bear proposed to the dervish that he should go and carry off an ox, while he went for wood. "Get an ox for yourself," quoth the dervish indignantly; "nothing less than a lion will do for me." Admiring his friend's prowess, the bear went and got an ox: meanwhile the dervish had gone to the wood and tied all the trees together, and when the bear returned he was astonished to see preparation made to tear up the whole wood at one pull, and he mildly observed, "One or two branches will be quite sufficient for us;" but the dervish said superciliously, "That isn't my way—all or none; *you* may take one or two branches, if that is all you want." The bear took two branches, and while the ox was being roasted the dervish went for water; but when he had filled the skin he could not carry it home, so he sat down and waited till the bear came, two hours after, to see what was detaining him. "I am considering," said the dervish, "how to convey this whole rock and the spring, for it would be a disgrace for such a man as I am to carry a skin of water." Hearing this, the bear took up the skin and carried it home. The death of the bear was not brought about in the same manner as that of Jack's friend the two-headed giant, and the Lad's friend the Troll: After the bear had wrestled with the dervish, and hugged

him so that his eyes were starting from his head, but gave up when he heard the dervish say he was considering on which side he had better throw him; and the futile attempt to kill the dervish while he slept, as already related; the bear requested that his friend would make him as strong as himself. "Quite easy," quoth he; "a skin of boiled milk is all you need." The milk is boiled in a great cauldron, and the dervish told the bear to dip his hand into it thrice: at the third dip he tumbled the bear into the scalding liquid, and there was an end of him.

Similar incidents are found in the Sicilian story of the Brave Shoemaker (Gonzenbach's collection). The hero provides himself with some balls of plaster of Paris and cream cheese, and sets off to kill a fierce giant. When he hears the giant coming, he climbs into a tree; but the giant, having scented him, orders him to come down. The cobbler replies that if he does not leave him alone he will wring his head off; and as a proof of his strength, he crushes the balls of plaster of Paris between his hands, telling the giant they are marble. At this the giant is frightened, and invites the cobbler to his house. When they get there, the giant asks him to fetch some water in a pitcher from the well, and the cobbler says if the giant will give him a strong rope he will bring the well itself. The giant, in terror, takes the huge pitcher and draws the water himself. Then the giant requests him to cut some wood, but the hero asks him for a strong rope with which to drag the whole tree to the

house. Next the giant proposes a trial of strength, to see which could carry a heavy stick the longer. The cobbler says the giant had better wind something about the thick end, for when he (the cobbler) turned a somersault with it he might hurt the giant. When they went to bed, the giant made the cobbler sleep with him; but the hero crept under the bed, leaving a pumpkin in his place. The giant, who was anxious to get rid of the cobbler, took an iron bar and struck at the pumpkin all night, believing it to be the cobbler's head. After he had beaten the pumpkin to pieces, the cobbler under the bed gave a sigh. "What is the matter with you?" asked the terrified giant. "A flea has just bitten my ear," replied the cobbler. Next day the cobbler proposed to the giant to cook a great pot of macaroni, and after they had eaten it, he would cut open his stomach to show that he had eaten without chewing it; the giant to do the same afterwards. The cobbler, of course, secretly tied a sack about his neck, and put his macaroni in it; then he took a knife and ripped open the bag, and the macaroni fell out. The giant, in attempting to follow the cobbler's example, killed himself. Then the cobbler cut his head off, carried it to the king, and obtained his daughter's hand in marriage.

In a Milanese story, a cobbler, being tired of cobbling, said to himself one day, "Now I will go and seek my fortune." So he bought a little cheese, and put it on the table. It got full of flies, so he took an old shoe and hit the cheese, and slew the flies. Then

he counted them, and found 500 were killed and 400 wounded. After this he girded on a sword, and put on a cocked hat, and went to court, and said to the king, "I am the chief of warriors; 500 have I slain and 400 have I wounded." The king answered, "Since you are a warrior, you must be brave enough to climb yonder mountain, where there are two magicians, and kill them. If you do so, I shall give you my daughter." Then he gave him a white flag to wave when he had killed them. "Sound the trumpet," he added, "and bring me the heads of the magicians in a bag." So the cobbler departed and came to an inn, and the innkeeper and his wife were none other than the magicians. He asked for lodging and food and all he needed. Afterwards he went to his room, but before going to bed he looked at the ceiling, and there saw a great stone over the bed. Instead of getting into the bed, he got into a corner. When a certain hour struck, the magicians let the stone drop, and it crushed the whole bed. The next morning the cobbler went down and said he could not sleep for the noise. They told him they would change his room. The same thing happened the next night, and in the morning they told him they would give him another room. When it was a certain hour the man and his wife went to the forest to cut a bundle of faggots. Then the magician went home, and the cobbler, who had made ready a sickle, said, "Wait until I help you to take the bundle off your back," and gave the magician a blow with the sickle, and cut off his head. He

did the same thing when the magician's wife returned. Then he unfurled his flag, and sounded his trumpet, and the band went out to meet him. After he had arrived at court, the king said to him, "Now that you have killed the two magicians, you shall marry my daughter." But the cobbler had got so used to drawing the thread that he did so in his sleep, and kept hitting his wife so that she could not rest. Then the king gave him a great sum of money, and sent him home.[1]

A Persian legend, related by the Shah's own story-teller to Sir John Malcolm, bears a striking resemblance to the Norse tale of the Youth and the Troll, as well as to our nursery tale. Amín of Ispahán, when he meets with a ghúl,[2] has in his pocket an egg and a lump of salt. He tells the ghúl that he has come out in search of ghúls, upon whom to try his strength and prowess. The ghúl says, "You don't appear to be very strong." "Perhaps not," says Amín, "but appearances are often deceiving; I will give you a proof of my strength. There," he continued, picking up a stone, "this contains a fluid; try if you can squeeze it so that it will flow out." The ghúl took the stone, but after a short attempt returned it, saying, "It is impossible." "Quite easy," quoth Amín, taking

[1] 'Italian Popular Tales.' By T. F. Crane (London: 1885), p. 94ff.

[2] Ghúls (commonly written ghouls) are a species of demons, believed by Muslims to feed on human flesh, and to have the power of assuming any form they please, to decoy unwary travellers. They bear some resemblance to our ogres, the lamiæ of the Greeks, and to the rákshasas, vetálas, &c. of Indian mythology.

the stone and placing it in the hand in which he had before put the egg; "look there!" and the astonished ghúl, while he heard what he took for the breaking of the stone, saw the liquid run from between Amín's fingers, and this apparently without any effort. Aided by the darkness, Amín placed the stone upon the ground, while he picked up another of darker hue. "This," said he, "I can see contains salt, as you will find if you can crumble it between your fingers." But the ghúl, looking at it, confessed he had neither knowledge to discover its qualities nor strength to break it. "Give it me," said Amín impatiently, and having put it into the same hand with the piece of salt, he instantly gave the latter all crushed to the ghúl, who, seeing it reduced to powder, tasted it, and remained in astonishment at the skill and strength of the wonderful man. Amín consents to stay with the ghúl all night. His grim host points to a bag made of the hides of six oxen, and bids him go and fill it with water, while he makes ready a fire. While the ghúl is absent in search of faggots, Amín with great difficulty drags the bag to the bank of a dark stream which issued from the rocks at the other end of the cavern. After some minutes' reflection he thought of a plan, and began digging a small channel from the stream towards the place where supper was being prepared. "What are you doing?" shouted the ghúl, as he advanced towards him. "I sent you for water to boil a little rice, and you have been almost an hour. Cannot you fill the bag and bring it away?" "Certainly

I can," said Amín. "If I were content, after all your kindness, to show my gratitude merely by feats of brute strength, I could lift your stream if you had a bag as large as could hold it; but here," said he, pointing to the channel he had begun—"here is the commencement of a work in which the mind of man is employed to lessen the labour of the body. This canal, small as it may appear, will carry a stream to the other end of the cave, in which I will construct a dam that you can open or shut at pleasure, and thereby save yourself infinite trouble in fetching water. But, pray, let me alone till it is finished," and resumed his digging. "Nonsense," said the ghúl, seizing the bag and filling it; "I will carry the water myself: and I advise you to leave off your canal, as you call it, and follow me, that you may eat your supper and get to sleep. You may finish this fine work, if you like, to-morrow morning." . . . Amín places a large pillow in the middle of his bed, to make it appear as if he was still there, and retires to a concealed part of the cavern to watch the proceedings of the ghúl. The latter awoke a short time before daylight, and, without making any noise, went towards Amín's bed, where, not observing the least stir, he was satisfied that his guest was in a deep sleep; so he took one of his walking-sticks, which was in size like the trunk of a tree, and struck a terrible blow at what he supposed to be his head. He smiled at not hearing even a groan, thinking he had killed him outright; but to make sure he repeated the blow seven times. He then returned to rest, but had hardly

settled himself to sleep when Amín, who had crept into bed, raised his head above the clothes, and exclaimed, "Friend ghúl, what insect could it be that has disturbed me by its tapping? I counted the flap of its little wings seven times on the coverlet. These vermin are very annoying, for, though they cannot hurt a man, they disturb his rest." The ghúl's dismay at hearing Amín speak at all was great, but that was increased to perfect fright when he heard him describe seven blows, any one of which would have felled an elephant, as seven flaps of an insect's wing. There was no safety, he thought, near so wonderful a man; and he soon afterwards arose and fled from the cave, leaving Amín its sole master. Having armed himself with a matchlock, which had belonged to some victim of the ghúl, Amín proceeded to survey the road. He had, however, only gone a short distance when he saw the ghúl returning with a large club in his hand, and accompanied by a fox. Amín's knowledge of the cunning animal instantly led him to suspect that it had undeceived his enemy, but his presence of mind did not forsake him. "Take that," said he to the fox, aiming a ball at him from his matchlock and shooting him through the head—"take that, for your not performing my orders. That brute," he said then to the ghúl, "promised to bring me seven ghúls, that I might chain them and carry them to Ispahán, and here he has only brought you, who are already my slave." So saying, he advanced towards the ghúl; but the latter had already taken flight, and by the aid of his club

bounded so rapidly over rocks and precipices, that he was soon out of sight.[1]

The *motif* of all stories of this character is the superiority of intelligence to mere physical strength: the monsters that are tricked by clever little folks, whether giants, trolls, ogres, bears, lions, or tigers,[2] are invariably represented as being extremely stupid and credulous. In Steel and Temple's 'Wide-Awake Stories' there is a Kashmírí tale (which also occurs in the 'Suka Saptati,' or Seventy Tales of a Parrot, a Sanskrit collection), of which the catastrophe is similar to that of the Persian story of Amín and the Ghúl, last cited, and also finds parallels in European folk-lore: One day a farmer went to his field to plough with his bullocks. He had just yoked them when a tiger walked up to him and saluted him; the farmer returned the salute, when the tiger said that the Lord had sent him to eat his two bullocks. The farmer promised that he would bring him a fine milch-cow instead. But his wife objected, and, putting on the farmer's best clothes, set off, man-fashion, on the pony to where the tiger was waiting. She called out, "I hope I may find a tiger in this field, for I have not tasted tiger's flesh since the day before yesterday, when I killed three." The tiger, on hearing this, turned tail and fled into the jungle, where he met a jackal, who asked him why he ran so fast, and was

[1] Malcolm's 'Sketches of Persia,' ch. xvi.

[2] In fairy tales animals which play the parts of ogres and giants are simply the latter in other forms.

told that a tiger-eating demon was after him. The jackal tells him that it is only a woman; but the tiger is still afraid, and the jackal and he knot their tails together, in order that one should not escape at the other's expense. When the woman sees them she calls out to the jackal, "This is very kind of you to bring me such a fat tiger; but, considering how many tigers there are in your father's house, I think you might have brought me two." The tiger, more frightened than before, ran off, dragging the jackal after him, and the officious jackal was killed by being bumped against the stones.[1]

The same plan is adopted to frighten a dragon in No. 23 of Hahn's modern Greek stories: Lazarus the Cobbler having one fine day actually killed forty flies with a single blow, he made for himself a sword on which he wrote "Forty at a blow," and set off in quest of warlike adventures. He meets a dragon, who, *reading* these words, asked Lazarus to make friends with him, and introduces him to a number of other

[1] A variant of this is found in the Chinese tales and fables appended to M. Stanislas Julien's French rendering of the 'Avadánas,' in which a tiger having seized a monkey was about to devour him, when the monkey, bethinking himself of some means of escape, suggested that he was too small to make a good meal for a tiger, and offered to conduct his captor to a neighbouring hill where a far more noble prey might be captured. This was a stag who, rightly assuming that the tiger had come for a most unfriendly purpose, concluded that his only chance was to put a bold face upon the matter, and accordingly addressed the monkey as follows: "How is this? You promised me ten tiger-skins, but you have only brought one—you still owe me nine." The tiger on hearing this became alarmed, and instantly decamped, saying that he never thought the monkey would be so treacherous.—See also my 'Book of Sindibád,' pp. 70, 71.

dragons, who, being afraid of his prowess, give him much gold to go away. The first dragon meets a fox, who undeceives him as to the pretended strength and courage of Lazarus, and the better to convince him, offers to conduct him to the cobbler. But when they come up with him, Lazarus, nothing daunted, cries to the fox, "I told you to bring me all the dragons, and you have only brought one," upon which the dragon scoured off, in terror for his life.

Another adventure with a stupid tiger—a substitute for the trolls and giants of Northern folk-lore—is related in the Santali story of two brothers, Kauran and Guja, translated by the Rev. F. F. Cole, in the 'Indian Antiquary,' vol. iv.: The brothers were in the jungle one day, as usual, for the purpose of digging up roots, on which they subsisted. They came to a tiger's den, and offered him some pieces of charcoal, pretending they were roots, and that they had kept the half-roasted ones to themselves. The tiger asks them a riddle: "One I will eat for breakfast, and another like it for supper." They answer, "Oh, uncle, we cannot tell; but we will ask you another riddle: One will twist the tail and another the ear." Hearing this, the tiger gets into a great fright, and is about to make his escape, when Kauran seizes his tail, which in the ensuing struggle is wrenched off. The tiger runs away in search of his tiger-friends, and comes back with a whole host of them to the tree up which the brothers have escaped. The tailless tiger proposes that they should stand one on another till they

are high enough to reach the brothers, which is done; but in the meantime Kauran calls to his brother, "Give me the axe, and I will kill the tailless tiger." The latter, in great terror, struggled to make his escape, and in so doing upset the whole party, who were resting upon him, while they in their fall crushed the poor tailless tiger to death, and, overcome by terror, fled out of sight.

The concluding incident in the story of the Stupid Wolf, No. 18 of Leger's collection of Slav tales, is to the same effect: The wolf, after many attempts to satisfy his hunger, and getting nothing but kicks and blows till he could scarcely crawl, meets with a tailor, and tells him that he has been sent by the Lord to eat him. "What are you, who are going to eat me?" asked the tailor. "A wolf." "You lie: you're only a dog; you're too small for a wolf. Let me measure you." So saying, he seized the wolf by the tail, and turning him round in his hand, stretched him out till the wolf was out of breath, and his tail came off. "You're an *archine*[1] long," said the tailor. Overwhelmed with grief, the wolf escaped and went to his wolf-friends, to whom he related his misadventures, and they all set off after the tailor. When he saw them coming he climbed into a tree. "Brothers," said the stupid wolf, "I'll stand upright against the tree; do you mount one after the other upon me, making a staircase, and we shall take vengeance on that rascal!" So they got up, one upon the other. "Ah, ah!" cried

[1] Russian measure: 70 centimetres.

the highest, "wicked tailor, we've come to eat you!" "Little dears—my friends," said the tailor, "have pity upon me, and don't eat me!" "No, no, come down." "One moment; allow me at least to take a pinch of snuff." So he took a pinch and sneezed, *atchi! atchi!* The noodle, who was lowermost, imagined he said *archine, archine,* and that he was going to measure the wolves. Terror overcame him; off he set, down tumbled the wolves, who ran after him and tore him to pieces. So the tailor, having thus escaped, came down from the tree and went home.

The story of the Brave Little Tailor, in Grimm's collection, has incidents in common with several of those already cited of the tricking of monsters. The little tailor, having dashed a cloth among a swarm of flies and killed no fewer than seven of them, believed himself a man of great prowess, and resolved to go into the world and turn it to good account;[1] so off he went, wearing a girdle on which he had embroidered the device, "Seven at a blow." He meets a giant, and, pointing to his girdle, would persuade him that he was possessed of supernatural strength. The giant takes up a stone and squeezes it till water exudes from it. The tailor in his turn takes a soft cheese from his wallet, and makes the whey run out of it. Then the giant throws a stone up into the air so far that it went out of sight; upon which the tailor takes a live bird from his wallet and lets it go, and the giant be-

[1] Like the cobbler in the Italian (Milanese) story cited p. 140.

lieves it was a stone. Once more the giant would test the little man's strength: he bids him help to carry a great tree, and the tailor saying that he will take the end which has the branches, as being the heaviest, so soon as the giant has raised the root-end of the tree on to his shoulder, our hero slyly seats himself in the branches, and the giant staggers beneath his burden till he is forced to lay it down, quite exhausted. The little tailor then goes home with the giant, and at night, instead of going to bed, creeps into a snug corner, and the giant, intending to kill him, lays on the bed with an iron bar and breaks the bed: in the morning, when he finds the tailor unhurt, he flies off in a fright. The king, hearing of his prowess, sends him to kill two giants that were the terror of his subjects: he finds them both asleep beneath a tree; so filling his pocket with great stones, he climbs into the branches, and drops the stones on them, which causes them to awake; and each supposing the other had struck at him while he slept, they fell to blows and soon killed each other, and the brave little tailor was credited with having rid the country of the two monsters. His next exploit was encountering a fierce unicorn: the animal, on seeing him, made a rush to destroy him on the spot; but our hero jumped behind a tree, and the unicorn, running at it full force, stuck his horn deep into the trunk, so that he could not withdraw it, on which the little tailor broke off the horn and led the unicorn into the king's presence. After an ad-

venture with a wild boar, the little tailor is married to the daughter of the king.[1]

In a Chilian version (of Spanish extraction), a shoemaker having killed seven flies with his fist one day, dubs himself, Don Juan Bolondron,—killer-of-seven-with-one-fisticuff. The king sends him off to slay a ferocious boar that had killed many people. When Juan sees the boar, he runs back to the palace and hides behind the outer door. The beast runs after him into the courtyard, and is shot by the soldiers. Juan then comes forth, goes to the king, and says, "I not only wanted to kill the boar, but had brought him here alive so that you might see him, and these soldiers of yours have shot him." The king praises his prowess, and marries him to the princess.[2]

The two last-cited stories may be compared with the Kashmírí tale of Fattú Khán, the Valiant Weaver, in Steel and Temple's 'Wide-Awake Stories.' Fattú killed a mosquito one day, just as he was throwing the shuttle with his right hand. Being elated with his skill and bravery, he goes out to see the world, with his bundle, his shuttle, and a great loaf tied up in a kerchief. He reaches a city where a dreadful elephant came daily to make a meal of one of the inhabitants, against which many mighty warriors had

[1] Most of the incidents in the German tale of the Valiant Tailor and in the Norse tale of the Lad and the Troll reappear in the Gaelic story of Mac-a-Rusgaich: Campbell's 'Popular Tales of the West Highlands,' vol. i. p. 307.

[2] "Chilian Popular Tales," by Thomas M. Moore. 'Folk-Lore Journal,' vol. iii. p. 299.

gone out, but none of them ever returned. Hearing this, the valiant little man said to himself, "Now is my chance! To a man who has killed a mosquito with one blow of a shuttle, an elephant is mere child's play." So he went to the king, and announced that he was ready single-handed to slay the elephant. The king naturally thought he was mad; but when he persisted in his offer, he told him he was free to try his luck. So at the hour when the elephant usually appeared, Fattú Khán went out to meet him, armed with his shuttle. "It is a weapon I understand," said he to those who urged him to take a spear or a bow; "and it has done work in its time, I assure you." It was a fine sight to see Fattú Khán strutting out to kill the elephant, whilst the townspeople gathered in crowds on the walls; but alas for the valiant little weaver! No sooner did he see the elephant charging down on him than all his courage oozed away. He forgot that he was Fattú Khán, dropped his bundle, his bread, and his shuttle, and bolted away as hard as his legs would carry him. Now it so happened that Fattú's wife had made the bread sweet and had put spices into it, as she wanted to hide the taste of the poison she had used with it,—for she was a wicked and revengeful woman, and wanted to get rid of her tiresome, whimsical little husband. The elephant, as he charged past, smelt the spices, and catching up the bread with his trunk, gobbled it down without stopping a moment. Poor Fattú scuttled away ever so fast, but the elephant overtook him. Then the little

weaver, in sheer desperation, tried to double, and in doing so ran full tilt against the beast. As luck would have it, just at that moment the poison took effect, and the elephant fell to the ground dead. Now when the spectators who thronged the city walls saw the monster fall, they could scarcely believe their eyes; but they were more astonished when they ran up and found little Fattú sitting quietly on the elephant's dead body, and wiping his face with his handkerchief. "I just gave him a push," said he modestly, "and he fell down. Elephants are big brutes, but they have no strength to speak of." The king makes Fattú commander-in-chief of his army, and he undertakes to kill a fierce tiger that ranged the country. On seeing the tiger he climbed a tree, and the tiger waited for him for seven days. Fattú tried to slip away one day while the tiger was taking his noontide snooze. The tiger jumps up with a roar, and Fattú's dagger falls down and enters the tiger's mouth, and kills him. After this the king gives him his daughter — as usual, in this cycle of stories—and very properly, since "none but the brave deserve the fair"!

DRAGONS AND MONSTROUS BIRDS.

FROM giants and ghúls to dragons and basilisks the transition is easy; indeed they are all simply personifications of natural phenomena, if we adopt the theory that such tales or legends are survivals of primitive Aryan (solar) myths. The best-known dragon-story in Europe is probably that of St George, which is thus related in the 'Legenda Aurea,' or Golden Legend, of Jacques de Voragine:

St George, a tribune, was born in Cappadocia, and came to Lybia to a town called Silene, near which was a pond infested by a monster which had many times driven back an armed host that had come to destroy him. He even approached the walls of the city, and with his exhalations poisoned all who were near. To avoid such visits, he was furnished each day with two sheep to satisfy his voracity. If these were not given, he so attacked the walls of the town that his envenomed breath infected the air, and many of the inhabitants died. He was supplied with sheep till they were exhausted, and it was impossible to pro-

cure the necessary number. Then the citizens held counsel, and it was decided that each day a man and a beast should be offered, so that at last they gave up their children, sons and daughters—none were spared.

The lot fell one day on the princess. The monarch, horror-struck, offered in exchange for her his gold, his silver, and half his realm, only desiring to save his daughter from this frightful death. But the people insisted on the sacrifice of the maiden, and all the poor father could obtain was a delay of eight days in which to bewail the fate of the damsel. At the expiration of this time the people returned to the palace and said, "Why do you sacrifice your subjects for your daughter? We are all dying before the breath of this monster." The king felt that he must resolve on parting with his child. He covered her with royal clothes, embraced her, and said, "Alas, dear daughter, I thought to have seen myself re-born at your wedding; to have adorned you with royal garments, and accompanied you with flutes and tambourines and all kinds of music! Why did I not die before you?" Then she fell at her father's feet and besought his blessing. He accorded it her, weeping, and he clasped her tenderly in her arms. Then she went to the lake.

George, who passed that way, saw her weeping, and asked the cause of her tears. She replied, "Good youth, quickly mount your horse and fly, lest you perish with me!" But George said to her, "Do not fear. Tell me what you await, and why all this multitude look on?" She answered, "I see that you

have a great and noble heart; yet fly!" "I shall not go without knowing the cause," he replied. Then she explained all to him, whereupon he exclaimed, "Fear nothing; in the name of Jesus Christ, I will assist you!" "Brave knight!" said she, "do not seek to die with me. Enough that I should perish, for you can neither assist nor deliver me, and you will only die with me."

At this moment the monster arose above the surface of the water, and the virgin said, all trembling, "Fly, fly, Sir Knight!" His only answer was the sign of the cross. Then he advanced to meet the monster, recommending himself to God. He brandished his lance with such force that he transfixed it and cast it to the ground. Then addressing the princess, he bade her pass her girdle round it, and fear nothing. When this was done, the monster followed like a docile hound. When they had brought it into the town, the people fled before it; but George recalled them, bidding them put aside all fear, for the Lord had sent him to deliver them from the dragon. Then the king and all his people, twenty thousand men, without counting women and children, were baptised, and George smote off the head of the monster.[1]

[1] Baring-Gould's 'Curious Myths of the Middle Ages,' pp. 297-299. This legend, according to Mr Baring-Gould, is a solar myth. "The maiden," he says, "which the dragon attempts to devour is the earth; the monster is the storm-cloud; the hero who fights it is the sun, with his glorious sword, the lightning-flash." But he does not condescend to explain the signification of the men and beasts which the dragon had devoured previously.

This renowned exploit of the saint of Cappadocia has its analogue in the legend of Perseus and Andromeda: Cassiope having boasted that she was fairer than the Nereides, Neptune, at their request, sent a sea-monster to ravage Ethiopia, the country of Cepheus, her husband. An oracle declared that the wrath of Neptune could only be appeased by exposing their daughter Andromeda to the fury of the monster, and she was accordingly chained to a rock on the sea-shore; but just as the dragon was advancing to devour the damsel, Perseus appeared, and plunging his dagger in the monster's right shoulder, destroyed it.

Legends such as these seem to have been common in both European and Asiatic countries from very ancient times. In the Danish ballad of "Svend Felding's Kamp med Risen," Svend is described as going on a pilgrimage to Rome, and on his way arriving at a city called Hövdingö, the princess of which informs him that the land is being made desolate by a giant, who feeds only on women and maidens. Svend undertakes to encounter the monster, and a number of horses are led forth that he may select one qualified to bear him in the ensuing combat. The hero, of course, kills the giant.[1] So, too, in Ralston's 'Russian Folk-Tales' Ivan Popyalof encounters and slays a formidable serpent that had long devastated the country.

In No. 14 of M. Dozon's Albanian Tales, a lamia

[1] See Thorpe's 'Yule-Tide Stories,' p. 344, Bohn's ed.

(or ogress) comes to a city once a year and devours many people. A damsel, disguised as a soldier, arrives just as the king is preparing to deliver up his son to the lamia, for she would not promise to stay away unless she was regaled on royal flesh. The damsel slays the lamia with one stroke of her sword, and the king, after some demur, rewards the supposed soldier with a wonderful horse, which plays an important part in the sequel.—A similar legend is known to the Chinese, according to Dr Dennys, in which it is related that a huge dragon devoured a maiden once every year, and the youngest of a magistrate's six daughters went off and successfully encountered the monster with a good sword and a dog.[1]

The slaying of dragons forms the subject of many Arabian and Persian tales. In the story of the King of Yemen and his Three Sons—one of the additional stories translated by Jonathan Scott, in vol. vi. of his edition of the 'Arabian Nights'—we are told of a dragon which on a certain day came to the city and demanded a beautiful virgin to be given up to him. The lot having fallen upon the king's daughter, the hero kills the monster, and is rewarded with the hand of the princess. Among the innumerable exploits ascribed to the Persian king Bahrám-i-Ghúr (*i.e.*, of the Wild Ass) is his slaying, single-handed, an enormous elephant in India — whither he had gone in

[1] 'Folk-Lore in China, and its Affinities with that of the Aryan and Semitic Races,' by N. B. Dennys, Ph.D. Hong-Kong: 1876.

disguise—which had kept the inhabitants in a state of terror, and taken possession of the road between the jungle it inhabited and the city. And in Kashmírí folk-lore, two brothers, sons of a king, being ill-used by their step-mother, go abroad to seek their fortunes. The younger prince, having accidentally separated from his brother, comes to a cottage, where he finds a poor old woman evidently in great sorrow. She informs him that in the neighbourhood there was a fierce rákshasa (a species of demon) who every day compelled the inhabitants of the town to supply him with one cake, one goat, and one young man; and that the lot had at last fallen upon her only son. The prince undertakes to confront the rákshasa; and having obtained from the poor woman a cake of much greater size than usual, and the fattest goat she could select, he goes boldly to meet the monster, who, after gorging himself with the cake and the goat, falls asleep, when the prince cuts off his head.[1]

Indian fiction teems with similar incidents—generally encounters with rákshasas. There is a notable instance in the 'Kathá Sarit Ságara': Indívarasena received from the goddess Durgá a sword, by the power of which he should conquer all enemies, and whatever he should think of he should obtain, and by means of it gain the success he desired.[2] Thus armed, he

[1] Steel and Temple's 'Wide-Awake Stories,' from the Panjáb and Kashmír.—See also Temple's 'Legends of the Panjáb,' vol. i. p. 17ff.

[2] Here we have a *wishing* as well as an all-conquering sword.

journeyed onward, accompanied by his brother. The story goes on thus:

After he had travelled a long distance he found a great and splendid city, looking like the peak of Meru, on account of its golden houses. There he beheld a terrible rákshasa standing at the gate of the high street, and the hero asked him what was the name of the town, and who was its king. That rákshasa said, "This city is called Sailapura, and it is possessed by our lord Yamadanshtra, the slayer of his foes, king of the rákshasas." When the rákshasa said this, Indívarasena attempted to enter, in order to slay Yamadanshtra, but the rákshasa at the door tried to prevent him, upon which the mighty Indívarasena killed him, cutting off his head with one stroke of his sword. After slaying him, the hero entered the royal palace, and beheld inside of it the rákshasa Yamadanshtra, sitting on his throne, having a mouth terrible with tusks, with a lovely woman at his left hand, and a virgin of heavenly beauty on his right hand. And when Indívarasena saw him he went with the sword given him by Durgá in his hand, and challenged him to fight, and the rákshasa drew his sword and stood up to resist him. And in the course of the fight Indívarasena frequently cut off the rákshasa's head, but it grew again. Seeing that magic power of his, and having had a sign made to him by the maiden at the rákshasa's side, who had fallen in love with him at first sight, the prince, after cutting off the head of the rákshasa, being quick

of hand, again cut it in two with a stroke of his sword. Then the rákshasa's magic was baffled by contrary magic, and his head did not grow again, and the rákshasa died of the wound.[1]

According to Danish folk-lore (says Thorpe), when a cock is seven years old it lays an egg, from which, when hatched, there comes forth a basilisk—an ugly monster that kills people only by looking at them. It is said that the only method by which this creature can be destroyed is by holding a looking-glass before it; for it is so ugly that it cannot survive the sight of itself.[2] Thus in chapter 139 of Swan's 'Gesta Romanorum' a basilisk destroys the soldiers of Alexander the Great, without any visible wound; and a philosopher advises that a mirror be placed so as to confront the monster, which being done, it has the desired effect of causing its death. Berni has adopted this idea in his 'Orlando Innamorato,' in the story related by the lady to Rinaldo while he escorts her on a journey: a lover, in order to enter an enchanted garden, employs a mirror to drive away the Medusa by whom it was guarded. And in the Persian romance of 'Hatim Taï,' the hero comes to a village where he finds the people all lamenting and weeping bitterly. They inform him that "once every week a monster comes to our village and devours one of us; and if we do not appease him by

[1] Tawney's translation of the 'Kathá Sarit Ságara,' Book vii. ch. 42, vol. i. p. 385.

[2] Thorpe's 'Northern Mythology,' vol. ii. p. 143, *note*.

the sacrifice of a human creature, he will raze our abodes to the dust. At present the lot has fallen on the son of our chief. On Thursday the monster will come, and the four days that intervene till that time are devoted to weeping and mourning. The youth's relations are at this moment standing around him, extolling his virtues and lamenting his fate." Hatim engages himself, of course, to face the monster in place of the chief's son. A sketch of the creature is shown him, upon which he said, "This must be the monster Haluka, who is invulnerable against all weapons; but if you follow my directions, I may be able to overcome him." Hatim then caused a huge mirror to be constructed, and placed in a certain spot outside the village. The monster came for his victim —in the shape of a great dome without hands or feet, having a terrible mouth in the middle of his body —and having approached within a few paces of the mirror, on seeing the reflection of his hideous form, he made the earth tremble with his roar, and, choking with rage, his confined breath so inflated his body that, like a crack of thunder, he burst, overspreading the surrounding district with his loathsome entrails.

The oldest known form of these legends of devouring monsters is found in a beautiful episode in the grand Indian epic, 'Mahábhárata,' which has been turned into graceful English verse by Dean Milman, under the title of "The Bráhman's Lament." Professor

Monier Williams, in his 'Indian Epic Poetry,' gives the following outline of this ancient legend, which is called in the original "Bakabadha":

In the neighbourhood of Ekrachakra, a town in which the Pándavas had taken refuge after the treacherous attempt of their cousins to destroy them by setting fire to their dwelling, resided a fierce giant, named Baka, who forced the citizens to send him every day a dish of food by a man, whom he always devoured as his daintiest morsel at the end of the repast. The turn had come to a poor Bráhman to provide the rákshasa with his meal. He determines to go himself, but laments bitterly the hardness of his fate. Upon this his wife and daughter address him in language full of the deepest pathos, each in turn insisting on sacrificing herself for the good of the family. Lastly, the little son, too young to speak distinctly, with beaming eyes and smiling face, runs to his parents, and with prattling voice says, "Weep not, father; sigh not, mother!" Then breaking off and brandishing a pointed spike of grass, he adds in childish accents, "With this pike I will slay the fierce man-eating giant!" His parents (so proceeds the story), hearing this innocent prattle of their child, in the midst of their heartrending anguish felt a thrill of exquisite delight. The end of it is that Bhima,[1] who overhears the whole conversation, undertakes to convey the meal to the monster, and of course speedily despatches him.

[1] Bhima was one of the five Pándava princes. The name signifies "The Terrible."

"It is considered by some authors," remarks Henderson, "that these legends are figurative; that they grew up and around the memory of such monsters of cruelty as Attila or the infamous Baron de Retz, who are accordingly handed down to posterity with the outward lineaments of dragons and suchlike monsters. . . . Other writers see in the dragon only the huge serpent, the gigantic saurian, or other enormous creature, such as formerly disputed with man the mastery of the world, only by degrees disappearing before him. To others, again, all is pure allegory: in every tale of champion and dragon they simply see 'the ceaseless universal strife' between good and evil."[1]

The notion is utterly absurd that "such monsters of cruelty as Attila and the Baron de Retz" are represented as dragons, etc., in these legends; while the solar myth theory is at last being considered by the most eminent comparative mythologists as quite untenable. That legends of encounters with fierce giants, ogres, and dragons are survivals of primitive traditions of contests between Aryan tribes and the savage aborigines of lands to which they migrated —or, going still farther back in the early history of the world, of combats between monstrous creatures and men — is, however, probable to the verge of certainty.

[1] 'Notes on the Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties of England and the Borders.' By William Henderson. Second edition, printed for the Folk-Lore Society.

Enormous birds, which can as easily carry off an elephant as the eagle flies away with a lamb in its talons, frequently figure in popular fictions: of these the Roc (*rúkh*) of the 'Arabian Nights' is probably most familiar to the English general reader. Mention is made of this monstrous bird in the Norwegian story of the Blue Belt: A party of sailors landing on the coast of Arabia find "an egg the size of a small house." The hero splits it with his sword, when there issues from it a chicken as large as an elephant—an exact parallel to an incident in one of the voyages of Sindbád the Sailor.

"A *wundervogel*," remarks Wilson, "is the property of all peoples, and the Garuda of the Hindús is represented by the Eorosh of the Zend, the Simurgh of the Persians, the Anka of the Arabs, the Kargas of the Turks, the Kirni of the Japanese, the sacred Dragon of the Chinese, the Griffin of chivalry, the Phœnix of classical fable, the 'wise and ancient Bird' that sits upon the ash Yggdrasil of the Edda, and, according to Faber, with all the rest, is a representation of the holy cherubim that guarded the gate of Paradise. Some writers have even traced the Twelve Knights of the Round-Table to the Twelve Rocs of Persian poetry."[1]

Perhaps the earliest notice of a monstrous bird is found in 'Buddhaghosha's Parables,' in the story of Queen Samavati, where we read that, "in the Kosambi

[1] Dr Horace Hayman Wilson's 'Essays on Sanskrit Literature,' edited by Dr Reinhold Rost, vol. i. pp. 192, 193, note. To these monster birds may be added the Norka of Russian popular fictions.

country King Parantapa was one day with his queen outside the palace. The queen being pregnant, the king made her put on a large scarlet cloak. Just then a Hatthílinga, a monstrous bird, flew down from the sky, and taking the queen for a piece of flesh, fluttered his wings with a tremendous noise. The king, hearing the sound, went inside the palace; but the queen, owing to her condition, being unable to escape, was swept off by the bird, for the Hatthílinga has the strength of five elephants."[1]

In the 'Kathá Sarit Ságara' (B. v. ch. 26) Saktideva conceals himself in the back-feathers of an enormous bird of the vulture species, and is conveyed to the Golden City; in the Swedish tale of the Beautiful Palace East o' the Sun and North o' the Earth (Thorpe's 'Yule-Tide Stories') the Phœnix carries the hero on his back to the palace; and in No. 5 of Dozon's 'Contes Albanais' an eagle performs a similar service to a youth who had preserved her young from a serpent. But the largest of all the birds of Asiatic and European fictions must have been mere tom-tits in comparison with the Halcyon of Lucian's 'Vera Historia,' whose nest was seven miles in circumference!

[1] 'Buddhaghosha's Parables': a commentary on the 'Dammapada,' or Path of Virtue. Translated from the Burmese by Captain T. Rogers; to which is prefixed a translation of the 'Dammapada' by Professor F. Max Müller, with an Introduction.

PETRIFYING VICTIMS: LIFE-TOKENS: TESTS OF CHASTITY.

MAGIC performs a very important part in the folk-tales of Europe as well as in the fictions of all Asiatic countries, where belief in spells, talismans, enchantments, etc., has prevailed from the most remote period of which we possess any record. The classical fable of Medusa's locks, which turned into stone whoever looked on them, is paralleled in the Russian tale of Ivan Dévich: A Baba Yoga gives him one of her hairs, and bids him tie three knots on it, and then blow, which having done, both he and his horse become petrified.—In a Greek popular story, a young prince and his steed are partially turned into marble by an enchantress, but are restored to their natural condition through the instrumentality of a hermit.[1] A well-known instance of the power of enchanters to petrify their victims occurs in the 'Arabian Nights,' where a youth is discovered reading the Kurán, the

[1] Story of "La Tzitzinæna" in 'Recueil de Contes Populaires Grecs,' traduits sur les textes originaux par Émile Legrand. Paris: 1881.

lower half of his body having been turned into marble by the magical arts of his wicked wife. And in another Arabian tale — that of the Envious Sisters — the two princes, who successively go in quest of the Singing Tree, etc., which their sister had set her heart upon possessing, are both turned to stone (as had also been the fate of all former adventurers), because they looked back before securing the cage in which the wonderful bird was confined.

The prototype of such incidents seems to be the fate of Lot's wife, who, looking back to the burning Cities of the Plain—which she was expressly forbidden to do—was instantly turned into a pillar of salt (Gen. xix. 26). We are also reminded of the story of Orpheus in the regions of Pluto, who had consented to restore Eurydice to life on the condition that Orpheus did not look behind him until he had reached the upper world again; and on his violating the condition, Eurydice was lost to him for ever.

The welfare, or danger, of the heroes of many folk-tales is indicated by a magical flower, or some other object, which they leave behind with their friends, on setting out upon perilous adventures. In the Russian tale of Ivan Popyalof (Ralston's collection) the hero hangs up his gloves, and tells his two brothers that, should they perceive blood to drop from them, they must hasten to help him; and in another tale the hero leaves behind him a silver snuff-box which would turn black if any misfortune happened to him.

In the Arabian tale of the Envious Sisters, the elder prince gives his sister a dagger, which she is to draw out of its sheath every day while he is absent, and if the blade continue clear, it is a token that he is alive and well, but if it be stained with blood, he is dead; and the younger prince, when about to go in search of his brother, gives her a string of a hundred pearls, which if they would not run freely when she counted them, would then indicate that he had suffered the same fate as his brother.[1] A singularly close parallel to this Arabian tale is found in the Icelandic story of the Farmer's Three Daughters: The elder brother said to the younger that "if three drops of blood should fall from his knife at table while he was away, he must come at once to his rescue, for then it would be sure that he had fared like the others." This token being perceived one day, the younger brother goes off to help the elder, making the same arrangement with his sister as the other had made with himself.

In the Kalmuk tales of 'Siddhí Kúr,' six youths set out to travel, and arriving at the mouth of a great river, they agree to separate, and meet again a certain time after at the same place. They each plant a "tree of life," and should any one of their number be missing at the rendezvous, and his life-tree be found withered, they pledge themselves to search for him,

[1] There is a variant of this tale in Jonathan Scott's edition of the 'Arabian Nights,' vol. vi. p. 161, in which the elder brother gives the younger a ring, which pressing hard upon his finger would betoken that the elder brother was dead.

wherever he might be. This idea is, however, much older than the Tartar tales. In the Indian romance of Chitrasekhara and Somasekhara a princess is held captive by a fierce giant, and one of the two heroes undertakes her liberation. Before setting out he gives his brother a flower, the withering of which would betoken that he was in danger, and required immediate assistance.[1]

In the popular tales of Madagascar, similar objects figure frequently. Thus in one story, the hero plants some *aruns* and plantain-trees, and says to his parents, "If these grow withered, then I am ill; and if they die, it will be a sign that I am dead." And in another, the hero tells his mother that a certain banana-tree is to be a sign of his condition, according as it withered or died.[2]

To these "life-tokens" may be added the ring which, according to the Gaelic legend (beautifully versified by Leyden under the title of "The Mermaid"), Macphail of Colonsay received from his lady-love on his going to the wars:

> "When on this ring of ruby red
> Shall die," said she, "the crimson hue,
> Know that thy favourite fair is dead,
> Or proves to thee and love untrue."

The chief, in sailing home, was carried off by a mer-

[1] 'Descriptive Catalogue of the Oriental Manuscripts, &c., collected by Colonel C. Mackenzie.' By H. H. Wilson. Calcutta: 1828. Vol. i. p. 51.

[2] "Malagasy Folk-Tales," by Rev. Jas. Sibree, junior, in 'Folk-Lore Journal' (1884), vol. ii. pp. 52, 130.

maid while passing the Gulf of Corrivreckan, and they lived together in a grotto under the sea for several years. At length he grew tired of her society, and ardently wished to return to the Maid of Colonsay:

> But still the ring of ruby red
> Retained its vivid crimson hue,
> And each despairing accent fled,
> To find his gentle love so true.

One day the mermaid requested him to give her the ring, which he promised to do, if she would bear him near to Colonsay, and when they approached the shore he leaped on to the land, and was reunited to his "own true love."

Closely allied to these magical life-tokens is the nosegay which, in the Persian Tales of a Parrot ('Tútí Náma'), a woman presents to her husband on his taking leave of her to enter the service of a nobleman, and which would remain fresh so long as she continued faithful to him. After some time the nobleman inquired of the soldier how he could thus procure a fresh nosegay every day in the middle of winter, and was informed that its continual bloom was a token of his wife's chastity. The noble sends his chief cook to attempt the woman's virtue, but she cleverly outwits and entraps him; and as he did not return to his master, the second cook was despatched on the same errand, and met with a like reception. At length the nobleman himself, with his attendants (among whom was the soldier), visits the virtuous wife, who receives

him courteously; and his two cooks, dressed as female slaves, to the infinite amusement of his excellency, wait upon him at supper. The happy soldier then returns his wife the nosegay, still fresh and blooming.

Tests of female chastity are the subjects of many old European romances and ballads. A rose is the test in the romance of Perce Forest; in Amadis de Gaul it is a garland that blooms on the head of her that is faithful, and fades on the brow of the inconstant; in 'Les Contes à rire' it is also a flower; in Ariosto's 'Orlando Furioso' the test, applied to both male and female, is a cup of wine which is spilled by the unfaithful lover — which also occurs in the romances of Tristan, Perceval, La Morte d'Arthur, and is well known in La Fontaine's "La Coupe Enchantée." In 'La Lai du Corn' it is a drinking-horn. Spenser has derived the girdle of Florimel from these sources, or, more immediately, perhaps, from the *fabliau*, "Le Manteau mal taillé," or "Le Court Mantel," an English version of which is found in Percy's 'Reliques,' under the title of "The Boy and the Mantle."[1]

In the metrical tale of "The Wright's Chaste Wife" —of which an analysis will be found in a subsequent paper, "The Lady and her Suitors"—edited by Dr F. J. Furnivall for the Early English Text Society, a rose-garland is the test. The 69th tale of the Continental 'Gesta Romanorum' tells how the mother-in-law of a carpenter gives him a shirt which had the

[1] 'Essays on Sanskrit Literature,' by Dr H. H. Wilson, edited by Dr Reinhold Rost, vol. i. p. 218.

singular property of remaining unsoiled, and could not be rent, so long as his wife and himself continued faithful to each other. So, too, in the North-German tale of the King and Queen of Spain (Thorpe's 'Yule-Tide Stories'), the queen gives her husband a shirt which would betoken her fidelity so long as it remained spotless.[1]

Another infallible indication of female chastity was the mirror presented by the king of the genii to Zeyn el-Asnám, in the Arabian tale, which reflected the form of the woman of whose spotless virtue he wished to be assured: if the mirror remained clear, she was chaste; but if dimmed, she was "no better than she should be," to employ the popular phrase, which being interpreted signifieth that she was a great deal *worse* than she should be. Bandello has a somewhat similar contrivance in one of his Italian novels (Part I., nov. 21), where a Bohemian noble is possessed of a magic picture, which, by its colour, shows the fidelity or frailty of his wife. And in the 'Pentamerone' of Basile a fairy gives each of a king's three daughters a ring, which would break when its possessor quitted the path of virtue. Three distaffs take the place of these magic rings in the French fairy tale of "L'Adroite Princess," which is an imitation of Basile's story.

A flower is the test of marital fidelity in a story in the 'Kathá Sarit Ságara': When Devasmitá is obliged

[1] Thorpe says that this story agrees in substance with the ballad of "Graf von Rom," in Uhland, and with the Flemish story of "Ritter Alexander aus Metz und seiner Frau Florentina."

to separate from her husband, the deity Siva gives each a red lotus, saying, "Take each of you one of these lotuses in your hands, and if either of you shall be unfaithful during your separation, the lotus in the hand of the other shall fade, but not otherwise." [1]—In the 115th tale of the Continental 'Gesta Romanorum' we read of an elephant which no one dare approach until it is lulled to sleep by two chaste virgins. The original of this story is probably found in the 'Kathá Sarit Ságara,' where it is related that a white elephant having fallen down apparently dead, a holy man declares that it can only be raised up by the presence of a perfectly chaste woman. All the women of the royal household, including the king's favourite wife, are called to put their virtue to this test, but each fails, and ultimately only *one* woman in all the city was found sufficiently chaste to restore the elephant to life! [2]

[1] This, with analogous tokens of chastity, will be found more fully compared in a subsequent paper on versions of "The Lady and her Suitors."

[2] Heywood, in the Fourth Book of his 'History of Women' (ed. 1657, pp. 253, 254), relates out of Herodotus a very curious story, which bears a close resemblance to the above: On the death of Sesostris, King of Egypt, his son Pherones succeeded to the throne, and not long afterwards lost his sight. An oracle prescribed a peculiar remedy, in which a chaste matron was a *sine quâ non*,—"at which newes being much rejoiced, and presuming both of certain and sudden cure, he first sent for his wife and Queen," but all was in vain; "he sent next for all the great Ladies of the Court, one after one," and still his eyes fared no better; "but at length when he was almost in despaire, he hapned upon one pure and chaste Lady, by whose vertue his sight was restored, and he plainly cured." After relating how the king caused all those frail ladies to be put to a cruel death, "reserving only that Lady of whose loialty the Oracle had given sufficient testimony," whom he made his queen, Heywood has some uncompli-

A tank of water was the means by which the hermits ascertained the chastity of Sítá, the wife of Ráma, whose adventures are related in the great Indian epic, 'Rámáyana,' by Válmíki. When the hermits expressed their suspicions, Sítá said to them (according to the version of the incident given in the 'Kathá Sarit Ságara,' Book ix. chap. 51), "Reverend sirs, test my purity by any means that you know of, and if I turn out to be unchaste, let me be punished by having my head cut off." Hearing this, they experienced an emotion of pity, and said to her, "There is a famous bathing-place in this forest, called Títhibhasaras, for a certain chaste woman named Títhibhi, being falsely accused by her husband, who suspected her of familiarity with another man, in her helplessness invoked the goddess Earth and the Lokapálas, and they produced it for her justification. There let the wife of Ráma clear herself for our satisfaction." When they said that, Sítá went with them to that lake. And the chaste woman said, "Mother Earth, if my mind was never fixed, even in a dream, on any one besides my husband, may I reach the other side of the lake;" and after saying this, she entered the lake, and the goddess Earth appeared, and, taking her in her lap, carried her to the other side.[1]

mentary remarks on the ladies of his own times—which need not be reproduced, since they can have no application to those of *our* happy times!

[1] We find a curious parallel to this water-ordeal of Sítá in the Gospel of Pseudo-Matthew, chap. xii., in which both Joseph and Mary go through "the ordeal of jealousy" as ordained in the Book

In a Persian tale of an unfaithful wife, in Cardonne's 'Mélanges de Littérature Orientale,' her father-in-law cites her to the Tank of Trial, at Agra. The virtue of this water consisted in trying all kinds of falsehood. A woman, suspected of infidelity, swore she had been faithful, and was thrown into this tank: if she swore falsely she instantly sank to the bottom, but if truly she floated.[1] This wife, conscious of her guilt, devised a plan by which she should come through the ordeal scatheless: she bade her gallant

of Numbers, chap. v. 11-31: Joseph having done so in safety, the priests said to Mary, "This only we require of thee, that, since Joseph is pure regarding thee, thou confess who it is that has beguiled thee. For it is better that thy confession should betray thee, than that the wrath of God should set a mark on thy face, and expose thee in the midst of the people." Then Mary said, steadfastly and without trembling, "O Lord God, King over all, who knowest all secrets, if there be any pollution in me, or any sin, or any evil desires, or unchastity, expose me in the sight of all the people, and make me an example of punishment to all." Thus saying, she went up to the altar of the Lord boldly, and drank the water of drinking, and walked round the altar seven times, and no spot was found in her.—'Apocryphal Gospels, Acts, and Revelations,' translated by Alexander Walker, H.M.I.S.; Edinburgh: 1870; p. 30. (Vol. xvi. of Clark's 'Ante-Nicene Christian Library.')

[1] Our ignorant ancestors had the same plan for testing persons accused of witchcraft.—Heywood, in the Ninth Book of his 'History of Women' (ed. 1657, pp. 614, 615), says: "In Sardinia was a Water, in which if the Perjurer washt his eies, he was instantly struck blind, but the innocent departed thence purer in his fame, and more perfect in his sight (*Alex.*, lib. 5, cap. 10). Miraculous are those ponds in Sicilia, called Palici [Aristotle calls this fountain Acedinus], near the river Simethus, where Truths and Falsehoods are strangely distinguished: The Oaths of men and women being written in Tables, and cast in them, the Truths swam above water, and the Lies sunk down to the bottom. All such as forswore themselves, washing in these waters, died not long after, but others returned thence, with more validity and strength."

counterfeit madness, and to seize her the moment she was to undergo the trial. The lover, solicitous to save the honour and life of his mistress, made no scruple to expose himself to the spectators, and found an opportunity to approach and embrace her, which he effected by subjecting himself to a few blows, being deemed insane by those who did not know him. The suspected wife advanced to the edge of the tank, and, raising her voice, cried, "I swear that I never touched any man but my husband and that madman who has just insulted me. Let this water be my punishment if I have sworn falsely." Having thus spoken, she threw herself into the tank. The water buoyed her up in sight of all present, who unanimously declared her innocent, and she returned triumphant to the arms of her husband, who had always thought her faithful.[1]

This incident has been taken from the 15th tale of the 'Suka Saptatí,' or Seventy Tales of a Parrot, a Sanskrit work; and it reappears in the mediæval "life" of Virgilius, with a metal serpent in place of the water-tank, as follows (the spelling is modernised):

"Then made Virgilius at Rome a metal serpent with his cunning, that whoever put his hand in the throat of the serpent was to swear his cause right and true; and if his cause were false he should not pluck it out

[1] A Mongolian variant is found in the tales of Ardshi Bordshi (the second part of 'Sagas from the Far East'), under the title of "How Naren Gerel swore falsely and yet told the truth," but the water-test is omitted.

again without harm doing. So it fortuned that there was a knight of Lombardy that mistrusted his wife; but she excused herself right nobly and wisely. And she consented to go with him to Rome to that serpent, and there to take her oath that she was not guilty of that that he put upon her. And thereto consented the knight: and as they were both in the cart, and also her man with her, she said to the man, that when he came to Rome he should clothe him[self] with a fool's coat, and disguise him[self] in such manner that they should not know him, and so did he; and when the day was come that he should come to the serpent, he was there present. And Virgilius, knowing the falseness of the woman by his cunning and necromancy, then said he to the woman, 'Withdraw your oath, and swear not;' but she would not do after him, but put her hand into the serpent's mouth; and when her hand was in she sware before her husband that she had no more to do with him than with that fool that stood by. And because she said truth she pulled her hand again out of the throat of the serpent, not hurt. And Virgilius, having thereat great spite and anger that the woman had so escaped, destroyed the serpent, for thus escaped the lady away from that great danger. And Virgilius said, that women be right wise to imagine ungraciousness, but in goodness they be but innocents"—*i.e.*, simpletons.

A similar stratagem is adopted by Queen Ysonde in the old metrical romance of 'Sir Tristrem.' Queen

Ysonde, being (justly) accused of a *liaison* with Tristram, offers to prove her innocence by undergoing the fiery ordeal. A court is appointed to be held at Westminster, where the Queen is to bear red-hot iron in her hand, according to the ancient law of ordeal. Tristram joins the retinue, disguised as a peasant, in the most abject state of poverty. When they are about to cross the Thames, the queen pitches upon her disguised lover to bear her from the shore to the ship. Tristram designedly lets his fair burden fall upon the beach in such an indecent manner as to scandalise the attendants, who are about to drown him in the river, but are prevented by Ysonde, who imputes the accident to his feebleness, through want of food, and orders him a reward. When the queen is brought to her oath, she swears that she is "a guiltless woman," and that no one had ever familiarity with her person, excepting the king, and the peasant who bore her to the vessel, whose indelicate awkwardness had been witnessed by the whole of her retinue. The hot iron is then presented to Ysonde; but the uxorious king of Cornwall, resting perfectly satisfied with the equivocal oath of his consort, refuses to permit her to hazard this dangerous confirmation of her faith. Ysonde is proclaimed innocent, and is completely reconciled to her husband.[1]

[1] 'Sir Tristrem; a Metrical Romance of the Thirteenth Century.' By Thomas of Erceldoune, called The Rhymer. Edited from the Auchinleck MS., by (Sir) Walter Scott. 4th ed., 1819: Argument; Fytte Second, st. 102-107.

The depravity of women is frequently the subject of satire in our old jest-books and other collections of stories; from which we must not suppose that they were formerly more vicious than the women of Europe at the present day. It is probable that, with the influx of popular fictions from the East, it became the fashion for European story-tellers to imitate the Asiatics in their low estimate of woman's virtue. Muslims have the authority of traditional sayings unfavourable to women, ascribed—falsely, let us trust—to Muhammed, such as, "I stood at the gate of paradise, and lo! most of its inmates were poor; and I stood at the gate of hell, and lo! most of its inmates were women;" and that a man, if he would prosper in any undertaking, should do the contrary to what his wife advises. But sentiments unfavourable to the dignity of women are not peculiar to the Muslims. The writings of the Hindús contain remarks quite as spiteful and unjust, although there are also passages of great beauty, in which women are spoken of in terms of the highest praise. Among the northern nations of Europe, however, women seem to have been always held in great honour, and their influence contributed much to the martial superiority as well as the moral excellence of those peoples.

BIRD-MAIDENS.

THE pretty superstition, which is the basis of so many folk-tales, that at certain times fairies put off their vesture and change their forms to those of swans, doves, or other birds, is perhaps one of those "primitive myths, the common heritage of the Aryan race;" although it is found current in almost all parts of the world. The forms which these beautiful imaginary beings assume are, of course, different in different countries. In the Farö Islands, says Thorpe, in his 'Northern Mythology,' "the superstition is current that the seal casts off its skin every night, assumes the human form, and dances and amuses itself like a human being until it resumes its skin and again becomes a seal. It once happened that a man passing during one of these transformations, and seeing the skin, took possession of it, when the seal, which was a female, not finding her skin to creep into, was obliged to continue in a human form; and being a comely person, the man made her his wife, had several children by her, and they lived happily together, until, after a

lapse of several years, she chanced to find her hidden skin, which she could not refrain from creeping into, and so became a seal again." A similar notion prevailed among the people of Shetland regarding mermaids, who, it seems (according to Hibbert, quoted by Thorpe), are not naturally "flesh fishified" at their lower extremities, but resemble human beings, only are far more beautiful, and dwell in the depths of the ocean in halls of pearl and coral. "When they wish to visit the upper world, they put on the *ham*, or garb, of some fish; but woe to those who lose their *ham*, for then are all hopes of return annihilated, and they must stay where they are.[1] . . . It has happened that earthly men have married mermaids, having taken possession of their *ham*, and thus got them into their power."[2] It is the same story—*alter et idem*—everywhere.

In the Persian romance of King Bahrám Ghúr and

[1] *Ham*, sub., skin: A.S. *hama*. Thus in Herrtage's 'Gesta,' published by the Early English Text Society, p. 385: "She left hire *hame* with oute the stone, and anone she stode up a fayre woman."

[2] In the 'Nibelungenlied,' Sir Hagan, seeing a bevy of mermaids ("wise women") disporting in the waters of the Danube, seizes upon their raiment, in order to compel them to disclose his fate and that of his companions.—"The raiment of these mermaids," remarks Lettsom, the translator, in a note, "seems to have been the swan-raiment worn by the Valkyries, or Choosers of the Slain, which enabled its wearers to assume the shape of swans, or at least to fly away. Hagan had therefore good reason to begin with laying hands on the clothes of these water-nymphs. . . . In the traditions respecting Vœund, Wieland, or Wayland, the Smith, that hero captures a wife by a similar stratagem."

Husn Bánú, the royal hero obtains his fairy bride in like manner. Having been carried off by the Dív-i Safíd (White Demon) to the mountains of Káf, which are the boundaries of the world,[1] he is left in a magnificent palace, and after examining all its wonders his senses are overcome by slumber. The narrative thus proceeds: And while sleep possessed him, the fluttering of flying doves sounded in his ears, and, opening his eyes, he saw four doves sitting on a dome of gold, each of them as large as a sheep, and in colour like green emeralds; and the king was astonished at the sight of them. The doves flew off and lighted on the edge of the lake, and out of every dove came a perí, at whose beauty the reason was confused; and they put off their dress on the banks of the lake. Now there was one of these young beauties fair as a child of the húrí,[2] and when the eyes of the king fell upon her beauty he loved and yearned towards her with a thousand hearts; he fainted at the sight of her grace and loveliness. After some time he came again to himself, and saw that they had put down their dress on the banks of the lake, and were swimming and disporting themselves therein. Now the king had heard from the White Dív that if a portion of the garment on the body of a perí be in the possession of any one, she cannot escape from his power. Wherefore, as softly as he could, he stole towards the dress of the

[1] See note, p. 81, for an account of the mountains of Káf.

[2] Húrí—commonly written in Europe houris—are the black-eyed nymphs of Paradise, according to the Kurán.

youngest fairy, and when he had possessed himself of it he hid himself in a cluster of roses. The fairies went on with their sport in the water till the youngest said to the others, "They say that the Dív-i Safíd has brought hither a king of the race of men, and that for grace and beauty his like was never seen amongst mankind;—let us assume our dove-form again, when we go out of the water, and go and look on him from a distance." Then said another, "It is even as thou sayest; there is not his like amongst the sons of men. Now we are young, and God forbid that the king's heart should incline to one of us, and we be unable to return his affection." The youngest sister said, "Sister, thou hast spoken rightly, and I myself have had a very troubled dream concerning him." "But," said the others again, "when we are disguised in the form of doves, he may think what he pleases." So they all three came out of the water, and sat in the same tree where they had been before. But the youngest missed her dress, and she drew a cold sigh, and cried, "Ah, sisters, did I not tell you I had a troubled dream? See, here is the meaning of my dream!" Then they all took flight, and left her with a troubled heart and weeping eyes. The king, seeing this, came from the hiding-place he had chosen, and made his salám to her, and she, beholding the beauty of King Bahrám, inclined towards him, and loved his loveliness with a hundred thousand hearts.—The prince and the perí are forthwith married, and afterwards borne by 'Ifríts to the capital of Persia, where—to

employ Shehrazád's formula in the 'Arabian Nights' —"they continued together in joy and happiness, until they were overtaken by the terminater of delights and the separater of companions." [1]

Hasan of Basra, in the 'Thousand and One Nights,' sees ten beautiful birds divest themselves of their plumage and plunge into the water as nymphs. They are the daughters of a powerful genie. Hasan contrives to steal the feathers of the youngest and prettiest of them, and having married her, takes her to his own country. Some years after, she discovers where her husband had concealed her feather-dress, and in his absence she puts it on, and escapes. Hasan is utterly wretched when he learns on his return that his fairy-wife had left him; but as she had considerately left her "address" with his mother, he at once begins his perilous and tedious journey to Jinnistán, the land of the Genii, to bring her back. On the way he obtains shoes of swiftness and other useful magical things, by means of which he reaches his journey's end, and is reunited to his wife—who, it seems, had met with but a scurvy reception from her relations on her returning to see them: her marriage with one of human race being considered by them as "disgracing the family." This is one of the best, as it is among the longest, stories in the 'Arabian Nights.'

[1] An Indian variant of this charming fairy-tale, of which the above is a mere extract, is found, under the title of "The faithful Prince," in Steel and Temple's 'Wide-Awake Stories' from the Panjáb and Kashmír.

The incident of stealing the garments of bathing fairies is often met with in Indian fictions. In the Santhalí folk-tale of Toria the Goatherd (translated by the Rev. F. T. Cole, in the 'Indian Antiquary,' 1875), the beauteous Daughters of the Sun were wont to bathe in a river, on the banks of which Toria fed his goats. Toria, having often beheld them sporting in the water, fell in love with one of them, and one day taking possession of her upper garment, she had no alternative but to follow him to his house and become his wife.—In the 'Kathá Sarit Ságara,' a hermit says to a king's minister, "Go quickly and carry off the clothes of these [celestial] nymphs, and you will learn tidings of your master." He does so, and is successful, as was Sir Hagan with the mermaids in the 'Nibelungenlied.'[1] In the romance of 'Helyas, the Knight of the Swan,' in place of an upper garment or feather-dress, a golden chain is substituted: A young knight, in eager pursuit of a white stag, chased it into a deep and distant forest, where it escaped. In attempting to retrace his way, he came to a fountain in which a beautiful nymph was bathing; she held in her hand a chain of gold, in which lay her power: snatching away the chain, the knight seized the nymph, and she was constrained to become his wife.

"A hunter in Southern Germany," says Mr Baring-Gould, "lost his wife, and was in deep affliction. He went to a hermit and asked his advice; the aged man advised him to seek a lonely pool, and wait there till

[1] See *ante*, note, on p. 183.

he saw three swans alight and despoil themselves of their feathers; then he was to steal one of the dresses, and never return it, but take the maiden whose was the vesture of plumes to be his wife. This the huntsman did, and he lived happily with the beautiful damsel for fifteen years. But one day he forgot to lock the cupboard in which he kept the feather-dress: the wife discovered it, put it on, spread her wings, and never returned.[1]

Traces of the same notion are found in a rather confused Albanian story (No. 12 of Dozon's collection), in which the hero gives his mother (a queen) the dress of his bride, the Beauty of the Earth, with strict injunctions not to let her have it during his absence. One day, however, she refused to dance unless she got her dress, and the queen's youngest daughter contrived to steal it for her, and so soon as she had put it on, she said to her maidens, "Farewell! Tell my husband, when he returns, that he need not hope to find me until he has worn out three pairs of iron shoes." The hero, in quest of his bride, comes upon twelve maidens bathing in a fountain, among whom was she whom he had sought so long, and seizing her dress he burned it. Her dress, in which lay her power, being consumed,

[1] 'Curious Myths of the Middle Ages': "Swan-Maidens." This is the Arabian tale of Hasan of Basra, without his further adventures in quest of his fairy-wife.—In one of Ralston's 'Russian Folk-Tales' the hero discovers on the sea-shore twelve birds, which turn into beautiful maidens: he steals the shift of the eldest, and marries her.

she could no longer escape, and therefore returned with her husband.[1]

A somewhat singular version is current in China: Once in olden time a man named Ming-ling-tzu, a farmer in poor circumstances, but without any family, had a well of delicious water near his house. He went one day to draw some, and when at a distance saw a bright light in the well: on approaching to see what it was, he beheld a woman diving and washing in the water, who had her clothes on a pine-tree. Being displeased at her shameless ways and at the well being fouled, he secretly carried off her dress. The garments were quite unlike Lew-chewan in their style, and were of a ruddy and russet colour, which excited his surprise, so that he cautiously came back to see what change would come about. The woman, finishing her bath, cried out in great anger, "What thief has been here in broad day? Bring back my clothes quickly." She then perceived the farmer, and threw herself on the ground before him. He began to scold her, and asked her why she came and fouled his water; to which she replied that both the pine-tree and the well were made by the Creator for the use of all. The farmer entered into conversation with her, and pointed out that fate evidently intended her to be his wife, as he absolutely refused to give up her clothes, while without them she could not get away. The result was that they were married. She lived with him for ten years, and

[1] Dozon's 'Contes Albanais': "La Belle de la Terre."

bore him a son and a daughter. At the end of that time her fate was fulfilled: she ascended a tree during the absence of her husband [the narrator seems to have omitted to say that she had got possession again of her celestial garments], and having bidden her children farewell, glided off in a cloud and disappeared.[1]

The notion of Bird-Maidens is also prevalent in Japan. Thus in a lyrical drama, entitled "The Robe of Feathers," translated by Mr Basil Hall Chamberlain, in his 'Classical Poetry of the Japanese,' a fisherman discovers a feather-dress hanging from a tree, "on Miho's pine-clad shore," and resolves to take it home that it may be handed down as an heirloom. A fairy comes and claims it, saying that without it she "never more can go soaring through the realms of air, never more can she return to her celestial home." The fisherman consents to restore it on the condition that she dance before him. She obtains the feather-dress, promising to dance after she has put it on, which she does, to the great delight of the fisherman; and the chorus describes her departure:

> But ah, the hour, the hour of parting rings!
> Caught by the breeze, the fairy's magic wings

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[1] Dennys' 'Folk-Lore in China.'—Dr Dennys remarks that he has found no trace of any similar story in China proper, though one may exist, and "the reappearance of the Keltic legend in a group of islands in the China Sea [*i.e.*, the Lew-chew Islands] is a noteworthy phenomenon." The idea of the story may, however, have been derived from India, where, as we have seen, it is generally current.

Heavenward do bear her from the pine-clad shore,
Past Ukishâma's widely-stretching moor,
Past Akisdaka's heights, and where are spread
The eternal snows on Fusiyama's head ;
Higher and higher to the azure skies,
Till wandering vapour hides her from our eyes.

Stealing the clothes of *human* damsels while they are bathing is a very ancient stratagem, and was doubtless often practised in our own country in more primitive times. In the Indian work entitled 'Prem Ságar,' or Ocean of Love, by Lallú jí lal Kavi, we read that Sri Krishnú—who is represented as an incarnation of Vishnu—purloined the garments of a party of pretty cowherdesses, who were bathing in the river Argun, and carried them to the top of a *kunduna*-tree. When the damsels discovered their loss, they set up loud lamentations, and espying Krishnú in his hiding-place, earnestly begged him to restore their clothes, which he refused to do except upon the condition that they should come out of the water one by one and claim their garments.—A similar trick is recorded of the celebrated pre-Islamite Arabian poet-prince Imra-el-Kays, according to the note prefixed to Sir William Jones' translation of his famous 'Mu'allaka,' or prize-poem, so called because it had the honour of being suspended in the temple at Mecca.

SUBAQUEOUS FAIRY HALLS: FORBIDDEN ROOMS: CUPID AND PSYCHE LEGENDS.

THE dwellings of fairies, according to the folk-lore of most countries, are frequently splendid subaqueous halls or palaces, adorned with the most brilliant gems, and with couches of pure gold. "Mankind," it has been remarked, "have in all ages delighted to find their own image in all the parts of space. It is in consequence of this propensity that we find so frequently human beings, or divinities like men in form, represented as dwelling beneath the sea, or within the waters of rivers or fountains. In Homer the submarine cavern of Neptune at Ægæ is described in the 13th Iliad; and that in which Thetis and Eurynome concealed Vulcan, in the 18th. The only accounts given by the ancient poets of the descent of mortals into these aqueous abodes are, that of Hylas, of which the best account occurs in the 13th Idyllium of Theocritus, and that of Aristæus in the 4th book of the Georgics of Virgil."[1]

[1] Notes to Croker's 'Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland.'

It is a very common occurrence for the heroes of popular tales to plunge boldly into a lake or fountain, and lo! they are in fairyland. In Berni's 'Orlando Innamorato,' the renowned and dauntless hero throws himself into a lake, and "finds himself in another world" (which has happened, in a different sense, to others, before and since!), standing upon a dry meadow, with the lake overhead, through which shone the beams of our sun, the meadow being on all sides surrounded by a crystal wall. After slaying his foe, Orlando discovers a gate in the crystal wall, and, having passed through the dark labyrinth, comes at last to where the place is lighted by a large carbuncle, the lustre of which was equal to that of day. This discovered to his view a river little less than twenty yards broad, and beyond this he saw a field as thickly covered with precious stones (the "flowers" of the fairy mead) as the sky is full of stars.

According to Irish legendary lore, there is (or was) in the south of Ireland a lake in which many young men were drowned, and, strange to say, their bodies were never recovered. On dark nights its waters seemed like a flaming fire; horrid forms were seen to glide over it, and the air in its neighbourhood had then a sulphureous smell. In old times there dwelt, not far from this lake, a young farmer named Roderick Keating, who was about to be married to the prettiest girl in the whole district, who rejoiced in the name of Peggy Honan. It happened one day he had just returned from Limerick, where he had been to buy the

wedding-ring, and was standing on the border of the lake, chatting with some young fellows of his own age, who began to "chaff" him about Peggy Honan, saying that his rival Delaney had won her affections and "put his eye out." Keating, knowing better, took the wedding-ring out of his pocket and showed it to them; but while he was toying with it, the ring slipped from his fingers and fell into the lake! Keating was greatly concerned at this accident, not because of the pecuniary loss, for that was a trifle, but because it was ominous of ill-luck. He offered five pounds to any one who would dive into the lake and fetch up the ring, but all the youths declined the venture, when a half-crazy fellow called Paddeen agreed to dive after it—not being able to resist so great a bribe. So he pulls off his coat and down he plunges head-foremost into the lake. What depth he went nobody knows, but he went down, down, down through the water, until it parted from him and he came upon dry land; and the sky, the sunlight, and everything was there just as it is here; and he saw fine pleasure-grounds, with an elegant avenue through them, and a grand house, with many steps going up to the door. When he had recovered from his wonder at finding the land so dry and comfortable under the water, he looked about him, and what should he see but all the young men that were drowned, working away in the pleasure-grounds as if nothing had ever happened to them. Some of them were mowing down the grass, and more were setting out the gravel-walks, and doing all manner of

nice work as neat as if they had never been drowned. Well, when he had neared the door of the house, out walks a great fat woman, with teeth as big as horses' (!), and after mutual salutations, "What have you come here for?" asks this obese fairy. Quoth Paddeen, as bold as you please, "For Rory Keating's ring." "Here it is," says she, at the same time handing him the ring. "Will you please tell me," then says Paddeen, "am I to go back the same way as I came?" "Then," says the fairy, "you're not going to marry me?" "Wait till I come back again," says Paddeen, for he knew she had lost her power over him by parting with the ring; "I've got to get paid for bringing back this ring: but I'll be sure to come back and marry you." And here Paddeen began to edge away from the house, and at length he came to the water, and going up through it, he arrived safely at a rock on the borders of the lake.[1]

In the Persian romance which purports to recount the adventures of the celebrated Arab chief Hatim Taï, the self-denying hero, coming to a large city, finds the people all gathered round the mouth of a well. Inquiring the cause of their assemblage, he learns that the son of their chief magistrate had gone mad, and was in the habit of frequenting this well, and at length had thrown himself into it: "Three days have we looked for him here, but we have found no trace of him, and none of our people will venture into the

[1] Adapted from Croker's 'Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland.'

well." Hatim readily undertakes to go down into the well in quest of the lost youth, and the people agree to remain there until he returns. No sooner has he leaped down ten feet than he finds himself on firm ground, and, looking about, sees no well, but an extensive plain. Coming to a garden, the doors of which stand invitingly open, he enters, and discovers in its midst a magnificent palace (in fact, such as are only to be found beneath enchanted wells), and within he sees fairies reclining upon couches which would beggar description. Conspicuous amidst all this splendour are two thrones of burnished gold, on one of which sat the fairy queen, on the other a young man of noble aspect. After Hatim had partaken of refreshments, the youth informed him that he was one day seated at the mouth of the well, when the heart-ravishing queen of the fairies appeared, and, bewildered with her beauty, he lost his reason (he probably had not much to lose), and for days lingered near the well, in hopes of seeing her fairy majesty once more, and being disappointed he plunged in, and on opening his eyes found himself in this paradise. Hatim prevails upon the fairy queen to allow the youth to return with him to his parents, and to promise to visit him personally; and so he restores the infatuated youth to his sorrowing relatives.[1]

In the 7th Tale of the ancient Indian romance,

[1] It is a popular belief in Persia that near the city of Kashan there is a well of unfathomable depth, at the bottom of which are enchanted groves and gardens.

'Twenty-five Tales of a Demon' (Vetála Panchavinsati),[1] the hero falls into the sea, and, looking about him, finds he is in a grand city, with palaces of gold, supported on pillars of jewels, adorned with gardens, in which were tanks with steps composed entirely of precious gems.—One of the earliest extant fairy tales of subaqueous halls is, perhaps, that contained in the 6th Fable of the second chapter of the 'Hitopadesa' (Friendly Counsel). Professor Johnson has translated it as follows: "One day as I was in the pleasure-garden I heard from a voyaging merchant that on the fourteenth day of the month, in the midst of the sea which was near, beneath what had the appearance of a kalpa-tree, there was to be seen seated on a couch variegated with the lustre of strings of jewels, a certain damsel, as it were the goddess Lakshmí, bedecked with all kinds of ornaments, and playing on a lute. I therefore took the voyaging merchant, and, having embarked in a ship, went to the place specified. On reaching the spot, I saw her exactly as she had been described, and, allured by her exquisite beauty, I leaped after her into the sea. In an instant I reached a golden city, where, in a palace of gold, I saw her reclining on a couch, and waited on by youthful sylphs. When she perceived me at a distance she sent a female friend, who addressed me

[1] A Sanskrit work of very great antiquity, which is now incorporated with the 'Kathá Sarit Ságara,' and of which there exist versions in most of the vernacular languages of India—Bengalí, Hindí, Tamil, Mahratta, etc.

courteously. On my inquiry, her friend said, 'That is Ratna-Manjari, the daughter of Kandarpa Keli, king of the Vidyaharas. She has made a vow to this effect: "Whosoever shall come and see the city of gold with his own eyes, shall marry me."' Accordingly I married her by that form of marriage called Gandharva,[1] after the conclusion of which I remained there a long while delighted with her. One day she said to me in private, 'My beloved husband, all these things may be freely enjoyed; but that picture of the fairy Swarna-rekhá must never be touched.' Some time afterwards, my curiosity being excited, I touched Swarna-rekhá with my hand. For doing so I was spurned by her, although only a picture, with her foot beautiful as the lotus, and found myself alighted in my own country."

This last is not only curious as being one of the oldest specimens of fairy tales, but it is closely allied to stories of forbidden rooms, the entrance into which is immediately followed by severe punishment. The "Blue Chamber" in our nursery tale of the terrible Bluebeard (which came to us from the French—from Perrault's story of "La Barbe Bleue") will readily occur to the reader, first and foremost, among his reminiscences of forbidden rooms.[2] And numerous other

[1] In which the parties exchange flowers.

[2] "The treasure-house of Ixion, which none may enter without being either destroyed, like Hesioneus, or betrayed by marks of gold or blood, reappears," says Cox, "in a vast number of popular stories, and is the foundation of the story of Bluebeard."—'Mythology of the Aryan Nations,' vol. ii. p. 36.

instances might be cited from the fairy tales of Europe, especially those written in France during the seventeenth century, and afterwards translated into our own and other European languages. In No. 41 of Campbell's 'Popular Tales of the West Highlands' (vol. i. pp. 265-275) we have not only a "Bluebeard's Chamber," but also a curious example of "grateful animals": Three daughters of a poor man enter a forbidden room, which is full of dead gentlewomen, and get themselves stained knee-deep with blood; two of the sisters refuse to give the cat a little milk, and have their heads cut off; but the third makes friends with poor puss, who licks off the blood, and so she escapes detection.

In Eastern fictions, however, the forbidden chamber does not generally contain anything horrifying to the person whose curiosity has been unable to resist the injunction. A story in the romance of the 'King and his Seven Vazírs' has *two* forbidden rooms. A young man, having wasted his patrimony, enters the employment of ten old men who live together in a fine palace, until one after another dies, and the tenth, feeling his end near, calls the youth to his couch, and, bequeathing him the palace with all its wealth, warns him on no account to open a certain door, since if he did so he would repent it all his life. As usual, the young man's curiosity is not to be restrained. He opens the door, and finds himself in a long, dark passage, which leads him to the sea-shore, where a huge eagle, darting down, seizes him, and flying up

high into the air, finally descends with him upon a desolate island. He is rescued by a passing vessel, and reaches a country, the queen of which offers him marriage, which he gladly accepts. The queen informs him that all her treasures are now at his disposal; but he must "avoid yonder door; if thou dost open it, thou wilt repent when it is too late." The new king lived happily with his lovely bride for some time, until, "tempted by the Evil One," he opens the fatal door, finds himself in a dark passage as before, and the same eagle which had borne him away from the palace of the old men sweeps down and carries him back to the spot where he had been first taken up. The rest of his life was spent in vain regrets. As the author says, "he never smiled again."

Perhaps among forbidden rooms in Eastern stories that which figures in the Arabian tale of the Third Royal Mendicant (or Calender, as in our common translation) is most familiar to the general reader. "We deliver to thee," said the fairies, when they were about to leave him for a season, "the keys of the palace, which are a hundred in number, belonging to a hundred closets. Open each of these, and amuse thyself, and eat and drink and refresh thyself, except the closet that hath a door of red gold; for if thou open this, the consequence will be a separation between us and thee." After having opened all the other doors, and admired the rare splendour within each of the rooms, he had not patience to abstain from opening the forbidden closet; so he opened the door,

and when he entered he found the place illuminated by golden lamps, and by candles, which diffused the odours of musk and ambergris. He saw there a black horse, saddled and bridled, and wondering at the sight, led him out and mounted him, and having struck him, "the horse uttered a sound like thunder, and expanding a pair of wings, soared with me to an immense height through the air, and then alighted upon the roof of another palace, where he threw me from his back, and by a violent blow with his tail upon my face, struck out my eye and left me."

These incidents were evidently imitated from the story of Saktideva, in the 'Kathá Sarit Ságara,' in which the hero's fairy bride, having to separate from him for a period, gives him strict charge never to ascend the middle terrace of the palace. Impelled by curiosity, however, he enters, sees much to marvel at, and, going out to the lake, a horse with a jewelled saddle: trying to mount it, he was struck with its heel, and flung into the lake. Rising up, to his astonishment he finds himself standing in the middle of a garden-lake of his own city of Vardhamana. And in the same work (story of Nágasvámin and the Witches), a Yakshiní, who had married the hero, commands him not to visit the middle block of buildings of her palace after she has gone away; but he does so, and there saw a horse, and going up to him, the horse kicked him, and immediately he finds himself in a temple of Siva.

Mr Ralston, in his 'Russian Folk-Tales,' has pointed

out that in a modern Greek story (Hahn's collection, vol. ii. p. 197) the hero discovers in the 41st room of a castle belonging to a Drakos, who had given him leave to enter 40 of them, a magic horse, and before the door of the room a pool of gold, in which he becomes gilded. In another story (same collection), the 40th is the forbidden room, in which is a lake, and swan-maidens bathing therein. In a third story, the 40th room contains a golden horse, and a golden dog, which assist the bold liberator. And in a fourth story, he finds a fair maiden, shining like the sun, whom the demon-proprietor had hung up within by the hair.

In an Italian tale (from Pisa), cited by Mr H. C. Coote in 'The Folk-Lore Record,' vol. i. pp. 196, 197, a woodman receives from a lady in the forest an inexhaustible purse, on his consenting to give her one of his daughters for a companion. The eldest girl being sent, the lady takes her away to a magnificent palace. "See," said she, "thou art mistress here; I go away in the morning, and return in the evening. These are the keys of the whole palace; I only forbid thee to enter this room," and she showed a closed door. The girl's curiosity impels her to enter the forbidden room, where she sees the lady in a bath, and two damsels reading to her. She shuts the door again directly, but when the lady comes home she calls to her, saying, "Thou hast disobeyed. Let me hear what thou hast seen." The girl, being quite confounded, then related what she had seen, upon which the lady, without saying another

word, took her, cut off her head, fastened it to a beam by the hair, and buried the body. The lady then gets the woodman's second daughter to come, on the pretext of her being a companion to the other, and the same happens to her. But the third, though she also entered the fatal room, stoutly denied having seen anything. And when the lady saw that the girl was so obstinate, she made her put on again her peasant's clothes, and sent her into the forest to go about her business.[1]

Forbidden rooms occur frequently in the Norse tales; for example: In the story of the Widow's Son (Dasent's collection), the hero takes service with a man, who, on going away for eight days, warns him not to enter one of four rooms which he indicates to him;—if he did so, the man would take his life when he came back. But the youth, after his master has been gone a few days, goes into the first room, where he sees nothing but a bramble-bush rod on a shelf. When the man comes home, he soon discovers that the room had been entered, and gave the youth only a sound thrashing, as he pled hard for his life. Again the man goes away, and cautions him as before; but the youth could not resist the curiosity he felt to examine the second room, in which he finds a big stone and a pitcher of water on a shelf. On the return of his master, he found that the second room had been

[1] This story seems imperfect; at least it is a very peculiar member of the "Forbidden Room" cycle of folk-tales.—In a Japanese story, the hero receives a casket which would give him everything he wished for, and even conferred on him immortal youth, so long as it remained unopened.

entered, and once more gave the hero a severe beating. He goes off a third time, and the lad looks into the third room, where he sees a trap-door in the floor, and on lifting it there was a great copper cauldron that bubbled and boiled away down below, but he could see no fire under it. He dips his finger into the broth, and when he drew it out, behold, it was gilded all over. He scraped and scrubbed it, but the gilding would not go off, so he tied a rag round it: but when his master came back, he saw the rag on his finger, and tearing it off, at once saw where he had been. This time he gave our hero such a thrashing that he had to keep his bed three days, after which his master rubbed him over with some ointment, and he was as sound and fresh as ever. Once more the man goes away, and the hero entered the fourth room, where he saw a great black horse, tied up in a stall by himself, with a manger full of red-hot coals at his head and a truss of hay at his tail; so he changed them about, and put the hay at the horse's head. Then the horse told him that for this kindness he would enable him to escape; for should his master (who was a troll) come back and find him there, he would surely kill him. So, acting on the advice of the horse, the hero got into the cauldron in the third room, and came out feeling very strong; then taking from the other rooms the stone, the pitcher of water, and the bramble-bush rod, he got on the back of the horse and galloped off. The troll returns, and instantly pursues him, but the rod, stone, and water, thrown successively behind,

raise a thicket, a mountain, and a great lake, and so the hero makes good his escape.[1]

Possibly some readers may be disposed to consider such wild tales as distorted traditions of the Fall of Man; others may see in them only dreams induced by hashish, or some other narcotic which forms the Paradise of Fools!

The beautiful story of Cupid and Psyche, which forms an episode of the 'Golden Ass' of Apuleius, and which has been so charmingly rendered into English verse by Mrs Tighe, has a near affinity with stories of forbidden rooms. Cupid consents to pass the nights with Psyche, on the condition that she does not attempt to see him; and for some time the lovers are happy in their reciprocal affection, until Psyche's two sisters, whom she acquaints of her happiness, at the same time of her never having seen her lover, urge her to break the condition, declaring their belief that her lover is a serpent. Psyche one night took a lamp to look at Cupid, and, in her agitation on beholding his beauty, allowed a drop of oil to fall upon him, which awoke him, and immediately Cupid and the palace disappeared, and Psyche found herself in the wilderness, where she was before her union with her lover.—Dunlop ('History of Fiction,' chap. iii.) has the jocular re-

[1] The reader will find this cycle of folk-tales ably treated in a paper by Mr E. Sidney Hartland, entitled "The Forbidden Chamber," in 'The Folk-Lore Journal,' vol. iii. pp. 193-242.

mark that Psyche ought to have had sufficient reason to know that her lover was not a serpent; but it seems to me that the suspicion, real or affected, of her sisters points to the Eastern origin of the story. In many Indian stories we read of a serpent-deity who, assuming the human form, took a mortal maiden for his wife, and disappeared each morning before daybreak; and sometimes the maiden, learning the nature of her lover, destroyed his serpent-skin while he slept, thus compelling him to continue in his human shape. On the other hand, European as well as Asiatic folk-lore abounds in stories of maidens being wedded to serpents and frogs, which the nuptial couch miraculously changed into handsome princes — they having been doomed to remain in such loathsome forms until espoused by beautiful damsels. Our nursery tale of Beauty and the Beast, and the German tale (in Grimm's collection) of the Frog Prince, are familiar instances.[1]

The first part of the Norse tale, "East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon," comprises exact parallels to these incidents in the Cupid and Psyche legend: A girl is married to a White Bear, who takes her to a grand palace, and when she has retired to rest she finds a man beside her;—"that was the White Bear, who threw off his beast-shape at night; but she never saw him, for he always came after the light was put out,

[1] Another instance is found in Crane's 'Italian Popular Tales,' "Zelinda and the Monster": by her consenting to marry him, he becomes a very handsome youth.

and before the day dawned he was up and off again." After some time thus spent, the girl asks the White Bear's leave to visit her parents, which he grants, but warns her not to have any private conversation with her mother. But she could not resist her mother's importunity, and told her, one day, how a man slept beside her every night, but she had never seen him, for he always got up and went away before daylight. Her mother advises her to take a small piece of candle with her to bed, and light it while he was asleep; but she was to take care not to drop the tallow on him. The girl returns on the back of the White Bear, and in answer to his inquiries, stoutly denies having had any private conference with her mother. At night, when the man is fast asleep beside her, she lights the candle, and lets the light shine upon him—" and so she saw he was the loveliest prince one ever set eyes on, and she fell so deep in love with him on the spot, that she thought she should die if she didn't give him a kiss there and then. And so she did; but as she kissed him, she dropped three drops of hot tallow on his shirt, and he woke up." He then tells her that she has thus undone them both, for had she held out only that one year he had been freed—his step-mother having bewitched him, so that he was a White Bear by day and a man by night. " Next morning, when she woke up, both prince and castle were gone; and

[1] This incident reappears in the Danish story of "Prince Hatt under the Hill," in Thorpe's 'Yule-Tide Stories' (Bohn's ed., p. 23), and in No. 281 of Pitrè's collection of Sicilian tales.

there she lay on a little green patch in the midst of the gloomy thick wood, and by her side lay the same bundle of rags she had brought with her from her father's home."[1]

This charming legend—the most delightful, perhaps, of all fairy tales, not even excepting that of Cinderella—is known all over the world, and is certainly very ancient. The following is a Sicilian version preserved to the present day by oral tradition: A man and his youngest daughter, gathering wild herbs, came to a garden, where the girl saw a fine radish and began to pull it up, when suddenly a Turk appeared and said, "Why have you opened my master's door? You must come in now, and he will decide on your punishment." They went down into the ground, more dead than alive, and when they were seated they saw a green bird come in and bathe in a pan of milk, then dry itself and become a handsome youth. He said to the Turk, "What do these persons want?" "Your worship, they pulled up a radish and opened the door of the cave." "How did we know," said the father, "that this was your Excellency's house? My daughter saw a fine radish, it pleased her, and she pulled it up." "Well, if that's the case," said the master, "your daughter shall stay here as my wife—take this sack of gold and go: when you want to see your daughter, come and make yourself at home." The father took leave of his

[1] Dasent's 'Popular Tales from the Norse.' Second edition, pp. 27, 30, 31.

daughter and went away. When the master was alone with her, he said, "You see, Rosella, you are now mistress here," and gave her all the keys. She was perfectly happy. One day, while the green bird was away, her (two) sisters took it into their heads to visit her, and asked her about her husband. Rosella said she did not know, for he had made her promise not to try to find out who he was. Her sisters, however, persuaded her, and when the bird returned and became a man, Rosella put on a downcast air. "What is the matter?" asked her husband. "Nothing." "You had better tell me." She let him question her a while, and at last said, "Well, then, if you want to know why I am out of sorts, it is because I wish to know your name." Her husband told her that it would be the worse for her, but she insisted on knowing his name. So he made her put the gold basin on a chair, and began to bathe his feet. "Rosella, do you really want to know my name?" "Yes." And the water came up to his waist, for he had become a bird and had got into the basin. Then he asked her the same question again and again, and again she answered yes, and the water was up to his mouth. "Rosella, do you really want to know my name?" "Yes! Yes! Yes!" "Then know that I am called THE KING OF LOVE!" And saying this, he disappeared, and the basin and the palace disappeared likewise, and Rosella found herself alone out in an open plain, without a soul to help her.[1]

[1] Crane's 'Italian Popular Tales,' p. 1ff.

A variant of this Sicilian form of the legend, current in Chili—brought thither, in all likelihood, from Spain—is to the following effect: One day an old man went to a forest to cut firewood to sell in the city. Chopping a very thick tree, he heard groaning inside; and suddenly a hideous black man appeared and threatened him with death. The poor old man humbly asked pardon, having offended unwittingly. Well, the black man will spare his life, on condition that he give him his beautiful daughter in marriage; and in the meantime he may split open the tree, and take out of it as much gold as he wished for the use of his wife and family. The old man loads his donkey with gold; and as he is about to return home, the black man tells him that eight days hence he will come to his house at night, and be married to his daughter in the dark. This takes place at the time appointed, and the damsel lived very happily, though her husband left her all alone every morning. He came each night, she met him in the dark, and just before daybreak he was off again. An old woman, a neighbour, asked her one day what sort of a man her husband was. She said she did not know, for she had never seen him. "Child," quoth the crone, "how knowest thou but thy husband may be a dog, or even Satan? It is needful thou shouldst see him. Take this match, and fear nothing. When thy husband is asleep, rub the match against the wall, and thou wilt see who he is." The damsel, when midnight came, struck the match, and looking at her husband, saw that he was

so handsome that she became wonderstruck. She forgot all about the match, and a spark fell upon his face. So he woke up, and blowing out the match, "Ungrateful wretch," said he, "thou hast broken thy word. Thou must know that I am a prince under a spell, and little was lacking for me to be freed from my enchantment; but now thou must wear out shoes of iron before thou shalt see Prince Jalma, thy husband, again; and my own pains will be still greater than thine." The damsel gets iron shoes made, and after long and weary travel discovers her husband, when the spell is broken, as in other versions.[1]

We find another parallel to the story of Cupid and Psyche in the old French romance of 'Parténopex de Blois': The fairy Meliora grants the hero her love on the condition that he does not attempt to discover her person until two years are expired, when they should be married. The mother of Parténopex, suspecting that he is under the spell of a wicked enchantress,

[1] "Chilian Popular Tales," by Thomas H. Moore, in 'Folk-Lore Journal,' vol. iii. pp. 293-299.—The second part of the Danish story of "Prince Wolf" is to the same purpose: After the heroine has been married for some time to her mysterious husband, she visits her parents, and her mother persuades her to take a little knife and stick it into the edge of the bedstead: when he gets in, he will give himself a slight scratch with the knife, and if he scream, he must be a troll, but if he only moans, he is a real man. The girl does this, and her husband moans, at which she is pleased; but next day the Wolf is lame in his right hind-leg. On her second visit home, her mother gives her a tinder-box and taper. She lights the taper, and beholding the loveliest prince, embraces him, at which he awakes, then springs from the bed and limps out into the woods.

gives him a magic lamp, by means of which he might behold his mysterious lady-love. Returning to the fairy palace, he enters the chamber of Meliora with the lamp in his hand, and while he is gazing with rapture on her beauteous form, she awakes and upbraids him for his perfidy, the consequence of which, she informs him, must be their immediate separation. The hero, however, is ultimately reunited to his fairy bride.

It seems to have been an article of very general belief (says Rose) that when a superior being received a mortal into favour, a test of obedience was required, in the resistance of some species of temptation; that the temptation was not usually resisted, and that the penalty of such disobedience was temporary, or, what was more rare, eternal banishment. Thus in the old French romance of 'Mélusine' the fairy Pressine becomes enamoured of a king of Albany (probably Scotland), and espouses him, on the condition of his never attempting to see her *pendant sa gésine*. She bears him three daughters at a birth—the first named Mélusine, the second Melior, and the third Palatine. The king, forgetful of his compact, enters her apartment during the period of her accouchement, and the fairy, after reproaching him with his breach of promise, quits him for ever, and retires with her daughters into the isle of Avalon.[1]

In the 'Lay of Sir Gruélan,' the hero sees a beauti-

[1] Notes to W. Stewart Rose's rendering of 'Parténopex de Blois.'

ful fairy bathing, who declares her love for him, and after passing some time in amatory converse—

> Lo! westward rolled, the sun, with slanting beam,
> Streaked the green mead and stained the glassy stream,
> Then the fond fairy bade the knight depart,
> Nor fear lest absence change her constant heart;
> Still veiled by secret law from human eyes,
> Clear to his sight alone her form should rise;
> Still loyal kind, while steadfast wisdom held
> His conscious lips inviolably sealed.[1]

And in the 'Lay of Lanval,' the hero is thus addressed by his fairy bride:

> "Whene'er thou call, thy joyful eyes shall see
> This form, invisible to all but thee.
> One thing I warn thee, let the blessing rest
> An unrevealèd treasure in thy breast:
> If here thou fail, that hour my favours end,
> Nor wilt thou ever more behold thy friend."[2]

Asiatic fiction furnishes yet another instance in the Persian story of King Ruzvanshad and the fairy Princess Sheristání. The fairy (or rather the queen of the Jinn, or Genii) marries the hero, on the condition that should she do anything in his presence that displeased him, he is not to blame or reproach her for it: if he do so, the consequence must be their separation. The princess, in due course, gives birth to a child, which (for good and prudent reasons, as afterwards appears) she casts into the fire, in the presence of her husband,

[1] Le Grand's 'Fabliaux,' ed. 1781, tome i. p. 132; Way's translation, ed. 1815, vol. ii. pp. 87, 88.

[2] Le Grand, iv. pp. 95, 96; Way, ii. p. 57.

who utters a cry of horror, upon which she vanishes, but finally returns and is reunited to her husband.

Bryant, in his learned 'Analysis of Ancient Mythology,' offers the following interpretation of the esoteric signification of the Cupid and Psyche myth: "The most pleasing emblem among the Egyptians was exhibited under the character of Psyche. This was, originally, no other than the Aurelia, or Butterfly; but in after-years was represented as a lovely female child, with the beautiful wings of that insect. The Aurelia, after its first stage as an *eruca*, or worm, lies for a season in a manner dead, and is enclosed in a sort of coffin. In this state of darkness it remains all the winter; but at the return of spring it bursts its bonds, and comes out with new life, and in the most beautiful attire. The Egyptians thought this a very proper picture of the soul of man, and of the immortality to which it aspired. But they made it more particularly an emblem of Osiris, who, having been confined in an ark or coffin, and in a state of death, at last quitted his prison and enjoyed a renewal of life. This circumstance of the second birth is continually described under the character of Psyche; and as the whole was owing to divine love, of which Eros was an emblem, we find this person often introduced as a concomitant of Psyche. They are generally described as accidentally meeting and enjoying a pleasing intercourse, which is attended with embraces and salutes, and every mark of reconciliation and favour."

FAIRY HINDS: MAGIC BARKS.

AS the dryads and other mundane semi-deities were amongst the ancients an intermediate race between men and gods, so the fays, or fairies, of European romance, and the perís and yakshas of Arabian, Persian, and Indian fictions, were a kind of link between men and spirits. They were of two classes: those who, like the *nymphæ sorores*, possessed such amiable qualities as beauty of person, sweetness and gentleness of disposition, fondness for solitudes — sequestered spots, adorned with verdure, and flowers, and fountains, glassy lakes, or silent-flowing streams— and more especially for their *penchant* for mankind and the tenderness of their attachments to the sons of men; of the other class were those who seduced and held captive their lovers, such as the fairy Morgiana, and the female ghúls and the rákshasis of Asiatic romance, who assumed the forms of beautiful damsels to lure their victims to destruction.

A common device of a fairy enamoured of a bold and handsome knight was either to transform herself

into a beautiful hind, or cause one to appear by her magic power, which he pursued eagerly, until in some "shady grove" it disappeared, when she discovered herself to the astonished chevalier. Thus, in the 'Lay of Sir Gruélan,' the brave Breton knight is riding along in melancholy mood one day,—

> When lo, all unawares, a spotless hind,
> More white than snow, the comeliest of her kind,
> Sprang up beneath his feet, then fled before,
> Yet seemed to pace with pain as wounded sore.
> Her timorous semblance and her limping flight
> Roused from his mournful muse the errant knight;
> Grief to a hunter's ardour now gave place,
> Fair was the game, and easy seemed the chase:
> She still with faltering steps appeared to toil,
> Just far enough before to feed the hopes of spoil,
> Till many a fruitless turn and circuit past,
> Into a flowery mead they came at last;
> And there she stopped; and there awhile she stood
> By the green margent of a crystal flood.
> Within that flood did bathe a dame so bright,
> So prime in youth, of skin so dainty white,
> That my poor wit, too feeble all, doth fail
> With her sweet image to adorn my tale.
> Rich was her raiment, all her robe was gold,
> A neighbouring tree the costly charge did hold;
> And, seated on the bank, two damsels sheen,
> The ready handmaids of her will, were seen.[1]

Here, surely, was a scene sufficient to dispel Sir Gruélan's "mournful muse"! In the romance of 'Parténopex de Blois,' the hero is led to the palace of the fairy Meliora by pursuing a magic boar which

[1] Le Grand's 'Fabliaux,' ed. 1781, tome i. pp. 130, 131; Way's translation, ed. 1815, vol. ii. pp. 84-86.

she had caused to appear before him—even as Circe (in Ovid) decoyed Picus into her power. In the romance of 'Claris and Laris,' the two knights are led to the palace of the fairy Morgiana by two beautiful kids which skipped before them, seeming to invite them to follow their track through a luxuriant grove.

In the Irish 'Lay of the Chase' (Laoidh na Sealga), Fingal, with two of his dogs, is alone engaged in pursuit of a beautiful doe, which leads him from Almhaim, in the province of Leinster, to Slieve Guillin, or the mountain of Guillin, part of which is in Ulster and part in Armagh. Here he loses sight of the quarry, but in its lieu discovers a beautiful damsel, weeping, by the side of the lake, who proves to be an enchantress.[1]

We have in this last an exact parallel to a story in the Persian romance 'Sindibád Náma,' in which a young prince pursues a wild ass, leaving his attendants far behind, until it disappears as if the earth had swallowed it up, when he beheld near him "a charming lady, beautiful as a perí, her stature straight as a box-tree," and so forth—but she proves to be a female ghúl, who sought thus to get him into her power. And in the Persian Tales of the Dervish Mukhlis, the daughter of the king of the genii, Sheristání, decoys the hero in the shape of a hind,—and they are married. (See *ante*, p. 213.)

According to Jewish legends, the arch-fiend some-

[1] See the original and a poetical English translation in Miss Brooke's 'Reliques of Irish Poetry.'

times adopts the same stratagem. The talmudists gravely relate that King David went out one morning to hunt, when Satan appeared before him in the form of a deer. David drew his bow, but missed him, and the deer ran off at the top of his speed. The king, with true sportsman's instinct, pursued the deer unwittingly into the land of the Philistines—whither it was Satan's design to lead him, in order that he should fall into the hands of Ishbi, the brother of Goliath, whose ignominious death Ishbi eagerly desired to avenge. But David is rescued by Abishai, one of his counsellors, who had learned of his mishap from a dove, and mounting upon the king's own horse (which he should not have ventured to do in any other circumstances), he was in a few minutes beside him, and the furious Philistine was baulked of his revenge.

But why multiply instances? The notion seems to be as universal as it is certainly very ancient.

Not least among the wonders in the land of faëry—where all is wonderful—are the gorgeously decked barks employed to convey the beloved knight to the palace of enchantments: to the bowers of exquisite bliss, where

> The swift-winged hours unnoticed fly;

golden galleys which have need of no "hands" to trim the sails and steer, for they are moved by magic power. It was one of these "craft" that the brave Sir Gugemer discovered, according to the Lai of Marie de France:

A gallant bark, that with its silken sails,
Just bellying, caught the gently rising gales,
And from its ebon sides shot dazzling sheen
Of silvery rays, with mingled gold between.

. . . . . .

Now, by a strange resistless impulse driven,
The knight assays the lot by Fortune given:
Lo, now he climbs, with fairy power to aid,
The bark's steep side, on silken cordage stayed,
Gains the smooth deck, and wonders to behold
A couch of cypress spread with cloth of gold;
While from above, with many a taper bright,
Two golden globes sent forth their branching light.
And longer had he gazed, but sleep profound,
Wrought by the friendly fairy, wrapt him round;
Stretched on the couch the hunter lies supine,
And the swift bark shoots lightly o'er the brine.[1]

And in 'Parténopex de Blois':

'Twas eve; when from afar was heard the roar
Of hollow billows bursting on the shore;
And from those wilds, forth issuing on the strand,
He viewed a bark fast anchored by the land.
Gay was the hull, and seemly to behold;
The flag was sendal, purfled o'er with gold.
Scarce might he climb the deck, with toil foredone;
But in the shallop living wight was none.
While long and sore he mused, a gentle gale
Blew, rustling from the shore, and swelled the sail.
Self-steered, o'er sparkling waves the vessel flew,
The shore, receding, lessened from his view.[2]

The fiction of these enchanted vessels (Rose remarks, in the notes to his free rendering of 'Parténopex'), to-

[1] Le Grand, tome iv. pp. 112, 113; Way's translation, vol. ii. pp. 104, 105.

[2] W. Stewart Rose's translation, canto i. p. 7: Le Grand, tome v. p. 256, "Parténopex, Comte de Blois: Roman de Fêrie."

gether with many other parts of romantic machinery, is to be found both in Grecian and in Celtic fable. In the 8th book of the Odyssey, Alcinous says to Ulysses (according to Pope):

> So shalt thou instant reach the realm assigned
> In wondrous ships, self-moved, instinct with mind;
> No helm secures their course, no pilot guides;
> Like men intelligent they plough the tides,
> Conscious of every coast, and every bay,
> That lies beneath the sun's all-seeing ray.

Macpherson has furnished an extract from an old Gaelic tale having a similar foundation; in which Sgeir, an ancient Druid, is wafted to a distant island in a self-moving boat, without any one else on board.

One should suppose that Coleridge had forgot such wondrous vessels, when he compared his lost youth to the (then) new-fangled steamboats:

> Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
> On winding lakes and rivers wide,
> That ask no aid of sail or oar,
> That fear no spite of wind or tide!
> Nought cared this body for wind or weather,
> When Youth and I lived in't together.

It would appear that no expense was spared in decorating royal galleys in mediæval times, if we may credit the following description of that which the messengers of Henry II. meet at sea, in the romance of 'Richard Cœur de Lyon':

> Such ne sawe they never none;
> For it was so gay begone.

Every nayle with gold y-grave;
Of pure gold was his sclave;
Her mast was of yvery;
Of samite her sayle wytly;
Her ropes all of whyte silke,
As whyte as ever was ony mylke.
The noble shyp was, wythout,
With clothes of gold spred about;
And her loft and her wyndlace
Al of gold depaynted was.

With this gaily-decked galley we may, finally, compare the faëry bark which conveyed the youth to the Land of Women (in the Arabian romance of the 'Seven Vazírs,' to which reference is made in the preceding paper): the youth having been carried through the air by a monstrous eagle and left on a small island, he remained a while motionless with terror; but recovering, began to wander about the island. "Suddenly a sail arose to his view on the waters, resembling a fleeting cloud in the heavens. He gazed, and the sail approached, till it reached the beach of the island, when he beheld a boat formed of ivory, ebony, and sandal-wood, the oars of which were made of aloes-wood of Comorin, the sails were of white silk, and it was navigated by beautiful maidens, shining like moons. One of the ladies approached him with a parcel wrapped in rich damask, in which was a royal dress most superbly embroidered, and a crown of gold set with diamonds and pearls; and she assisted him to dress. The ladies then conducted him to the boat, which he found spread with elegant carpets and

cushions of brocade. They hoisted the sails, and rowed with their oars, till they reached the land," where he was wedded to the Queen of the Land of Women, and might have been still living happily there—who knows?—but for his "fatal curiosity."

THE THANKFUL BEASTS: SECRETS LEARNED FROM BIRDS.

IT is remarked by Lord Bacon, that "as the active world is inferior to the rational soul, so fiction gives to mankind what history denies, and in some measure satisfies the mind with shadows when it cannot enjoy the substance. And as real history gives us not the success of things according to the deserts of vice and virtue, fiction corrects it, and presents us with the fates and fortunes of persons rewarded and punished according to merit." In this, indeed, consists the chief charm of fiction, especially of those fairy tales which are the never-failing delight of wondering childhood, and not unfrequently the recreation of the sage, in which the good are ultimately extricated from their troubles and trials, and "live happily ever afterwards." A prominent characteristic of such tales is the befriending of animals, who subsequently evince their gratitude by rendering their benefactor signal services.

The story of Androcles and the Lion must be "familiar to every schoolboy," as well as to every one who

has been a schoolboy. But perhaps the oldest and most widespread of stories of this kind is that of the traveller who rescued a man and several animals from a pit into which they had fallen; the man afterwards showing the basest ingratitude to his benefactor, while the animals are the means of his attaining wealth and honour. This story occurs in the 5th book of Gower's 'Confessio Amantis,' and the substance of his version is as follows:

Once on a time there was a great lord of Rome, whose name was Adrian, and while eagerly engaged in the chase he fell into a pit, where he lay helpless, until near night, when a poor faggot-maker, named Bardus, came past, leading his ass laden with sticks. Hearing a voice from the pit, Bardus drew near, and when the lord Adrian saw him, he cried, "Help me, I am the lord Adrian; and I will give thee the half of my wealth, by heaven and all the gods." Then Bardus untrussed his ass, and let down the rope wherewith his faggots were fastened together; but it chanced that an ape had also fallen into the pit, and when the end of the cord reached the bottom he seized it, and Bardus drew him up and he ran away. Seeing that it was an ape and not a man, he was sore afraid, for he thought it was witchcraft; but when the lord Adrian again cried for help, he once more let down the cord, and when he drew it up, a great serpent unwound itself and glided off. So Bardus, believing the voice "all phantom," called out, "What wight art thou, in God's name?" Quoth Adrian, "I am the same of

whose goods thou shalt have half." Bardus now tried a third time, and pulled up Adrian, who did not even thank him, and was turning toward the city, when the simple faggot-maker "asked his covenant"; to which Adrian replied, that if he upbraided him of aught, he should be so revenged that it were better he was dead. So Bardus went home with his ass, and told his wife of this strange adventure, but he durst not say a word to lord Adrian. Next day he went with his ass to gather sticks, and coming near the pit he saw the ape, who had gathered faggots for him all ready to his hand; and this went on from day to day, until, "upon a time," he saw the serpent, who greeted him with reverence, and gave him "a stone more bright than cristall out of his mouth." Bardus took it up, astonished "that a beast should be so grateful, but a man's son not." Having shown the stone to his wife, they agree to sell it. The jeweller to whom he offered it gave him gold in payment, and home he went with joy. To his surprise, he finds the stone as well as the gold in his purse; shows them to his wife, saying he is sure that the jeweller had the stone; but he will go on the morrow to another place and sell it, and if it won't dwell with any buyer, but creep into his purse, he dare safely swear there is virtue in the stone. So he goes to another place and sells it for more gold; but when he gets home there is the stone, along with the gold, again in his purse, and this happened wherever he went to sell it; and the matter getting bruited in Rome, the emperor Justinian sends for him. Bardus

tells his story, and of Adrian's false promise. The emperor will redress this matter; he sends for Adrian, who is compelled to give Bardus half of his goods:

> And thus of thilke unkinde blood
> Stant the memoire unto this day,
> Where that every wise man may
> Ensamplar him and take in minde,
> What shame it is to ben unkinde,
> Ayein [*i.e.*, against] the which reson debateth
> And every créature it hateth.

Under the year 1195, in the Chronicle of Matthew Paris—a monk of the Abbey of St Albans, who died in 1259 — the story is related as a parable which Richard Cœur de Lion was wont to repeat after his return from the Crusades; in this version the animals are a lion and a serpent. In a later work, the 'Gesta Romanorum,' we find the same story—it is the 119th of Swan's translation—in which the animals are a lion, a monkey, and a serpent, and the man is a proud seneschal, while the man who rescues them is a faggot-maker named Guido. The story is not so well told in this version, I think, as in Gower. The seneschal having promised a rich reward to Guido if he drew him out of the pit, the wood-cutter sets off to the city and gets a long cord, with which he draws up successively the lion, the monkey, the serpent, and the seneschal, and—wonderful to say, or read—also the horse of the seneschal. Next day Guido goes to the palace for his promised reward, but receives, instead of money, a severe flogging for his presumption, which nearly

deprives him of life. After a long and painful illness, he resumes his labours in the forest, where he meets ten asses laden with packs, and a lion driving them before him—the same that he had rescued. The lion, by gestures, signifies to Guido that they are meant for his acceptance; but being scrupulous about the matter, Guido causes the ten asses with their packs to be cried in church, and no one claiming them, he at length feels justified in appropriating them to his own use, and on opening the packs he found them all full of money. One should suppose that after this Guido had no cause to pursue his occupation; but we find him in the woods again, where, having forgot his axe, the monkey furnishes him with an ample load of faggots, and the serpent gives him a stone of three colours.[1] And here again the story becomes obscure: by means of this stone he obtains much wealth—but how so, we may guess from what follows, as well as from Gower's well-told tale. The emperor hears of this wonderful stone, and, wishing to see it, sends for Guido. When the emperor has inspected the jewel, he insists upon buying it, and Guido informs him that if the price is not paid, the stone will come back to him. So the emperor gives him 300 florins for it. Guido then tells the whole story, the seneschal is straightway crucified, and Guido installed in his place.

[1] In one of the two texts of the 'Gesta' edited by Herrtage, for the Early English Text Society, Guido learns from a "stoner" (jeweller) that it possesses three virtues: bestowing evermore joy without heaviness; abundance without fail; and light without darkness.

If King Richard of the Lion's Heart was wont to relate this "parable," he probably learned it in the East, where it had been current some four centuries or more before his time. It is found in the 'Panchatantra,' 'Kalíla wa Dimna,'[1] and other texts of the celebrated collection of apologues and tales known generally throughout Europe as the Fables of Bidpaï, or Pilpay. In the later Syriac text (tenth or eleventh century) of 'Kalíla wa Dimna'—of which a translation, with a most valuable introductory account of the several versions of this wonderful work, by the Hon. Keith Falconer, has been recently published by the Cambridge University Press—it runs somewhat thus:

A pit having been dug in which to catch wild animals, it so chanced that a goldsmith fell into it, and afterwards a tiger, an ape, and a snake in like manner fell in. A traveller passing by saw them, and saying to himself that it would be a meritorious action to save these unfortunates, especially the man, he threw down a rope, which the ape at once laid hold of and was drawn up. Twice again did he let down the rope and rescued the tiger and the snake. The animals began to thank the traveller, and said to him, "Do not draw up the man out of this pit, for nothing in the world is worse than he." But he drew up the man also. Then the animals, having again expressed their gratitude, went away, and the gold-

[1] A Greek translation of the Arabic 'Kalíla wa Dimna' was made by a Jew named Symeon the son of Seth, in A.D. 1080, through which the story, perhaps, first became known in Europe.

smith, after informing the traveller where he lived, and promising to requite his kindness, also departed. After some time it happened that the traveller was again passing the same place, when the ape met him, and presented him with choice fruits. He next met the tiger, who saluted him, saying, "Wait a little while, and I will contrive to repay what I owe you." So he went to the king's daughter, and killed her, and taking her trinkets brought them to the traveller, and said to him, "Take these trinkets, wherewith to supply your needs." But the traveller knew not whence he had brought them; so he proceeded to the goldsmith's house, and showing him the jewels, desired him to sell them, saying he should have part of the money for his trouble. But the ungrateful goldsmith, who at once recognised the trinkets as belonging to the king's daughter, took them to the palace, and being admitted to the king's presence, he said to him, "The man who killed your daughter and took these trinkets from her is staying at my house." The king commanded the traveller to be seized, scourged through the city, and afterwards crucified; and the snake he had rescued from the pit, seeing him hanging upon a cross, had pity on him, and, in order to effect his deliverance, stung the king's son. Then the king assembled all his magicians and enchanters, but they could not cure the prince. But it was revealed to the prince in a dream that if the traveller who was crucified did not come and put his hand on his wound he would not recover, for the man had been unjustly condemned.

So the king, on hearing this, ordered the traveller to be taken from the cross and brought before him, when he asked him to give an account of his circumstances, and relate what had brought him to that city. The traveller told his story from beginning to end, upon which the king said to him, "Grant recovery to my son from the bite of a snake, that the truth of all that you have told me may be confirmed." So the traveller, inwardly prayed to Heaven, and immediately the prince was cured. Then the king honoured the traveller, and gave him much wealth, but the ungrateful and false goldsmith he caused to be put to death.

Such is the later Syriac version, which differs from most of the other Eastern texts, in which the traveller is cast into a deep dungeon, where he is visited by the snake, who intimates to him that he intends to bite the king's son (or daughter), and then bring him a talisman (or herb) which would cure the wound, in order that when the king offers a great reward for his son's cure, the traveller should undertake and effect it, and thus obtain his liberty and many rich presents.[1]

A Páli variant, translated from the 'Rasaváhiní Jambudípa' story, in 'The Orientalist' for November 1884, may be cited, for purposes of comparison, in the following abridged form:

[1] This is the form of the Siamese version given in Adolf Bastian's collection, and of a Tamil version, entitled "The Soothsayer's Son," in 'Folk-Lore of Southern India,' by Pandit Natésa Sástrí, now in course of publication at Bombay.

During a period of great drought a parrot descends into a pit in a forest, and, becoming heavy by drinking much water, is unable to rise. A snake and a man successively fall also into the pit. A man from Benáres draws all three out with a long creeper resembling a rope. The parrot informs his rescuer that he lives in the banyan-tree at the southern gate of Benáres, and should he at any time be in distress, to call "Parrot!" The snake tells the traveller that he lives in the ant-hill near the same banyan-tree. The man who had been rescued says he lives at such a house in Benáres, and desires his rescuer to come to him when in any difficulty. Some time after this the traveller is in sore want, and goes to the parrot. The king is bathing in a tank in a garden outside the city, and the parrot snatches up the jewels he had taken off, and conveys them to his benefactor, who deposits them with the man whom he had drawn out of the pit. The king causes proclamation to be made of the lost jewels. The man reports to the royal officers that the stolen jewels were in his house, and his unlucky benefactor is immediately seized and led off to be impaled. On the way to the place of execution he calls the snake to mind, upon which the snake changes to human form, and appears before the officers, saying, "Do not kill this man at present." Then in snake-shape he bites the queen. Again assuming human form, he says to the royal officers, "The man condemned to die knows antidotes for poison;" and to the man, "When summoned, free the queen from

poison by dashing on her a quantity of water." The queen is cured accordingly, and the man then tells the king the whole affair. He is richly rewarded, and the king builds him a grand palace between the banyan-tree and the ant-hill, and he enjoyed the friendship of the parrot and the snake the rest of his life.

Benfey pronounces the story Buddhist in origin, since it is found in the 'Rasaváhiní,' as above, and in another Buddhist work, 'Karmasataka'; but it does not appear that he knew of its form in the 'Kathá Sarit Ságara' (Book x. ch. 65), where a devotee rescues from a well a woman, a lion, a golden-crested bird, and a snake. Some time after, the devotee, being exhausted with hunger, is fed by the grateful lion with deer's flesh. And being again in sore want of food, the golden-crested bird brought him a casket of jewels. The devotee, while wandering about to sell the jewels, came to the city where the woman he had rescued was living, and having secretly deposited the jewels in the house of an old woman, he went to market, and on his way met with the woman he had saved from the well, and they fell into conversation. She told him that she was now one of the queen's attendants, and asked him about his own adventures. So the confiding man acquainted her of the jewels he had received from the golden-crested bird, and, taking her to the house of the old woman, showed her them. Now it happened that the bird had stolen this casket of jewels before the queen's eyes, and the woman went at once to the queen and told her that they were in

the possession of the devotee. Then the king, on hearing this, caused the devotee to be cast into prison, whither the grateful snake came and said to him that he would coil about the king's neck and not let him go until told to do so by the devotee. The snake having coiled round the king's neck, and this being told to the devotee, he offered to deliver him from the snake. The devotee was then sent for, and saying to the snake, "Let the king go at once," the snake let the king go, and the king gave the devotee half his kingdom, and thus he became prosperous in a moment.[1]

The story, moreover, occurs in a much older Buddhist work than either of those above mentioned, namely, the 'Játakas,' or Birth-Stories, where it is told in this wise:

King Bráhmadatta of Benáres had a son, named Prince Evil, of a cruel and vindictive nature. Bathing in the Ganges, he caused his slaves to carry him into the middle of the stream, where they kept him under the water, intending to drown him, and then went to

[1] Under the title of "Father Bruin in a Corner," in Dasent's 'Tales from the Fjeld,' we have a corrupted Norse version of this widespread story: A man digs a pit for wild beasts, and fastens near it a live young dog as a bait; in the course of the night a fox, a wolf, and a bear fall into the pit, and early in the morning an old woman coming past looks down and begins to jeer at the beasts thus entrapped, when she suddenly herself tumbles into the pit; by-and-by the man comes, and after drawing up the old woman, kills the three beasts from whose depredations he had suffered. It is significant that even in this garbled version it is a woman that falls into the pit, as in the 'Kathá Sarit Ságara.'

the land. They told the king that they thought he had come to land before them. The prince, carried away by the stream, got on the trunk of a tree; a snake (formerly a rich landowner, who had buried in the shore of the river forty *kotis* of money), a rat (formerly a person of great wealth, who had buried thirty *kotis*), and a young parrot, successively also got on the trunk, because of the floods. In the middle of the night, the Bodisat [1] (reborn in the family of an Udicca Bráhman), a recluse, hears the bitter wailing of the prince, and, diving into the water, drags the log to the shore. He takes the prince, the snake, the rat, and the parrot to his hermitage, and restores them to strength. After some days the river floods begin to subside, and the hermit's guests take their leave of him. The snake offers him the forty *kotis* which he had concealed in a former birth; the rat offers the thirty *kotis* he had likewise hidden; and the parrot offers to furnish him—assisted by his relatives—with several cartloads of red rice. The king's son says to himself, "When he comes to see me, I'll murder him," but to the Bodisat, "When I become king, you must pay me a visit, and I will take care of you." Not long after this the prince became king, and the Bodisat thought to himself, "I'll make trial of these creatures." So he called out "Snake!" when the snake appeared before him, and renewed his offer of the forty *kotis* of gold; then to the rat, who again offered the thirty

[1] The potential Buddha—*i.e.*, Gótama in one of his 550 births before attaining Buddhahood.

kotis; and then to the parrot, who offered to supply him with any quantity of red rice. "Be it so," said he, "if I should have need." The Bodisat next goes to Benáres, takes up his abode in the royal gardens, and sees the perfidious prince go past on a richly caparisoned state elephant with a great retinue. The king, recognising his benefactor, at once gives orders to have him impaled. Accordingly the Bodisat is taken outside the city, where, before being impaled, he is severely bastinadoed, and at each blow he spoke this *gáthá:*

> Full truly this the wise declare,
> Indeed they do not err,
> Far better is a floating log
> Than a false ungrateful man.

On being questioned by the king's myrmidons whether he had ever done a service to the king, he tells them the whole story. Then the people, disgusted with the king's cruelty and ingratitude, put him to death, and place the Bodisat on the throne. But the Bodisat did not forget the three grateful animals whom he had rescued from the river: the snake and the rat give him the wealth which they had avariciously concealed in former births, and he deposited it in the royal treasury; the parrot again offered to furnish rice, and the Bodisat replied, "When I have need of it, I will accept of your kind offer." Then he caused a golden tube to be made for the snake's abode, a crystal cave for the rat, and a golden cage for the parrot. And so these four individuals lived together in peace and

harmony as long as life lasted, and at their death passed away to be rewarded according to their deeds.[1]

Innumerable instances of the gratitude of befriended animals occur in the folk-tales of almost every country. Thus, in Steel and Temple's 'Wide-Awake Stories,' from the Panjáb and Kashmír, the son of a soldier, in quest of fortune, takes a thorn out of a tiger's foot, and is rewarded with a box which contains a manikin ("Sir Bumble"), who procures for him all he desires—food, sweetmeats, and even a beauteous princess for his bride. In the German tale of "The Fox's Brush," the hero's perilous adventures are brought to a successful issue through the aid of a fox, at which his two brothers (who preceded him) had shot, but he had humanely refrained.[2] And in the Norse story of "The Giant who had no Heart in his Body," a raven, a salmon, and a wolf, having been treated kindly by the young hero, enable him to encounter and slay the giant.

In Mr Mitford's 'Tales of Old Japan' little Peachling sets out for the Ogres' island, taking with him for his food some millet dumplings. On the way he meets first an ape, next a pheasant, and lastly a dog, to each

[1] See the "Saccankira Játaka," No. 73, translated by Rev. Dr R. Morris, 'Folk-Lore Journal' (1885), vol. iii. pp. 348-353.

[2] The Norse story of the "Golden Bird," in Dasent's 'Tales from the Fjeld,' is almost identical with "The Fox's Brush" in Grimm's collection; and a Servian variant is found in No. 19 of Leger's 'Contes Populaires Slaves.'

of which, at their request, he gives one of his dumplings, and they follow him to Ogres' island, where, by their assistance, he enters the castle, puts the ogres to flight, and obtains all their vast treasures. But the hero of an Arabian tale, "The Prince of Sind and Fátima, daughter of Amir bin Naomán," received still more extraordinary aid from the creatures he had befriended. The young prince enters a desert, which is covered with an enormous flight of locusts, which had fallen from want of food. Pitying their distress, he orders meal to be strewed on the ground, and when the locusts had refreshed themselves they flew away. Some days afterwards he enters a thick forest, crowded with herds of wild animals of every description; but they did not attempt to attack him, although they were in a starving condition. He ordered some of his cattle to be killed and distributed to them for food. Presently he meets with an old man, of whom he inquires the way to the country of Amir bin Naomán, and learns that this prince has resolved that no one shall marry his daughter unless he can perform three tasks, which are so difficult as to surpass the ingenuity and power of man. When the prince demands the hand of Amir's daughter, he is led into a court where there is an immense vessel filled with three kinds of grain mixed together, which he is required to separate from each other, and put into different heaps before sunrise. This task is performed by the locusts which he had fed in the desert. His next task is to drain off before sunrise a large reservoir of water, which is done by the

wild beasts he had fed in the forest, who came at night and drank up all the water. The third task is to construct, with materials provided by the king, a palace larger than that which he occupies. This is done by his friends the genii of the iron mountains, through which the prince had to pass on his way, whom he had sumptuously entertained; and the princess is accordingly won.

These incidents are of very frequent occurrence in the fairy tales of Europe. In the Danish story of Svend's Exploits, the king will not allow the hero to marry his daughter until he has separated seven barrels of wheat and seven barrels of rye which are lying in one heap, and this task is done for him by the ants, because he had once fed them.—In No. 12 of Dozon's Albanian Tales, the hero has a similar task done for him, also by grateful ants.

In No. 25 of Leger's collection of Slav Tales, the younger of two brothers sets out to seek his fortune, and comes upon a multitude of ants in a meadow, and shares his bread with them; farther on he sees a fish gasping on a river's bank, and throws it back into the water. Coming to a city, he learns from an innkeeper that the king's daughter is dangerously ill, and that whoever should restore her to health should marry her. The hero cures her with some wonderful water which his father had given him. But the princess refuses to marry him before he accomplishes certain tasks, one of which is to separate two sacks of poppy-seeds and

two sacks of ashes which were mixed together: this is done by the thankful ants he had fed. Another task is to procure for her the most precious pearl from the bottom of the sea, which is given him by the fish he threw back into the river.

And in the Sicilian story of the beautiful Cardia, the hero has three tasks to perform in order to win his lady-love. First, he has to eat a cellarful of beans, which the ravens do for him; next, he has to dispose of a great number of corpses, which his friends the wild beasts quickly accomplish in their own way; lastly, he is enabled to stuff many mattresses with feathers by the help of the subjects of the king of the birds.

In the 'Kathá Sarit Ságara' a rákshasa first orders the hero to sow a great quantity of sesame-seed, which the demon's daughter performs for her lover by magic power; and when the demon finds it done, he bids him take up all the seed again, as a further task before he will give him his daughter, and she calls up an innumerable tribe of ants and makes them gather the sesame-seed together.

In the Tamil romance entitled 'Madana Kámarája Kadai' the hero of one of the stories, called Jagatalapratápa, wanders over mountains, and through forests and thickets, in search of his lost celestial wives. He spied a broad river before him, in which several ants were struggling for their lives. The ant-king also was among the sufferers, and he now called out to the hero and said, "Traveller, whoever you may be, if you re-

lieve me from my danger, I shall relieve you also when you are in difficulty, whenever you think of me." These words excited the king's pity, so he entered the river and extricated all the ants. Then the ant-king thanked him and took his leave. Going a little farther, he found a frog dying in the midst of burning sand. He was the king of the frogs. And he called to the hero, begging him to take him into water, and promising to help him in return should he ever be in any strait. So he took the frog-king up and placed him in the nearest pond. At length he discovers his celestial wives bathing in a tank, and after he had upbraided them for deserting him, they take him up into Indra's paradise, to plead his case before the deity. Indra sets him certain tasks, which if he execute, his wives should be restored to him. Having caused his servants to reduce to the finest dust a tract of land, to scatter in it ten *kalams* of sesamum, and to plough it well a hundred times, he ordered the hero to heap up these ten *kalams* of seed without omitting a single grain, if he really deserved his daughters. The ant-king sets all his subjects to this task, which they accomplish perfectly. Then Indra throws his ring into a well inhabited by serpents, and the frog-king recovers it by compelling his subjects to jump into the well and become food for the serpents. Finally, the king is rewarded with the daughters of Indra in marriage.[1]

[1] 'The Dravidian Nights' Entertainments: being a translation of Madanakámarájankadai.' By Pandit S. M. Natésa Sástrí. Madras: 1886. Pp. 109, 115-117.

Sometimes the animals give the hero or heroine assistance out of mere goodwill, as in the case of Psyche, in the 'Golden Ass' of Apuleius: Venus takes wheat, barley, millet, poppy, vetches, lentils, and beans, and, mixing them all together, says to the unhappy bride of Cupid, "Separate this promiscuous mass of seeds, and having properly put each grain in its place, and so sorted the whole, give me a proof of your expedition by finishing the task before evening;" and a colony of ants, pitying her distress, speedily execute the otherwise impossible task.

M. Dozon, in a mythographical analysis of the story of Psyche, appended to his collection of Albanian Tales, pointing out that such tasks are common to both Eastern and Western folk-tales, remarks that they go back to the labours of Hercules or Bellerophon.

Cutting off a piece of one's own flesh and giving it to an animal to save the life of its intended victim, is always rewarded by the grateful creature thus rescued, and sometimes also by the other. In one of the Persian Tales of a Parrot, a younger son of a king saves a frog from a snake, and then gives the latter, in lieu of the prey of which he had been deprived, a piece of flesh from his own arm. The snake then assumed the form of a man, as did also the frog, and the prince by their help obtains a place of honour at the court of a foreign king, and marries his daughter.—The incident of a man supplying a snake or other animal with flesh from his own body is very common in Indian fiction, the snake,

etc., being inferior deities, as in the foregoing story. In the 'Kathá Sarit Ságara' we read of a prince, in the course of his adventures, meeting with a rákshasa, and "not being able to obtain other flesh to give the demon to eat, he cut off with his sword some of his own flesh, and gave it to him." For this singular act of generosity the demon renders the prince great services. In the Persian romance of 'Hatim Taï,' the magnanimous hero, while journeying through a vast desert, discovers a wolf in pursuit of a milch-doe: he calls to the wolf to desist, and the wolf at once stood still—knowing that he who called was Hatim, since no one else could be so compassionate to rational and irrational creatures. The wolf, having thus allowed the doe to escape, then demands of Hatim something to eat. Hatim cuts a slice of flesh from his own thigh, and gives it to the wolf, who, in reward of his kindness, furnishes him with the information he requires to successfully accomplish the object of his journey.

Beasts and birds are often thus communicative, and occasionally their "secrets," which are of very great value, are overheard. Thus in the story of Vikrám Mahárájá (Miss Frere's 'Old Deccan Days; or, Indian Fairy Legends,' a delightful little work), a cobra had crept into the throat of the rájá, and could not be dislodged. His bride overhears the cobras talking, one of which tells the others that if certain nuts are pounded and mixed with cocoa-nut oil, set on fire, and burned beneath the rájá, the cobra would be

instantly killed and drop to the ground. Moreover, if the same were done at the mouth of his hole, he, too, would be killed, and then they might find the treasure he guards. Needless to add that the rájá is cured and the treasure found. In like manner, Panch-Phul Rání (in the same work) learns from the conversation of two jackals the means to adopt for resuscitating her husband. And in the Danish tale of Svend's Exploits we read: "Just as he was going to sleep, twelve crows came flying and perched on the elder-trees over Svend's head. They began to converse together, and one told another what had happened to him that day. When they were about to fly away, one crow said, 'I am so hungry, where shall I get something to eat?' 'We shall have food enough to-morrow, when father has killed Svend,' answered the crow's brother. 'Dost thou think that such a miserable fellow dares fight with our father?' said another. 'Yes, it is probable enough that he will, but it will not profit him much, as our father cannot be overcome but with the Man of the Mount's sword, and that hangs in the mound, within seven locked doors, before each of which are two fierce dogs that never sleep.' Svend thus learned that he should only be sacrificing his strength and life in attempting a contest with the dragon, before he had become master of the Man of the Mount's sword;" which he obtained by means of a finger-stall that rendered him invisible, and with that resistless blade slew the monstrous dragon.—In a modern Greek version of the Cupid and Psyche legend, the King of

the Birds (an enchanted prince) is cut in the feet with broken glass, by a device of the heroine's sisters, when he immediately disappears. The heroine sets off in quest of him. In the course of her wanderings she hears some snakes talking together about what had befallen their king. They say that the remedy for his hurts would be obtained by killing one of them and taking out his fat; and some birds say the same of themselves. She kills one of the snakes and one of the birds, takes the fat out of them, and applying it to the prince's feet, he is cured.

In the conclusion of Pandit Natésa Sástrí's 'Dravidian Nights,'[1] the prince and his clever companion, the son of the king's prime minister (who is the hero of this entertaining Tamil romance), are returning to their own country with their newly-acquired wives. They encamp for the night under a banyan-tree, and all are asleep excepting the ever-watchful minister's son, who hears a pair of owls conversing, and listens attentively to what they are saying one to the other—for he was well acquainted with the language of birds. Said the male bird, "My dear, the prince who is encamped under our tree is to die shortly by the falling on him of a big branch which is about to break." "And if he should escape this calamity?" quoth the female. "He will die to-morrow, then," replied the other, "in a river, in the bed of which he is to pitch his tent: the river will be dry at the time, but when midnight comes

[1] See note, p. 240.

a heavy flood will rush down and carry him away." "And should he escape this second calamity also?" said the female. "Then," answered her mate, "he will surely die by the hands of his wife when he reaches his own city." "And should he escape this third calamity also?" "My dear love," said the male bird, "he cannot escape it. But if he does, he will reign as a king of kings for hundreds of years;" adding, that any one who happened to know this secret and revealed it, his head should burst instantly into a thousand pieces. The three calamities and the curse on the person who should reveal them struck the minister's son with dismay. But he had no time to lose. So he rose up, and, going into the prince's tent, removed him, still sleeping, with his couch to a spot far from the tree. No sooner had this been done than the branch of the tree broke with a crash that aroused all the army as well as the prince, who exclaimed, "Surely I was sleeping in the very tent which that branch has crushed! How was I removed hither?" The minister's son simply said in reply, "I heard the noise of the breaking branch, and removed you out of danger."

At daybreak they resumed their journey, and near nightfall they reached the bank of a river-bed. All preferred to encamp on the embankment, excepting the prince, who insisted on having his tent pitched in the dry bed of the river. It was a fine moonlight night, and when all but the minister's son were fast asleep in their tents on the river's bank, he heard the roaring of waters in the distance, so he at once re-

moved the prince with his couch to a place of safety. Down came the rushing flood with irresistible force. The noise awoke the prince, who, again wondering at his escape, thus addressed his friend, "Surely I was sleeping in the river-bed which is now deeply sunk in water! How is it that I am now here without injury?" The minister's son merely said that he had been wakeful, and hearing the sound of the coming flood, had removed him to the bank. The prince warmly expressed his gratitude to him for having repeatedly saved his life and watched over his safety.

When they reached their own city, the minister's son obtained a lodging for the prince and himself, with their wives, until other arrangements could be made. The minister's son, suspecting that the prince's wife did not love her husband, and purposed doing away with him, concealed himself at nights under the prince's bed. Now this lady had for her paramour a cripple fellow, who lived at some distance from her lodging, which was connected with his place of abode by an underground passage, by which she visited the cripple. Returning to her lodging one night, she went direct to the prince's chamber and cut her sleeping husband's throat. The minister's son, springing from his hiding-place—too late, however, to save his master—laid hands on the murderess, who, with wonderful presence of mind, at once called out that he had killed her lord. But when the king came, and the minister's son asked him whether, if he had wished to kill his friend, he did not have oppor-

tunities enough while they travelled together, the king was convinced of his innocence. The prince's body was laid on the funeral pyre, but the minister's son secretly removed it, and put in its place a quantity of bones, and taking the body home, deposited it in a large box. Meanwhile his own wife, who was as virtuous as the wife of the prince was vicious, went to the temple of Kálí to accomplish a vow she had made of sacrificing her right hand to the goddess, should her husband be acquitted of the charge of murdering the prince, and the minister's son, suspecting her movements, had followed her into the temple unseen. She was about to sever her right hand when the goddess stopped her, and said she was pleased with her devotion to her husband; and instead of requiring the sacrifice of her hand, she would confer on her right arm the power of raising the dead to life.[1] When the lady had regained her lodging, she found her husband (who had got home before her) apparently asleep, and shaking him, asked what presents he had brought her. He gave her his keys, bidding her open the large box and take out what she found there. The lady, having opened the box, thrust her right hand inside, upon which, to her

[1] The power of resuscitating any dead creature is often ascribed to heroes of Hindú and Persian fictions—sometimes, as in the present case, conferred by a deity, but more frequently, perhaps, it is acquired by magical skill. This notion, as well as that of the power of making old persons young again, is one that seems to have captivated untutored minds in all ages, and examples of its prevalence in both European and Asiatic legends will be found in subsequent papers and notes.

amazement, the prince rose up, alive and well, but marvelling how he got into such a place. The prince's wife is put to death, before which, however, the minister's son was induced by the king and his courtiers to relate all the circumstances, which he had no sooner done than his head burst into a thousand pieces. All present exclaimed, "The great man of the world is gone for ever! We were fools in forcing him to relate the story!" But the wife of the minister's son joined the pieces together, and laying her right hand on his head, behold! like one awaking from sleep, he rose up to life.

THE GOOD MAN AND THE BAD MAN.

WE find a remarkable example of benefits derived from overhearing the secret confabulations of birds in a story in the Brothers Grimm's 'Kinder und Haus Märchen"—a story, moreover, which, with variations, is known from Norway to India, and of which the following is an abstract:

A poor soldier, who had been robbed and beaten by his comrades so severely as to be deprived of sight, and bound to the foot of a gallows, overhears the conversation of three crows perched high on a tree. The first crow observed to his companions that the princess was ill, and the king had vowed to marry her to whoever should perfectly cure her, which may be done by burning a blue flower and giving her the ashes to swallow. The second crow said that to-night such a dew would fall, that even a blind man, if he washed his eyes with it, would see. The third crow remarked that there was a great dearth of water in the city; but if they would take away the large square stone by the fountain in the market-place, and dig under-

neath it, the finest water would spring up. The soldier bathes his eyes in the dew, and his sight is at once restored. He then plucks the blue flower, and having burned it, takes the ashes, and proceeds to the king's court, and cures the princess. The king, however, refuses to give him his daughter unless he can find enough water for the use of the town. This he is able to do, and then obtains the hand of the princess. One day he meets the two wicked comrades who had robbed him, told them of his good luck and how it came about, forgave them the injuries they had done him, and took them to his palace and gave them food and clothes. But they resolved to go at night to the gallows-foot, in hopes of also hearing of something to their advantage. So off they went and sat under the tree, where they heard the crows saying to each other, "Some one must have heard us; for the princess is well; the flower is plucked and burned; a blind man has found his sight; and they have found the spring that gives water to the whole town." So they looked about them to see whether any one was eavesdropping, and discovering the two men below, they flew at them and pecked out their eyes.

A Norse version, entitled "True and Untrue," though similar in outline, differs somewhat in the details. Two brothers set out in quest of their fortunes. Untrue eats of the provisions in his brother's scrip until there is none left, then refuses his brother any share of his own store, flies into a rage, and plucks out his eyes.

Poor blind True climbs up a tree till the night is over, for fear of the wild beasts. "When the birds begin to sing," said he to himself, "I shall know that it is day, and I can then try to grope my way farther on." Presently he heard some one approach the foot of the tree, and soon after some others; and when they began to greet each other, True found that it was Bruin the bear, Greylegs the wolf, Slyboots the fox, and Longears the hare. From their conversation he learns how the king of England may be cured of his blindness, his daughter cured of dumbness, how to find a spring of water in the palace-yard, and how to make the royal orchard fruitful. True first restores his own sight with the dew of the lime-tree, round which the quartette of sagacious animals had held their meeting, and then performs the other things and marries the princess. A beggar-lad comes into the hall during the wedding feast—it is the rascal Untrue: his brother recognises him, and after hospitably entertaining him, advises him to go to the lime-tree, where he also may learn some valuable secret. Untrue goes thither accordingly; the bear, the wolf, the fox, and the hare presently meet under the tree: he pricks up his ears to listen, but has the mortification to hear the bear say that since their conversation had evidently been overheard at their last meeting, they had better hold their tongues in future, and so they bade each other good night—"O most lame and impotent conclusion!"

In a Portuguese variant, a poor but very pious

donkey-driver, after having given up to his irreligious comrade his donkey and merchandise, in token of his reliance upon Providence, takes shelter for the night in a cave, where he overhears some demons talking of a well which had been sunk in the neighbourhood, but without obtaining water, and how the owner had offered a purseful of silver money to any one who should cause it to flow into the well, and of the means by which this might be accomplished; also of the illness of the king's daughter, and how to effect her cure: but instead of marrying the princess after he has cured her, the donkey-driver contents himself with half of the king's revenue. His comrade is afterwards killed by the demons.

The Kabaïl of Northern Africa relate the story thus: Two men, one good, the other wicked, set out together on a journey. The good man shares his own food with his companion till it is all consumed, and the wicked man refuses to give him any portion of his store unless he part with one of his eyes, and afterwards with the other; and he then abandons the blinded man to his fate. The poor fellow is directed by a bird to take a leaf from an adjacent tree and apply it to his eyes, which he does, and his sight is at once restored. Arriving at a great city, he learns that the king of the country is blind, and after he has cured the afflicted monarch, he is rewarded with his daughter's hand in marriage.[1]

[1] 'Contes Populaires de la Kabylie du Djurdjura.' Recueillis et

The story is found in a somewhat garbled form in the Kirghis tales contained in Radloff's great collection of South-Siberian Folk-Tales ('Proben der Volks-litteratur der türkischen Stämme Süd-Siberiens,' vol. iii. p. 344):

A good man and a bad man were travelling together, and the good man's food came to an end. Appealing to his companion for advice, he was recommended to cut off his ears and eat them, which he did. When they were consumed, he again appealed to his comrade, who persuaded him to have his eyes taken out, on which he lived for two days. Then his bad companion deserted him, leaving him alone in a dense forest. As he sat there, he heard a tiger, a fox, and a wolf holding converse together, and learnt that two neighbouring trees had the power of giving ears to the earless and eyes to the blind; that the bones of a certain rich man's black dog could bring back the dead to life; and that a hill not far off contained a mass of gold as large as a horse's head. Before long he had obtained from the trees new eyes and ears, and from the hill the mass of gold, with which he bought the rich man's dog. By means of its bones he restored to life a khán, who gratefully bestowed upon his reviver his daughter

traduits par J. Rivière. Paris: 1882.—Qabá'il, or Kabá'il—incorrectly written in Europe *Kabyle* and *Kabylie*—is an Arabic word meaning *tribes*, the plural of *Qabíla*, a tribe. In all Muslim countries there are, quite distinct from townsmen, wandering tribes that move from pasture to pasture according to the season of the year, and those in Algiers are called Kabá'il, or tribesmen.—The stories collected by M. Rivière only exist orally among the Kabá'il, and thus possess a special value for the student of comparative folk-lore.

and half of his cattle. So he became rich and prosperous. One day his former companion came to see him, found out the secrets of his recovery and prosperity, and said, "O my good one, take me to the dark dense forest and leave me there! Perchance to me, as well as to thee, may it be given to become a man of mark. Thy two eyes did I take from thee, both thine ears did I take,[1] and I left thee in the forest: there didst thou become a right fortunate man. Now, then, do thou also put out my two eyes, cut off both my ears, and take me to the forest where I left thee, and leave me there." So the good man did as he was requested, and the earless, eyeless, bad man remained in the forest alone. But when "the fox, the wolf, and the tiger, all three together, examined the interior of the forest, there, at a certain spot, they found the bad man, and they all three ate him up. 'From good comes good, and from evil comes evil,' said they all three, and ate him up."[2]

[1] From this it is evident that the good man's eating his ears and eyes (in the first part of the story) is a corruption of the usual incident—namely, his parting with his eyes to the bad man in exchange for some food.

[2] "Notes on Folk-Tales," by Mr W. R. S. Ralston, in 'The Folk-Lore Record,' vol. i. pp. 90, 91. Mr Ralston remarks that this story is very popular in Russia, Afanasief giving in his collection no fewer than seven different versions, in the introduction to one of which (vol. i. p. 10) considerable modern additions have been made. Two fellow-travellers dispute as to whether it is better to live honestly or dishonestly, and refer the question to a peasant, a merchant, and a lawyer whom they successively meet on their way, and who express themselves in favour of dishonesty, but the traveller who upholds honesty is still of the same opinion. After a time, in order to get a morsel of food, he is obliged to allow his antagonist to blind him. In

In the Arabian tale of "Abou Neeut and Abou Neeuteen, or the Well-intentioned and the Double-minded,"[1] one of the additional tales translated by Jonathan Scott, in volume vi. of his edition of the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments,' we have a different version from any of those above cited: The two friends travel together, and, coming to a well, Abou Neeuteen lets the other down for water, and, leaving him there, decamps with all his property. In the well are two Afreets[2] conversing together. One of them says that he has possessed the beautiful princess of Mosúl, and no one can drive him away, save by sprinkling an infusion of wormwood under her feet on a Friday during divine service in the great mosque. The other says that he has been equally fortunate, being in possession of such a hidden treasure of gold and jewels under a mound at Mosúl as cannot be computed, the talisman of which cannot be opened to any one unless by killing on the mound a white cock and pouring over it the blood. Having said this, they took their flight from the well. At daybreak Abou Neeut was delivered from the well by the arrival of a caravan, some of the followers of which went down to

his distress he prays to God: "O Lord, desert me not, thy sinful servant!" Then a voice is heard from heaven telling him what to do in order to recover his eyesight. After this the story proceeds in the usual way.—Ibid., p. 91.

[1] Dr J. W. Redhouse suggests for Abou Neeut and Abou Neeuteen: Abú Niyyet, father (or possessor) of a single resolution; Abú Niyyeteyn, father (or possessor) of two resolutions.

[2] Afreets (properly, 'Ifríts) are powerful evil genii (*jinn*), generally inhabiting wells and ruinous buildings.

fill the water-skins. Acting upon the information he had gained from the conversation of the Afreets, he dispossesses the princess, and obtaining the great treasure of gold and jewels from the mound where it was concealed, he is made prime minister, and marries the princess. After some time Abou Neeuteen comes to the city in woful plight; his old friend takes him to the palace, clothes and feeds him, and informs him of his good fortune. The envious fellow determines to try his luck also in the well; but no sooner is he down in it than the two Afreets, saying to each other that some person has fathomed their secrets, proceed to fill up the well which had been the cause of all their disasters, and hurling huge stones upon the head of Abou Neeuteen, crushed him to death.

This Arabian version is evidently of Indian origin, since it corresponds in all details with a Bengalí story, which Mr C. H. Damant has translated in the 'Indian Antiquary,' 1875, under the title of "The Two Bhúts."[1] A prince and a kótwal's son travel in company, and the latter lets his friend down into a well and abandons him. The prince hears two bhúts conversing, one about having possessed the king's daughter, and how she may be cured; the other, of his hoarded gold, and how it may be taken from him. The rest of the story is precisely the same as that of Abou Neeut and his treacherous comrade.

[1] Bhúts are malignant spirits, haunting cemeteries, lurking in trees and wells, animating carcases, and deluding or devouring human beings.

The Persian poet Hátifi (*ob.* A.D. 1520) relates the story, with additional incidents, in his romance of 'The Seven Faces' (*Heft Menzer*), which recounts the exploits of King Bahrám Ghúr, and how he built his Seven Pavilions, and placed in each "a beauty of the world":

Two youths left their native country to seek their fortunes; one was called Khayr (Good), the other Shár (Evil). After they had travelled together for some time, the provisions of Khayr were exhausted, and his companion, who had carefully hoarded his store of food and water, refused to give him any—not even a draught of water. Khayr offered him two precious gems which he had in his purse, but the wicked fellow would consent to give him to drink only on condition that he would part with his eyesight. Tormented at length by excessive thirst, Khayr bartered his eyes for a draught of water; but no sooner had Shár blinded him than he cruelly despoiled him of his clothes and other property, and left him, without so much as a drop of water, to mourn his misfortunes. It happened that near to the place where Khayr lay with his mangled eyes streaming blood a wealthy shepherd had taken up his station, and his daughter, passing by with a pitcher of water which she had drawn for the use of the family, heard his moans, and, discovering his wretched condition, first gave him some water to drink, and then tenderly bound up his eyes and led him to her father's dwelling. When the shepherd came home in the evening, and saw the poor youth

whom his daughter had succoured, and learned that he had been deprived of his eyesight, he said that he knew of a certain tree, the leaves of which, made into a plaster, could restore his sight, and added that among the other wonderful qualities of this tree was that of curing the most inveterate epilepsy. The leaves were brought by the shepherd and applied by his beautiful daughter to the young man's eyes, and in a short time his sight was restored. After this, Khayr, beloved by all the household, and especially by the maiden, for some months assists in keeping the flocks, till at length he thought it proper to depart for his native place. When he intimated this intention to the shepherd and his family, they were all in consternation, and the old man made him an offer of his daughter in marriage, which he gratefully accepted, and they were wedded. Having resided for a year or two in the desert, Khayr visited the tree by the leaves of which his wonderful cure had been effected; and of each kind of leaves he took a quantity. About this time it was reported that the king's daughter was afflicted with severe epilepsy, for the cure of which all medicines had failed. Physicians from various countries had in vain exerted their skill; no remedy could be found. The king had made a condition that any person who succeeded in relieving the princess from the distressing malady should receive her in marriage, and ultimately succeed to the throne; but that whoever failed, after having seen his daughter's beauty, should inevitably lose his life. The heads of a thousand unsuccessful doctors had already flown off—

townsmen and strangers; and yet the love of beauty and ambition of greatness and power were so irresistible, that adventurer followed adventurer with horrible swiftness. The rumour at length reached Khayr in his desert home. He undertakes the cure of the princess, marries her, and succeeds to the throne. Previous to his curing the princess, Khayr had cured the daughter of the chief vazír of blindness, and she became his wife; so that he was blessed at once with no less than three matchless wives, including his desert bride, who was, no doubt, "his first, his only love," the other marriages being *de convenance*. It happened, not long after he had settled in his new position, that while Khayr was walking in the garden of his palace he saw a man bargaining with a Jew, whom he recognised as his villanous fellow-traveller Shár. He gave orders to have him arrested and brought before him. On being asked his name, he said it was Mabesher Sefiri (the traveller who brings good tidings); and Khayr demanding his real name, and Shár persisting in concealing it, he declared himself, and condemned Shár to death. But Shár pleaded that he had simply acted in accordance with the decrees of God and with his own name, and that Khayr should act by him according to his name and renown.[1]

Another version is found in a beautiful legendary tale of Tévai—the classical name of the modern town

[1] Abridged from "Fragments" appended to Sir Gore Ouseley's 'Biographical Notices of Persian Poets.'

of Rámnád, in the district of Madurá, Southern India —translated by S. M. Natésa Sástrí Pandit.[1] In this tale the principal characters are a king's son, whose motto is "Charity alone conquers," and his companion, the son of the king's prime minister, whose motto is "Absence of charity alone conquers." The wicked youth, in the course of their adventures, puts out the prince's eyes, and leaves him in a most deplorable condition. But his eyes are restored by the goddess Kálí, in whose temple he afterwards serves for some months. Meanwhile the daughter of the king of the Kávérí country has lost her eyesight, and the king has issued a proclamation that he will give his kingdom and his daughter to him who should cure her of her blindness. The goddess, in reward of his devotion, gives the prince a quantity of sacred ashes, which she instructs him to apply, for three consecutive days, to the eyes of the afflicted princess, and on the fourth day her sight should be restored. The prince accordingly proceeds to the Kávérí country, is successful in curing the princess, and obtains her in marriage together with the kingdom. In course of time his former companion, the minister's son, comes to the city, and earns a scanty livelihood by menial occupations. He is recognised by the young king, who sends for him, forgives his cruel conduct towards himself, and places him in a high and confidential position. But his evil nature soon shows itself; and in attempting the destruction of his bene-

[1] 'Folk-Lore in Southern India,' p. 63.

factor, he is himself destroyed — learning, when too late, the truth of the prince's motto, "Charity alone conquers."—The tone of this story (which must not be judged from my meagre abstract) is decidedly Buddhistic, inculcating, as it does, the great Buddha's leading doctrine of "mercy to others."

THE UNGRATEFUL SERPENT.

WHILE popular tales generally represent animals as grateful for kindness shown to them, occasionally they are exhibited as the very reverse. There is, for example, the world-wide story of the serpent that was found by a traveller fast bound to a tree, and after he had released it, the ungrateful reptile said it would sting him, such being its nature. A philosopher coming up and having had the affair explained to him, he pretended that he could not decide the question of whether the service rendered by the man to the serpent should not exempt him from being bitten, unless he saw the precise condition in which the serpent was before being set free. The serpent consented to be bound again to the tree, upon which the philosopher bids it loose itself, and on its answering that it could not, "Then," says he, "die, for your ingratitude."

This is the 4th tale of Peter Alfonsus, and the 174th of the Continental 'Gesta Romanorum.' It occurs in most versions of the Fables of Bidpaï: the

'Directorium Humanæ Vitæ' of John of Capua; the Arabic and Syriac 'Kalíla wa Dimna'; the Persian 'Anvár-i Suhayli'; in the old Indian story of King Vikrámaditya of Ujjain; Miss Frere's 'Old Deccan Days'; Steel and Temple's 'Wide-Awake Stories' from the Panjáb and Kashmír; and in the folk-lore of most countries of Europe.

The following is a translation of an Albanian variant, in Le Grand's useful collection:

Once a hunter passed by a quarry and found a serpent under a stone. The reptile called the hunter to his aid, who said, "I will not extricate you, for you will eat me." The serpent answered, "Deliver me; I will not eat you." But when the hunter had drawn away the stone from above him, the serpent sought to eat him. The hunter said, "Did you not promise that you would not eat me?" The serpent answered him, "Hunger will not keep that bargain." "But," replied the hunter, "if you are not right in eating me, will you still eat me?" The serpent said, "No." Then said the hunter, "Come, then, let us make it the subject of three different questions." So they went into a thicket, where they found a greyhound: they questioned him, and he said, "I was once with a master, and I caught hares, and when I brought them to his house he could not find meat good enough for me to eat. But now, when I cannot even catch tortoises, because I am old, he wishes to kill me. This is why I condemn

thee to be eaten by the serpent, for whoever does good gets only evil in return." "Do you hear?" said the serpent to the hunter; "we've got a judge." They went farther, and met with a horse: they questioned him, and he also replied that the serpent would be right in eating the hunter. "For," said he, "I had a master, who gave me food as long as I could do my journey; but now, when I cannot, he wishes to kill me." And the serpent said to the hunter, "We have two judges." They went farther, and found a fox, to whom the hunter said, "Dear Reynard, you must come to my aid. Listen: I was passing a quarry, and under a great stone I found this serpent, almost dead. He asked me to help him, so I took him out, and now he wants to eat me." The fox replied, "Must I be the judge? Let us go then to the quarry, and see how you found the serpent." So they went thither, and placed the stone upon the serpent, and the fox then asked him, "Is that how you were?" The serpent said, "Yes." "Ah, well," said the fox, "just stay there always."[1]

In Dasent's second series of Norse Tales, entitled 'Tales from the Fjeld,' it is a dragon that is rescued by a wayfarer, and the fox who so cleverly entraps him again, having been granted by the man "the run" of his poultry-yard every Thursday, as a reward of his service, on his first visit for a supply of hens and geese

[1] See also Crane's 'Italian Popular Tales,' p. 150, for Sicilian and Italian parallels.

is beaten almost to death, and he exclaims bitterly as he crawls off, "Such is the way of the world!"

In some Eastern versions the ungrateful animal is an alligator; in others a tiger, as in 'Wide-Awake Stories':

A tiger is caught in a trap that had been set for wild beasts, and cannot get out. A poor Bráhman comes by, and the tiger cries, "Let me out, O pious one!" "Nay," says the Bráhman, "you'd eat me if I did." "Not so," replies the tiger; "I should be for ever grateful, and serve you as a slave." At last the Bráhman lets him out, upon which the tiger seizes him, saying, "What a fool you are now! I shall eat you." The Bráhman pleads for his life, but all he could gain was a promise from the tiger to abide by the decision of the first three things he chose to question. The Bráhman refers his case to the *pípal*-tree, but it says men are ungrateful, and ought not to be allowed to live: "Don't I give them shade and shelter? And don't they tear down my branches, to feed their cattle on?" He next asks a buffalo. "No; man has no gratitude. When I gave milk they fed me; but now that I am dry they yoke me and half starve me." Last of all the question is put to a jackal, who wants to know how the tiger got into the trap, before giving his opinion. So the tiger enters the trap, where he is "left lamenting," or gnashing his molars in futile grief.

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

IT may be safely asserted that there exists no apologue, in any language, which is better adapted to inculcate on the young the force of the aphorism, "the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong," than is the familiar fable, commonly ascribed to Æsop, of the race between the hare and the tortoise. The moral lesson it teaches—that perseverance may achieve success in most untoward circumstances—ingenuous youth on the threshold of active life should "bind as a sign upon his forehead and as frontlets between his eyes." This is how the fable is generally told:

A hare insulted a tortoise on account of his slowness, and vainly boasted of her own great speed in running. "Let us make a match," replied the tortoise. "I'll run you five miles for five pounds, and the fox yonder shall be umpire of the race." The hare agreed, and away they both started together; but the hare, by reason of her exceeding swiftness, outran the tortoise to such a degree that she made a jest of the matter,

and finding herself a little tired, squatted in a tuft of fern that grew by the way, and took a nap, thinking that if the tortoise went by, she could at any time fetch him up with all the ease imaginable. In the meanwhile the tortoise came jogging along at a slow but continued pace, and the hare, out of too great security and confidence of victory, oversleeping herself, the tortoise arrived at the end of the race first.

Analogues of this celebrated fable, in which a race is run between two creatures of very unequal swiftness and the slower is the winner, are known among widely-separated peoples; but in these the *motif* is different—the less swift animal succeeding by its superior cleverness in tricking its antagonist. Sir Alexander Gordon has furnished two interesting versions from Fiji, one of which is as follows:

The crane and the crab quarrelled as to their powers of racing. The crab said he would go the faster, and that the crane might fly across from point to point, while he went round by the shore. So the crane flew off and the crab stayed quietly in his hole, trusting to the multitude of his brethren to deceive the crane. And the crane flew from point to point, and seeing a crab-hole, put down his ear and heard a buzzing noise. "That slave is before me," said he, and flew on to the next point, where the same thing happened, till at last, on reaching a point above Serua, the crane fell exhausted, and was drowned in the sea.

In the other Fijian fable, the contest is between a

crane and a butterfly. The latter challenges the crane to fly to Tonga, tempting him to do so by asking if he was fond of shrimps. The butterfly perches on the crane's back, without the crane being aware of it, and whenever the bird looks round and says to himself, "That low-born fellow is gone; I can rest and fly slowly now, without fear of his overtaking me," the butterfly leaves his back and flies a little way ahead, saying, "Here I am, cousin," till the poor crane dies from sheer exhaustion.

Several forms of the story are current among the natives of Madagascar. For instance: Once upon a time it was agreed between a frog and a wild-hog that they should race to the top of a hill. But just as the hog commenced to run, the frog leaped upon his neck, and the hog knew nothing about it, for he did not feel him at all, being big in the neck, while the frog was so light that his weight did not ruffle a hair. So the wild-hog ran, and raced, and galloped, and fumed; and just when he arrived at the goal, the frog leaped off, but the wild-hog did not see him, and so he was forced to say, "Why, you fellow, you have done it." Then he proposed that they should see which of them could leap best. "Just as you please," replied the frog. "Do your best, for if you don't exert yourself you will regret it, so don't have a stomach-ache for nothing." So the two came to the water-side to try who could leap farthest. And when they came there, and the wild-hog was just about to do his best, the frog

jumped again upon his neck. And again the stupid fellow knew nothing about it, for what good is it to be big if one has no sense? And so, when they were just at the goal, the frog leaped off again, and so he was first, upon which the wild-hog foamed at the mouth, and his eyes turned red. And again he was astonished to see the frog take it so easily, and said, "There is no getting the better of you, you rascal!"

In another Malagasy story the wild-hog reappears contending for superiority of speed with a chameleon: One day as a wild-hog was setting off to hunt, he met with a chameleon on the road by the side of a watercourse, and as he looked at the chameleon he exclaimed, "Dear me, what a strange way of walking you have, friend! Judging from the way you walk, one would think you could never get enough food, friend, for you walk so slowly. So take care lest some furious beast comes by and tramples you suddenly to death, for you are both weak and very slow in moving about. So I think we two will separate here at this watercourse; and although I don't walk quickly, but go along quite gently, just look, for when I have crossed over this valley you will even not have crossed the bed of this little stream." The chameleon replied, "True enough, friend, I seem to be very weak, and to go very gently indeed. At the same time, remember that we each possess what is most fitting for us; and so you are able to get food to satisfy you, and I also obtain food to satisfy myself." And then the chameleon spoke again, saying, "Excuse me, sir, for while I

am but a little one challenging a big one, yet, if it would not make you angry, let us two play a little along this watercourse." The wild-hog replied, "But what sort of play would you like us to have?" The chameleon said, "Although you are certainly swift of foot, and I go very slowly, come, let us make a bet about our racing, elder brother." Then the wild-hog was inwardly angry, and said, "Come, then, let us two go up yonder a little higher to try our speed, for there is a spacious common, while it is boggy where we are just now; and if you should be struck even by the mud thrown up by my feet, you will be hurt. So let us go yonder to that spacious ground, and if you outrun me, then take me and all my family for your servants." Then the chameleon answered, "Why are you angry, elder brother? For you alone I cannot be a match, for you make me afraid; how much more, then, if I had all your family as my servants? But if it is only play we are to engage in, let us then go up yonder to try our speed." So they went up to the wide common, and agreed together, saying, "At yonder tree-trunk, where the long *véro* grass is growing, let us make our goal, to see who comes in first." And that being settled, they both arranged themselves in good order, the wild-hog saying, "Now shall we run off?" Then said the chameleon, "Wait a little first, that I may look well at yonder stepping-place." But the chameleon was crafty, and climbed up the long grass close to the mane of the wild hog, and when he was securely fixed in the mane, he said, "Now run, elder

brother!" And as the wild-hog galloped away, the chameleon kept fast hold of his mane and tail; and when he came yonder to the appointed place, he leaped off on to the long grass. So, as the wild-hog stood looking behind him, the chameleon said, "Don't look behind for me, elder brother, for here I am in front of you." So the wild-hog was both astonished and angry, and ran off fast again. But the chameleon held fast by his mane as before. And so, after they had gone thus to and fro for a long time, the wild-hog was dead with fatigue, while the chameleon retained his shrewdness; for the wild-hog was "killed by his strength like the axe," and did not think of the cunning of his companion, but only of his own size.[1]

A different device was adopted by a tortoise in a competition with a lion, according to a Sinhalese version, translated by Mr W. Goonetilleke, in 'The Orientalist,' vol. i. p. 87:

Once a tortoise saw a lion on the bank of a narrow river, and said to him, "I lay a wager that I shall get to the other side of this river by swimming across it sooner than you can by jumping over it." The lion accepted the challenge, and a day was fixed for the trial of their speed. In the meantime the tortoise asked a relative of his to be on one side of the river on the day appointed, while he himself would be on the other side. Each was to have a bud of the *ratmal*

[1] "Malagasy Folk-Tales," by the Rev. James Sibree, junior; in the 'Folk-Lore Journal' (1884), vol. ii. pp. 80, 81, 166-168.

flower in his mouth. On the day fixed the lion made his appearance, and said to the tortoise, "Are you ready?" "Yes, I am," answered the tortoise. "Well, then, let us begin," rejoined the lion. This being agreed to, the lion jumped to the other side, and was surprised to see the tortoise already there. They then agreed to continue the course till one of them should be tired and give up the wager. So the lion kept on jumping from that side to this, until at last he was so exhausted that he fell into the river and was drowned.

From Ceylon the story may have been imported into Siam, where, however, it is related in a form which seems to indicate an Indian extraction. Adolf Bastien has given it in his collection of tales, made by himself during a lengthened sojourn in Siam:[1]

It happened once that Phaya Kruth[2] was in search of nágas [*i.e.*, snakes] to fill his crop with, but could not find a sufficient number of them. He therefore came to a lake, and seeing a tortoise in it, thought of eating him up. But the tortoise cried out, "Before you devour me, let us run a race." Phaya Kruth agreed to the proposal, and proudly rose up high in the air. In the meantime the tortoise called together

[1] Translated by Mr Goonetilleke, in 'The Orientalist,' vol. i. p. 88, from the German version of Herr Bastien, reproduced in 'Orient und Occident,' band iii. s. 497.

[2] Phaya Kruth is Vishnu's vehicle, Garuda, who, at the direction of Kasyapa, rushed into heaven itself and carried off the Amrita from the gods in order to ransom his mother, who had been captured by the snakes.

all his relatives and acquaintances—the whole generation of tortoises—and placed them in rows of 100, of 1000, of 10,000, of 100,000, of 1,000,000, and of 10,000,000, covering the whole ground. Kruth flew about with the whole strength of his wings, and the tortoise called out to him, "Well, let us begin. I beg your highness to fly along the sky while I move in the water. We shall see which of us will be the winner. If I lose I shall give myself up for a prey." Kruth flew forwards with all his might, and then stopped and called out to the tortoise; but to whichever side he flew, the tortoise always answered him from ahead. Kruth then flew again as fast as he could, but at every point the tortoise was in advance of him. He then flew and flew as far as the great mountain, the sacred Himaphan, and at last exclaimed, "Hear, O tortoise! you indeed understand how to run pretty fast," and giving up the race, he alighted on a *rathal*-tree, the place of his abode, to rest.

The story is most likely to be known to the Mongolian races, in common with other tales and fables of Buddhist invention or adaptation. In the incident of the Brave Little Tailor (in the German story, see *ante*, p. 151) seating himself among the branches of the tree, which he undertook to carry along with the giant, we seem to have a reflection of the device of the frog and the chameleon clinging to the neck of the wild-hog, in the Malagasy versions, and of that of the butterfly perched on the crane in the Fijian variant.

NOTE.

The Origin of Fables.

The term Fable is often indiscriminately applied to any kind of fictitious tale, but it properly signifies a moral narrative in which beasts, birds, or fishes are the characters. Although it is generally allowed that Fable was the earliest form of narrative designed to convey moral instruction, yet it is by no means agreed among the learned in what country of remote antiquity it had its origin. A modern German rabbi, Dr Landsberger, in his erudite little treatise, 'Die Fabeln des Sophos,' contends that the Hebrews were the first to employ fables for didactic purposes; and we have probably one of the oldest extant fables in the Book of Judges, ix. 8-15, related by Jotham to the people of Israel, of the trees desiring a king. Josephus informs us that Solomon "composed of parables and similitudes three thousand; for he spoke a parable upon every sort of tree, from the hyssop to the cedar; and in like manner, also about beasts, about all sorts of living creatures, whether upon earth, or in the seas, or in the air; for he was not unacquainted with any of their natures, nor omitted inquiring about them, but described them all like a philosopher, and demonstrated his exquisite knowledge of their several properties." Dr Landsberger asserts that the sages of India were indebted to the Hebrews for the idea of teaching by means of fables, probably during the reign of Solomon, who is believed to have had commerce with the western coasts of Hindústán. But this is mere conjecture.

"As far as relates to teaching by apologues," says Dr H. H. Wilson, "although there can be no doubt that it was a national contrivance [of the Hindús], devised by them for their own use, and not borrowed from their neighbours, yet there is no sufficient reason to suppose that it was originally confined to them, or at first communicated by them to other nations. It has been urged, with some plausibility, that the universal prevalence amongst the Hindús of the doctrine of the metempsychosis was calculated to recommend to their belief the notion that beasts

and birds might reason and converse, and that consequently the plan of such dialogues probably originated with them; but the notion is one that readily suggests itself to the imagination, and an inventive fancy was quite as likely as a psychological dogma to have gifted mute creatures with intelligence. At any rate, we know that, as an article of poetical and almost of religious faith, it was known to the Greeks at an early date, for Homer is authority for the speech of horses. Without affirming the apocryphal existence of Æsop, we cannot doubt that fables such as are ascribed to him were current even prior to his supposed date; and we have an instance of the fact in the story of the Hawk and the Nightingale of Hesiod. Other specimens of the same class of compositions are afforded by the fable of the Fox and the Ape of Archilochus, of which a fragment is preserved by Eustathius; and by that of the Eagle and the Fox, which is attributed to the same writer, and is an established member of all collections of fables, both in Asia and in Europe. Roman tradition—it would have once been called history—furnishes at least one well-known instance of popular instruction by fable, which Menenius was not likely to have learnt from the Hindús; and various examples of this style of composition are familiarly known as occurring in Scripture. Although the invention was very probably of Eastern origin, we cannot admit that it was in any exclusive degree a contrivance of the Hindús, or that it was imparted originally by them to other Asiatic nations. If such a communication did take place, it must have occurred at a period anterior even to Hindú tradition."

The danger of attempting openly to administer reproof to absolute Asiatic potentates may have led to the invention of fables, in which the lessons intended to be imparted were veiled under ingenious fictions of animals. Oriental historians have preserved a curious anecdote of a tyrannical monarch having been reclaimed by such means. A wise and prudent vazír once related the following fable to his royal master: There was an owl in El-Basra and an owl in El-Mosul. And the owl of El-Basra said to the other one day, "Give me thy daughter in marriage to my son." Quoth the owl of El-Mosul, "I consent, on condition that thou give me as her dowry a hundred ruined

villages." "That," replied the owl of El-Basra, "I cannot do at present; but if Allah spare the sultan another year, I will do what thou requirest." The sultan, deeply impressed by this simple fable, at once caused all the ruined towns and villages to be rebuilt, and henceforward studied to promote the well-being of his subjects, and to render his rule easy and acceptable to them.

THE FOUR CLEVER BROTHERS.

ACCORDING to one of Grimm's fairy tales of Germany, a poor man sent his four sons away, each to learn some craft by which he should earn his living. Having gone some distance together, they separate at four cross-roads, agreeing to meet at the same spot that day four years hence. The eldest learnt to be an expert thief, but "only of fair game"; the second was a skilful star-gazer, and received from his master, as a parting gift, a glass, by which he could see all that was going on in the sky and on the earth; the third had become an expert archer, under the tuition of a huntsman, who presented him with a bow, with which he was sure to hit whatever he shot at; and the youngest became so clever a tailor that his master gave him a needle with which he might sew anything, no matter how hard or how soft or brittle, so that no seam could be discovered. They each give proof of their skill before their father: the star-gazer tells by means of his magic telescope how many eggs are in a bird's nest high up in a tree; the thief takes the eggs from be-

neath the bird without its knowledge; the archer cuts all five eggs in two with one shot, although placed one at each corner of the table and the fifth in the centre; the tailor sews them up again with his wonderful needle: and when the birds are hatched, lo! each has only a little red streak across its neck, where they had been sewed together! Some time after this the king's daughter was carried off. The king promised her as the wife of the man who recovered her. The second son, by means of his glass, discovered her sitting on a rock by the sea and a fierce dragon guarding her. The king gave them a ship, and they sailed away till they came to the place. But the archer dared not shoot, lest he should kill the princess; so the thief stole her away while the dragon was asleep. They had not sailed far on their way back when the dragon awoke and flew after them; the huntsman shot him through the heart, but, unluckily, as he fell he upset the boat, and they had to swim upon a few planks. Then the tailor sewed the planks together with his wonderful needle, and they sailed about and gathered the pieces of their boat, which he also sewed together, and so they reached the ship and got home safe. They brought the princess to her father, and each of them claimed her: the second, because he had discovered where she was; the first, because he had stolen her; the third, because he had slain the dragon; and the youngest, because he had sewed the planks and thus saved all their lives. But it happened that the princess was attached to another person, so the father decided that

she should be married to none of the sons. But the king gave each of them half a kingdom, and they lived contented and happy ever after.

A very curious version is found in the Albanian Tales, translated into French by M. Dozon, under the title of 'Le Pou' (No. 4 of his collection): The devil having whisked away to his grim abode the beautiful daughter of a king, the latter offered her hand in marriage to whoever should rescue her from the arch-fiend's clutches. Seven youths present themselves: the first could hear sounds at any distance; the second could cause the earth to open; the third could steal from any one without his knowledge; the fourth could throw an object to the end of the world; the fifth could instantaneously erect an impregnable and inaccessible tower; the sixth could bring down anything, however high, with a single shot; and the seventh could catch whatever fell from the sky, no matter how great the altitude. They set off; and having travelled some distance, the first youth laid his ear to the ground, and then said, "I hear him—command thou," addressing the second youth, "the earth to open at this spot," which being done, immediately the earth opened, and they descended into its bowels, where, guided by the loud noise of snoring, they came upon the fiend sound asleep, with the princess clutched to his breast. The third youth, by his art, removed the princess without awaking the sleeping fiend, at the same time putting a toad in her

place. Then the fourth took off one of the devil's shoes and threw it to the end of the world, after which they all returned by the way they had come, and commenced their journey back to the king's dominions. But presently the arch-fiend awoke, and the grimy cavern resounded with his bellowing on his discovering that the princess was gone; and his rage was not less when he found that one of his shoes lay at the end of the world, since he well knew that his journey thither to fetch it (for apparently he had not any sons of St Crispin among his subjects to make him another) would give the fugitives a good start of him. Having, with his utmost diligence, recovered his precious shoe, he sped after the fugitives, who perceiving him in the distance, the fifth youth in a moment erected a lofty tower, in which they took refuge—and not an instant too soon, for hardly were they within, when the enraged fiend came up. Finding all his efforts to break into the tower futile, the crafty one told them that he would go away and trouble them no more if they would let him have one last look at the princess: they made a very small aperture through which he might see the lady, when, in "less than no time," he drew her through it, and flew with her high up into the air. The sixth youth now brought his special art into play, by drawing his bow and shooting the fiend, who, writhing with pain, dropped the princess, and the seventh youth caught her as she fell, so that she was uninjured. Resuming their journey, they in due time reached the palace in

safety, and the king, delighted to have his daughter restored to him, desired her to choose one of the seven clever youths for her husband. "They have all contributed to my safety," said the princess, "especially he who caught me as I fell." Now the seventh youth was the youngest and best looking, so she chose him for her husband; but the others were all richly rewarded by the king.

In the Kalmuk tales of 'Siddhí Kúr' (Second Relation) a rich youth, an astrologer, a mechanic, a painter, a physician, and a smith go forth together into a foreign country, and coming to the mouth of a great river, each plants a tree of life, and, agreeing to meet at the same spot again, they separate, each following one of the branches of the river (the four cross-roads of the German tale). The youth marries a beautiful maiden, who is ravished from him by the khán, and he himself is murdered and buried beneath a rock. When the others meet at the place where they separated, they find the youth's tree of life withered. The astrologer discovers where his body lay; the smith breaks the rock, and draws it from beneath; and the physician, by means of a wonderful cordial, restores the youth to life. Then he informed them how the khán had stolen away his lovely wife, so they resolved to rescue her. And the mechanic constructed a wooden garuda,[1] which could move through the air like a living bird; and the painter decorated it in the

[1] Garuda is the Bird of Vishnu in Hindú mythology.

finest colours. Then the youth seated himself within the wooden garuda, which flew up through the air, and hovering above the royal residence, the khán, astonished at the beauty of the bird, told his wife to go to the roof of the house and offer it all kinds of choice food. When she recognised the youth, she flew into his arms, and instantly seating her beside him, and turning the peg that guided the bird, he soon descended among his companions, who, on seeing the beauty of the damsel, began to quarrel for her possession, and drew their knives and slew each other.

A different form of the story is found in Nakhshabí's Persian Tales of a Parrot (Tútí Náma); Night 34 of the MS., No. 2573 in the Library of the India Office: A rich merchant of Kábul had a beautiful daughter, named Zuhra (or Venus), who had many wealthy suitors, but declared that she would marry only a man who was completely wise or very skilful. Three young men presented themselves before the merchant, saying that if his daughter demands a man of skill for her husband, either of them was an eligible candidate. The first youth said that his art was to discover the whereabouts of anything that was lost, and to predict future events. The second could make a horse of wood, which would float in the air like Solomon's throne. And the third was an archer, and could pierce any object at which he might shoot with his arrow. The merchant having reported to his daughter the wonderful acquirements of her three new suitors, she promised

to give her decision next morning. But the same night she disappeared, and the unhappy father sent for the three youths to rescue his daughter by the exercise of their arts. The first youth discovered that a dív (or demon) had carried the damsel to the summit of a mountain, which was inaccessible to men. The second made a wooden horse, and gave it to the third, who rode upon it, quickly reached the mountain, killed the dív with an arrow, and brought away the maiden. "Each of the three claimed her as his by right, and the dispute continued."

We find another variant in the unique Persian MS. text of the 'Sindibád Náma,' preserved in the India Office Library, where it forms the last of the tales related by the prince. A king's daughter, while sporting with her maidens in a garden, is carried away by a demon to his cave in the mountains of Yemen. The king offers the hand of the princess in marriage, and half his kingdom, to the man who should bring her back. Four brothers undertake the adventure: One is a guide, who had travelled over the world; the second a daring robber, "who would have taken the prey from the lion's mouth;" the third a warrior, like Rustam; and the fourth a skilful physician. The guide leads the others to the demon's cave; the robber steals the damsel, in the absence of the demon; the damsel being very ill, the physician restores her to health; while the warrior puts to flight a whole army of dívs who had sallied forth with huge clubs on their shoulders.

The Japanese seem to have been familiar with the story as early at least as the beginning of the tenth century, when their classical romance, 'Genji Monogatari,' was composed, in which one of the characters, speaking of a young lady whose father had entertained great hopes of her matrimonial success, exclaims, "Ah, she is a woman who is likely to become the Queen of the Blue Main!" On this the translator, Suyematz Kenchis, has the following note: "In an old Indian story, a certain king of ancient times had a beautiful daughter. Four neighbouring kings became her suitors. Suddenly the daughter was lost. Her parents made every search, and it was at last discovered that there was a dragon's castle at the bottom of the blue main. The dragon king had carried her off and placed her in his castle. The father and the four suitor kings went there together, and having rescued her, brought her back."— The circumstance that in the German version, as in the Japanese, it is a "dragon" that carries off the damsel, may perhaps indicate that this is one of the stories introduced into Europe by the Mongolians.

The Arabian tale of Prince Ahmed and the Peri Bánú is a familiar variant: Three princes are in love with their cousin, who is to be given to him that should bring the most wonderful thing. One obtains a magic carpet; another an ivory telescope; and the third an apple which could cure the person who smelt at it, even if at the very point of death. The youth with the telescope discovers that the princess is dying; the

magic carpet carries all three from a distant country to the chamber of the lady; and the apple restores her to health.—With this the first part of the story of the Three Princes, in Powell and Magnussen's 'Icelandic Legends' (pp. 348-354), exactly corresponds, excepting that the apple, instead of being smelt at, is put in the arm-pit of the sick person. And, to go to the other extremity of Europe, we have also a parallel in Von Hahn's 'Neugriechische Märchen': Three young men love the same girl; and in order to settle the question, which of them shall marry her, they agree to go away and return at a certain time, when whichever shall have learned the best craft shall have the girl. They all return after three years' absence. One is a renowned astronomer; the second can raise the dead; and the third can run quicker than the air, and be in a moment wherever he wishes. When they have all met, the astronomer looks at the girl's star, and knows from its trembling that she is at the point of death. The physician—he who can raise the dead—prepares a medicine for the girl's recovery. The third runs off with the remedy, and by pouring it down her throat saves her life: her soul, which was at her teeth ready to depart, went down again.[1]

We have probably the original of all these different versions in the fifth of the 'Vetálapanchavinsati' (Twenty-five Tales of a Demon—see note, p. 82),

[1] 'Contes Populaires Grecs,' par J. G. Von Hahn, éditées par N. Pio: Athens et Copenhagen, 1879. No. II. p. 98.

where we read that a certain king's minister, named Harisvámin, had an excellent son, and also a beautiful daughter, who was rightly named Somaprabhá, or Moonlight. This damsel made her mother give the following message to her father and her brother: "I shall be married to a man possessed of heroism, or knowledge, or magic power; you must not give me in marriage to any other, if you value my life." Harisvámin was looking for a person possessed of one of these qualifications when the king despatched him on state business into the Dekkan, and while there a Bráhman, who had heard of the great beauty of Somaprabhá, came to him and sought her hand. Harisvámin informed him of the three qualifications, one of which his daughter had resolved her husband must possess, and the suitor replied that he had the power to construct a magic chariot that could fly in the air, and having convinced Harisvámin of this, he promised Somaprabhá to him, fixing the marriage for the seventh day from that time. Meanwhile his son had promised his sister to another Bráhman, who had satisfied him that he possessed wonderful skill in the use of missiles and hand-to-hand weapons, and, by advice of the astrologers, appointed the very same seventh day for the marriage. And at the same time his mother, who knew nothing of the engagement her son had entered into, gave her promise to a third person, who possessed supernatural knowledge, that Somaprabhá should be given to him in marriage on the same seventh day.— When Harisvámin came home, and told his wife and

his son that he had promised Somaprabhá to a noble Bráhman in the Dekkan, and was informed by them of the engagements they had also made unknown to each other, his mind was filled with anxiety, and he knew not what course to pursue in such perplexing circumstances. On the wedding-day the three bridegrooms arrived—the man of knowledge, the man of magic power, and the man of valour; and just then it was discovered that Somaprabhá had mysteriously disappeared. "Man of knowledge," said Harisvámin, "tell me where my daughter has gone." He replied that a rákshasa had carried her off to his habitation in the Vindhya forest. On hearing this the father exclaimed, "Alas! how are we to recover her?" The man of magic power said, "Be of good cheer; I will take you in a moment to the place where the possessor of knowledge says she is;" saying which, he prepared a chariot that could fly in the air, provided with all kinds of weapons, and made Harisvámin, the man of knowledge, and the brave man get into it, and in a moment he carried them to the habitation of the rákshasa, who, on seeing them, rushed out in a rage, when the hero challenged him to fight. And in a short time the hero cut off the head of the rákshasa, after which they carried off Somaprabhá and returned in the magic chariot. When they reached Harisvámin's house a dispute arose between the man of knowledge, the man of magic power, and the man of valour, and while they were wrangling, each claiming Somaprabhá because

of the share he had in her recovery, Harisvámin remained silent, perplexed in mind.

It is worthy of note that in this last, and oldest, form of the story, and also in the 'Tútí Náma' version, the damsel is not represented as being ill, as in the 'Sindibád Náma' and the Arabian versions. According to Professor Tawney, the 47th tale of the 'Pentamerone' of Basile and "Das Weise Urtheil" in Waldau's 'Böhmische Märchen' closely resemble the Arabian story. Whence the Italian novelist obtained it we cannot say; but Galland's French translation of the 'Thousand and One Nights,' through which that work first became known in Europe, was not published till many years after the 'Pentamerone' was printed. The story may have come into Italy with Venetian merchants trading in the Levant.

CUMULATIVE STORIES.

ONE should scarcely conceive that our prime nursery favourites the "House that Jack built" and the "Old Woman and the Crooked Sixpence" have their prototype in a sacred hymn in the Hebrew Talmud! Yet such is the case, and in order to show this, I must here reproduce the first-mentioned "story":

1 This is the House that Jack built.

2 This is the Malt
That lay in the House that Jack built.

3 This is the Rat,
That ate the Malt,
That lay in the House that Jack built.

4 This is the Cat,
That killed the Rat,
That ate the Malt,
That lay in the House that Jack built.

5 This is the Dog,
That worried the Cat,
That killed the Rat,
That ate the Malt,
That lay in the House that Jack built.

6 This is the Cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the Dog,
That worried the Cat,
That killed the Rat,
That ate the Malt,
That lay in the House that Jack built.

7 This is the Maiden, all forlorn,
That milked the Cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the Dog,
That worried the Cat,
That killed the Rat,
That ate the Malt,
That lay in the House that Jack built.

8 This is the Man, all tattered and torn,
That kissed the Maiden, all forlorn,
That milked the Cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the Dog,
That worried the Cat,
That killed the Rat,
That ate the Malt,
That lay in the House that Jack built.

9 This is the Priest, all shaven and shorn,
That married the Man, all tattered and torn,
That kissed the Maiden, all forlorn,
That milked the Cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the Dog,
That worried the Cat,
That killed the Rat,
That ate the Malt,
That lay in the House that Jack built.

10 This is the Cock, that cried in the morn,
That woke the Priest, all shaven and shorn,
That married the Man, all tattered and torn,
That kissed the Maiden, all forlorn,
That milked the Cow with the crumpled horn,

That tossed the Dog,
That worried the Cat,
That killed the Rat,
That ate the Malt,
That lay in the House that Jack built.

11 And this is the Farmer, sowing his corn,
That kept the Cock, that cried in the morn,
That waked the Priest, all shaven and shorn,
That married the Man, all tattered and torn,
That kissed the Maiden, all forlorn,
That milked the Cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the Dog,
That worried the Cat,
That killed the Rat,
That ate the Malt,
That lay in the House that Jack built!

The following is a translation of a mystical hymn in the "Sepher Haggadah" of the Talmud:

1 *A kid, a kid*, my father bought
For *two pieces of money;*
A kid, a kid.

2 Then came *the cat*, and ate the kid
That my father bought
For two pieces of money;
A kid, a kid.

3 Then came *the dog*, and bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money;
A kid, a kid.

4 Then came *the staff*, and beat the dog,
That bit the cat,

That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money;
A kid, a kid.

5 Then came *the fire*, and burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money;
A kid, a kid.

6 Then came *the water*, and quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money;
A kid, a kid.

7 Then came *the ox*, and drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money;
A kid, a kid.

8 Then came *the butcher*, and slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,

That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money;
A kid, a kid.

9 Then came the *Angel of Death*, and killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money;
A kid, a kid.

10 Then came the HOLY ONE, blessed be He! and killed the Angel of Death,
That killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money;
A kid, a kid.

This is the historical interpretation of the above curiosity of rabbinical literature, given by P. N. Leberecht, at Leipzic, in 1731:

1. The *kid*, which was one of the pure animals, denotes the Hebrews; the *father*, by whom it was purchased, is Jehovah, who represents himself as

sustaining this relation to the Jewish nation; the *two pieces of money* signify Moses and Aaron, through whose mediation the Hebrews were brought out of Egypt.

2. The *cat* denotes the Assyrians, by whom the ten tribes were carried into captivity.

3. The *dog* is symbolical of the Babylonians.

4. The *staff* signifies the Persians.

5. The *fire* indicates the Greek Empire under Alexander the Great.

6. The *water* betokens the Romans—as the fourth of the great monarchies to whose dominion the Jews were subjected.

7. The *ox* is a symbol of the Saracens, who subdued Palestine, and brought it under the Khalífat.

8. The *butcher* that killed the ox denotes the Crusaders, by whom the Holy Land was wrested out of the hands of the Saracens.

9. The *Angel of Death* signifies the Turkish power, by which the land of Palestine was taken from the Franks, and to which it is still subject.

10. The commencement of this tenth stanza is designed to show that God will take signal vengeance on the Turks, immediately after whose overthrow the Jews are to be restored to their own land, and live under the government of their long-expected Messiah.

The stick, fire, water, and butcher of the Hebrew hymn play their parts in the story of the Old Woman and the Crooked Sixpence:

An old woman was sweeping her house and she found a little crooked sixpence. "What," said she, "shall I do with this little sixpence? I will go to market and buy a little pig." As she was coming home, she came to a stile, but piggy would not go over the stile.

She went a little farther, and she met with a dog. So she said to the dog, "Dog! dog! bite pig; piggy won't go over the stile, and I shan't get home to-night." But the dog would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a stick. So she said, "Stick! stick! beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't go over the stile, and I shan't get home to-night." But the stick would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a fire. So she said, "Fire! fire! burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig" (*and so on, always repeating the foregoing words*). But the fire would not.

She went a little farther, and she met some water. So she said, "Water! water! quench fire; fire won't burn stick," etc. But the water would not.

She went a little farther, and she met an ox. So she said, "Ox! ox! drink water; water won't quench fire," etc. But the ox would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a butcher. So she said, "Butcher! butcher! kill ox; ox won't drink water," etc. But the butcher would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a rope. So she said, "Rope! rope! hang butcher; butcher won't kill ox," etc. But the rope would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a rat. So she said, "Rat! rat! gnaw rope; rope won't hang butcher," etc. But the rat would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a cat. So she said, "Cat! cat! kill rat; rat won't gnaw rope," etc. But the cat said, "If you will go to yonder cow and fetch me a saucer of milk, I will kill the rat." So away went the old woman to the cow.

And the cow said to her, "If you will go to yonder haycock, and fetch me a handful of hay, I'll give you milk." So away the old woman went to the haycock, and she brought hay to the cow. And as soon as the cow had eaten the hay, she gave the old woman milk, and away the old woman went with it in a saucer to the cat.

And as soon as the cat had lapped up the milk, the cat began to kill the rat, the rat began to gnaw the rope, the rope began to hang the butcher, the butcher began to kill the ox, the ox began to drink the water, the water began to quench the fire, the fire began to burn the stick, the stick began to beat the dog, the dog began to bite the pig, the little pig in a fright jumped over the stile, and so the old woman got home that night.[1]

[1] The Scotch version, entitled the Wife and her Bush of Berries, agrees very closely with this favourite English nursery tale—see Chambers' 'Popular Rhymes of Scotland.' An Aberdeenshire variant, "The Wifie and her Kidie," is given by the Rev. Walter Gregor in the 'Folk-Lore Journal,' vol. ii. pp. 277, 278.

Another of our English cumulative stories is one beginning—

John Ball shot them all,
John Scott made the shot,
But John Ball shot them all.

We need not, however, parade Mr Ball and his numerous coadjutors, but shall proceed to cite similar stories from other languages. Mr Campbell, in his 'Popular Tales of the West Highlands,' gives the cumulative story of a couple named Moorachug and Menachaig, who went one day to gather fruit, but as fast as the man gathered his wife ate—his share as well as her own; so he went to a rod, and asked it to beat Menachaig for eating his share of the fruit, but the rod told him he must get an axe to dress it; so he went to the axe, but the axe told him he must get a stone to smooth it; so he went to a stone, but he must have water to wet it; so he went to the water, but he must first get a deer to swim it; so he went to the deer, but the deer says he must first get a dog to run him; so he went to the dog, but the dog says he must first have his feet rubbed with butter; so he went to the butter, but he must first get a mouse to scrape it; so he went to the mouse, but he must first get a cat to hunt him; so he went to the cat, but the cat must first get milk; so he went to the cow, but the cow must first get a wisp of hay from the barn-gillie; so he went to the barn-gillie, but he must first get a bannock from the baking-woman; so he went to the baking-woman,

but she must have some water. "How shall I bring the water?" "There's nothing but the sowens-sieve," says the woman. But every drop of water he puts in it goes through. An old woman tells him to put in clay and moss, and so he brought in the water to the baking-woman, and he got a bannock for the barn-gillie —a wisp of hay from the barn-gillie for the cow—milk from the cow for the cat;—then the cat began to hunt the mouse—the mouse to scrape the butter—the butter to rub the dog's feet—the dog to hunt the deer—the deer to swim the water—the water to wet the stone—the stone to smooth the axe—the axe to dress the rod —the rod to beat Menachaig, and she eating his share of the fruit. But when Moorachug returned to Menachaig, she had just *burst!*

Such "accumulative" stories as these seem to be current in almost all countries. In Pitrè's Sicilian collection we find a parallel to our Old Woman and the Crooked Sixpence: Once upon a time there was a mother who had a daughter named Pitidda. She said to her, "Go sweep the house." "Give me some bread first." "I cannot," she answered. When her mother saw that she would not sweep the house, she called to the wolf, saying, "Wolf, go kill Pitidda, for Pitidda will not sweep the house." "I can't," said the wolf. "Dog, go kill wolf," said the mother; "for the wolf will not kill Pitidda, for Pitidda won't sweep the house." "I can't," said the dog. "Stick, go beat dog," and so on. Fire to burn stick; water to quench fire;

cow to drink water; rope to choke cow; mouse to gnaw rope; and cat to eat mouse, and so on. — In another Sicilian variant, entitled the Sexton's Nose, the dog who has bitten his nose refuses a *hair* to heal it without getting some bread; so the sexton goes to the baker and asks for some bread, but the baker must first get some wood; so he goes to the woodman, who must get a mattock; to the smith, who wants coals; to the collier, who must first get a cart; to the waggon-maker, who gives him a cart, which the sexton gives to the collier, who gives him coals, which he gives to the smith, who gives him a mattock, which he gives to the woodman, who gives him some faggots, which he gives to the baker, who gives him bread, which he gives to the dog, who at length gives the sexton a hair, which he applies to his nose, and the wound is cured.[1]

Traces of the Hebrew hymn are also found in the Norse story, How they brought Hairlock home: A certain dame had three sons—Peter, Paul, and Osborn Boots—also a nanny-goat, called Hairlock. Boots sets out to fetch the nanny-goat home—sees her high up on a crag—calls to her to come home, but Hairlock wouldn't. He tells his mother, who says, "Go to the fox, and bid him bite Hairlock." But the fox wouldn't blunt his snout on a goat's beard. His mother then sends him to ask Greylegs the wolf to tear the fox; but he wouldn't. To the bear, to slay Greylegs; but

[1] Crane's 'Italian Popular Tales,' pp. 250-252.

the bear wouldn't. To the Finn, to shoot bear; but the Finn wouldn't. To the fir-tree, to fall on the Finn; but the fir-tree wouldn't. To the fire, to burn fir-tree; but the fire wouldn't. To the water, to quench fire; but the water wouldn't. To the ox, to drink up water; but the ox wouldn't. To the yoke, to pinch ox; but the yoke wouldn't. To the axe, to chop yoke; but the axe wouldn't. To the smith, to hammer the axe; but the smith wouldn't. To the rope, to hang smith; but the rope wouldn't. To the mouse, to gnaw rope; but the mouse wouldn't. To the cat, to catch mouse. "Well," said the cat, "just give me a drop of milk for my kittens, and then"—— That's what the cat said, and the lad said she should have it. So the cat bit the mouse, and the mouse gnawed the rope, and the rope hanged the smith, and the smith hammered the axe, and the axe chopped the yoke, and the yoke pinched the ox, and the ox drank the water, and the water quenched the fire, and the fire burned the fir-tree, and the fir-tree felled the Finn, and the Finn shot the bear, and the bear slew Greylegs the wolf, and Greylegs the wolf tore the fox, and the fox bit Hairlock, so that she sprang home and knocked off one of her hind legs against the barn wall. So there lay nanny-goat, and if she's not dead, she limps about on three legs.[1]

Another amusing Norse story of the same class, entitled the Cock and Hen a-nutting, closely resem-

[1] Abridged from the version in Dasent's 'Tales from the Fjeld.'

bles the Sexton's Nose, already cited: Once on a time the cock and the hen went into the hazel-wood to pick nuts; and the hen got a nut-shell in her throat, and lay on her back, flapping her wings. Off went the cock to fetch water for her; so he came to the spring, and said, "Dear good friend spring, give me a drop of water, that I may give it to Dame Partlet my mate, who lies at death's door in the hazel-wood." But the spring answered, "You'll get no water from me till I get leaves from you." So the cock went to the linden, and said, "Dear good friend linden, give me some of your leaves; the leaves I'll give to the spring, and the spring will give me water, to give to Dame Partlet my mate, who lies at death's door in the hazel-wood." "You'll get no leaves from me," said the linden, "until I get a red ribbon with a golden edge from you." So the cock ran to the Virgin Mary, and said, "Dear good Virgin Mary, give me a red ribbon with a golden edge, and I'll give it to the linden, and the linden will give me leaves," etc. "You'll get no red ribbon from me," said the Virgin Mary, "until I get shoes from you." So the cock went to the shoemaker, but he must first get some bristles; to the sow, but she must first get some corn; to the thresher, but he must first get a bannock; to the baker's wife, but she must first get wood; to the wood-cutter, but he must first get an axe; to the smith, but he must first get charcoal; to the charcoal-burner, who took pity on the cock, and gave him a bit of charcoal, and then the smith got his coal, and the wood-cutter his axe, and the baker's wife her

wood, and the thresher his bannock, and the sow her corn, and the shoemaker his bristles, and the Virgin Mary her shoes, and the linden its red ribbon with a golden edge, and the spring its leaves, and the cock his drop of water, and he gave it to Dame Partlet his mate, who lay there at death's door in the hazel-wood —and so she got all right again.[1]

In a third Norwegian cumulative story, the Death of Chanticleer, we find a very interesting analogue of one that is current at the present day among the children of the Panjáb and Kashmír. A cock fell one day into the brewing-vat of Yule ale and was drowned. His wife, Dame Partlet, when she saw this, lost her wits and flew about distracted, screaming and screeching. "What ails you?" said the hand-quern. "Goodman Chanticleer," said the hen, "has fallen into the ale-vat and drowned himself; that's why I am screaming and screeching, that's why I am sobbing and sighing." "Well," said the hand-quern, "if I can do nothing else I will grind and groan;" so it fell to grinding as fast as it could. When the chair heard this, it said, "What ails you, hand-quern, that you grind and groan so much?" "Why not?" said the hand-quern; "when goodman Chanticleer has fallen into the cask and drowned himself, and Dame Partlet sits in the ingle and sobs and sighs: that's why I grind and groan," said the hand-quern. "If I can do naught else," said the

[1] See Dasent's 'Popular Tales from the Norse,' p. 437; and Thorpe's Yule-Tide Stories' (Bohn's ed.), p. 333.

chair, "I will crack," and with that the chair fell to creaking and cracking. When the door heard this it said to the chair, "What's the matter with you, that you creak and crack?" "Why not?" said the chair; "since goodman Chanticleer has fallen into the ale-vat and drowned himself, and Dame Partlet sobs and sighs, and the hand-quern grinds and groans: that's why I creak and crack." "If I can do naught else," said the door, "I can rattle and bang, and whistle and slam," so it began to open and shut, and slam and bang. When the stove heard this it began to smoulder and smoke, and then the axe began to rive and rend about, and the aspen began to quiver and quake in all its leaves, and the birds began to pluck off all their feathers; and then the master, when he saw the feathers flying about like fun, and learned from the birds what had happened, he began to tear brooms asunder; and the goody, his wife, stood cooking porridge for supper, and seeing all this, she called out, "Why, man, what are you tearing all the brooms to pieces for?" "Oh," said the goodman, "Chanticleer has fallen into the ale-vat and been drowned, and so the Dame Partlet sobs and sighs, and the hand-quern grinds and groans, and the chair creaks and cracks, and the door slams and bangs, and the stove smoulders and smokes, and the axe rives and rends, and the aspen quivers and quakes, and the birds are pulling out all their feathers, so I am tearing the brooms to pieces." Then the goody began throwing the porridge against the walls; and that's how they

drank the burial-ale after goodman Chanticleer, who fell into the brewing-vat and was drowned.[1]

The Panjábí tale of the Death and Burial of Poor Hen-Sparrow (Steel and Temple's 'Wide-Awake Stories') is clearly own brother to that of the Death of Chanticleer:

In days of yore there lived a cock-sparrow and his wife, who were both growing old. But the cock-sparrow was a gay bird, old as he was, and cast his eyes upon a lively young hen, and determined to marry her. So they had a grand wedding, but the old hen went out and sat disconsolately just under a crow's nest. While she was there it began to rain, and the water came drip, drip on to her feathers, but she was too sad to care. Now it so happened that the crow had used some scraps of dyed cloth in its nest, and when they got wet the colours ran and went drip, drip on the old sparrow, till she was as gay as a peacock. When she flew home, the new wife was dreadfully jealous of her old co-wife, and asked her where she had managed to get that lovely dress. "Easily enough," she replied; "I just went into the dyer's vat." "I'll go too," thought the new wife; "I won't have that old thing better dressed than I am." So she flew off to the dyer's, and went pop into the middle of the vat, but it was scalding hot, and she was half dead before she could manage to scramble out. Meanwhile the old cock, not finding his new wife at home, flew off

[1] Dasent's 'Tales from the Fjeld,' pp. 30-34.

distracted in search of her, and wept salt tears when he found her half drowned and half scalded, with her feathers away, by the dyer's vat. "What has happened?" he asked, and she replied:

"My co-wife got dyed,
But I fell into the vat."

So the cock took her up tenderly in his bill, and flew away home with her. Just as he was crossing a big river, the old hen-sparrow looked out of the nest, and when she saw her husband bringing his bride home in such a sorry plight, she burst out a-laughing and said:

"One is vexed and one is grieved,
And one laughing is carried on high."

At this the husband was so enraged that he could not hold his tongue, but shouted out, "Hush, hush! you old thing." Of course, when he opened his mouth to speak the poor draggled bride fell plump into the river and was drowned.[1] Whereupon the cock-sparrow was so distracted with grief that he pecked off all his feathers till he was as bare as a ploughed field, and went and sat quite naked on a *pípal*-tree and wept. Then the *pípal*-tree said to him, "What has happened?" "Don't ask me," said the cock-sparrow. "It isn't decent to ask questions

[1] This incident occurs in a great number of folk-tales, and its oldest form is probably the 'Játaka,' or Buddhist Birth-Story, of the Talkative Tortoise, which, with other variants—such as the Indian story of the Fools and the Bull of Siva, and the Russian story of the Old Man and the Cabbage-Stalk—will be found in my 'Book of Noodles.'

when folk are in mourning." But the *pípal*-tree would not be satisfied, so at last, with sobs and tears, the poor bereaved sparrow said:

"One hen painted,
The other was dyed,
And the cock loved her."

Then the *pípal*-tree was overwhelmed with grief too, and shed all its leaves on the spot. By-and-by a buffalo came, and asked the *pípal*-tree how it had lost all its leaves, and after much entreaty it answered:

"One hen painted,
The other was dyed,
And the cock loved her,
So the *pípal* shed its leaves."

On hearing this the buffalo was grieved, and shed his horns there and then. After a while the buffalo went to the river to drink, and the river asked him how he had lost his grand horns, so he said:

"One hen painted,
The other was dyed,
And the cock loved her,
So the *pípal* shed its leaves,
And the buffalo his horns."

Then the river wept so sore that it became quite salt. By-and-by a cuckoo came to the river, and finding it salt, asked the reason, and was answered:

"One hen painted,
The other was dyed,
And the cock loved her,

So the *pîpal* shed its leaves,
And the buffalo his horns,
So the river became salt."

Then the cuckoo plucked out an eye from actual sorrow, and went and sat by a tradesman's shop and wept bitterly. The tradesman wanted to know the cause of the bird's grief, and learned it thus:

"One hen painted,
The other was dyed,
And the cock loved her,
So the *pîpal* shed its leaves,
And the buffalo his horns,
So the river became salt,
And the cuckoo lost an eye."

At this sad news the tradesman wailed till he lost his senses. And when the king's servant came into his shop he gave her pepper when she asked for turmeric, and onion when she asked for garlic, and wheat when she asked for pulse. So the maiden asks what had thus distracted him, and after much persuasion he told her:

"One hen painted,
The other was dyed,
And the cock loved her,
So the *pîpal* shed its leaves,
And the buffalo his horns,
So the river became salt,
And the cuckoo lost an eye,
So Bhagtu went mad."

Then the maid went into the palace, saying dreadful things, because of her sorrow, and the queen asking what had happened, the maid told her:

"One hen painted,
The other was dyed,
And the cock loved her,
So the *pîpal* shed its leaves,
And the buffalo his horns,
So the river became salt,
And the cuckoo lost an eye,
So Bhagtu went mad,
And the maid took to swearing."

Then the queen danced till out of breath, and her son asked the reason:

"One hen painted,
The other was dyed,
And the cock loved her,
So the *pîpal* shed its leaves,
And the buffalo his horns,
So the river became salt,
And the cuckoo lost an eye,
So Bhagtu went mad,
And the maid took to swearing,
So the queen took to dancing."

And then the queen's son became so deeply grieved that he took his tambourine, and began to play on it, when in comes the king himself and learns all about it:

"One hen painted,
The other was dyed,
And the cock loved her,
So the *pîpal* shed its leaves,
And the buffalo his horns,
So the river became salt,
And the cuckoo lost an eye,
So Bhagtu went mad,
And the maid took to swearing,
So the queen took to dancing,
And the prince took to drumming."

When the king hears this sad story, he began to lay upon the zithar:

"One hen painted,
The other was dyed,
And the cock loved her,
So the *pîpal* shed its leaves,
And the buffalo his horns,
So the river became salt,
And the cuckoo lost an eye,
So Bhagtu went mad,
And the maid took to swearing,
So the queen took to dancing,
And the prince took to drumming,
So the king took to thrumming."[1]

From Madagascar we have a singular cumulative story, which is well worth reproducing, as follows: Once upon a time Ibotíty went and climbed a tree; and when the wind blew hard the tree was broken, whereupon Ibotíty fell and broke his leg. So he said, "The tree is indeed strong, for it can break the leg of Ibotíty." Then said the tree, "I am not strong, for it is the wind that is strong." Then said Ibotíty, "The wind it is which is strong; for the wind broke the tree, and the tree broke the leg of Ibotíty." "I am not strong," said the wind; "for if I were strong, should I be stopped by the hill?" "Ah, it is the hill

[1] A somewhat similar series of catastrophes are recounted in a Roumanian folk-tale: Two old folks have a mouse which, to their intense sorrow, is scalded to death in boiling milk; whereupon a magpie pulled out all its feathers as a sign of its grief; an empress on hearing the news fell out of a balcony and was killed; and the emperor her husband became a monk in the cloister of Lies on the other side of Truth.

which is strong," said Ibotíty; "for the hill stopped the wind, the wind broke the tree, the tree broke the leg of Ibotíty." "Nay, I am not strong," said the hill; "for if I were strong, I should not be burrowed by the mice." "Ah, it is the mouse which is strong," said Ibotíty; "for the mouse burrowed into the hill, the hill stopped the wind, the wind broke the tree, and the tree broke the leg of Ibotíty." "Nay, I am not strong," said the mouse; "for am I strong who can be killed by the cat?" "Ah, it is the cat which is strong," said Ibotíty; "for the cat killed the mouse, the mouse burrowed into the hill, the hill stopped the wind, the wind broke the tree, and the tree broke the leg of Ibotíty." "Nay, I am not strong," said the cat; "for am I strong who am caught by the rope and cannot escape?" "Ah, it is the rope which is strong," said Ibotíty, etc. "Nay, I am not strong," said the rope; "for am I strong and am cut by the iron?" "Then it is the iron which is strong," said Ibotíty, etc. "Nay, I am not strong," said the iron; "for am I strong which am softened by the fire?" "Ah, it is the fire which is strong," said Ibotíty, etc. "Nay, I am not strong," said the fire; "for am I strong and am put out by water?" "Ah, it is the water which is strong," said Ibotíty, and so on. But it would be tedious to give every detail; suffice it to say that the greatest power is shifted successively from the water to the canoe, from the canoe to the rock, from the rock to mankind, from mankind to the sorcerer, from the sorcerer to the *tangéna* (poison

ordeal), and from the *tangéna* to God; the last and complete paragraph reading thus: "Nay, I am not strong," said the *tangéna*, "for God overcomes me." "Ah, it is GOD who is strong," said Ibotíty; "for God overcame *tangéna*, *tangéna* killed the sorcerer, the sorcerer overcame man, man broke the rock, the rock broke the canoe, the canoe crossed the water, the water quenched the fire, the fire softened the iron, the iron cut the rope, the rope caught the cat, the cat killed the mouse, the mouse burrowed into the hill, the hill stopped the wind, the wind broke the tree, and the tree broke the leg of Ibotíty." So Ibotíty and all things agreed that God is the strongest of all, and governs all things in this world, whether in heaven above, or on the earth beneath, or underneath the earth, or to the verge of the sky; for God will bear rule for ever and ever.[1]

Lastly, here is a Singalese variant of our Old Woman and the Crooked Sixpence, from the first part of 'The Orientalist,' vol. ii., 1885:

Once upon a time a bird laid two eggs in a cleft between two large stones. Through some movement of the stones this cleft became closed up, and the bird could not gain access to her nest.

So she begged a mason to split open the stones again, in order that she might get to her eggs. But the man would not.

[1] 'Malagasy Folk-Tales,' by the Rev. James Sibree, junior: 'Folk-Lore Journal' (1884), vol. ii. pp. 136-138.

She then went to a wild boar, and asked him to enter the paddy-field and eat the mason's corn, because the mason would not split open the stones, and she could not get to her two eggs. But the wild boar would not.

She then went to the hunter, and asked him to shoot the wild boar, because the wild boar would not eat the mason's paddy; the mason would not split open the stones; and she could not get to her two eggs. But the hunter would not.

She next went to the elephant, and begged him to kill the hunter, because the hunter would not shoot the wild boar; the wild boar would not eat the mason's paddy; the mason would not split open the stones; and she could not get to her two eggs. But the elephant would not.

She then went to the *katussá* ("bloodsucker" lizard), and asked it to crawl up the elephant's trunk into his brain, because the elephant would not kill the hunter; the hunter would not shoot the wild boar; the wild boar would not eat the mason's paddy; the mason would not split open the stones; and she could not get to her two eggs. But the *katussá* would not.

She then asked a jungle-hen to peck and kill the *katussá*, because the *katussá* would not crawl up the elephant's trunk; the elephant would not kill the hunter; the hunter would not shoot the wild boar; the wild boar would not eat the mason's paddy; the mason would not split open the two stones; and she could not get to her two eggs. But the hen would not.

She then went to a jackal, and begged him to eat the jungle-hen, because the jungle-hen would not peck the *katussá;* the *katussá* would not crawl up the elephant's trunk; the elephant would not kill the hunter; the hunter would not shoot the wild boar; the wild boar would not eat the mason's paddy; the mason would not split open the stones; and she could not get to her two eggs.

And the jackal was too glad to eat the jungle-hen; so he immediately set off after her: and the jungle-hen began to peck the *katussá;* and the *katussá* began to crawl up the elephant's trunk; and the elephant went to attack the hunter; and the hunter took his bow and arrows to shoot the wild boar; and the wild boar began to eat the mason's paddy; and the mason, seeing the turn things had taken, split open the stones; and so the bird at last got back to her two eggs.

It is the opinion of several learned continental scholars that the Hebrew mystical hymn, "A kid, a kid, my father bought," etc., is a comparatively modern interpolation in the Talmud. Be this as it may, it is very probable that accumulative rhymes and stories were common in the East, long before the rabbins first reduced their traditionary lore to writing and loaded it with their own fanciful commentaries.

ALADDIN'S WONDERFUL LAMP:

A Second Chapter on the Thankful Beasts.

TO most general readers the charming tale of Aladdin and his Lamp, as related in our common English version of the 'Arabian Nights'—which was made, early in the last century, from Galland's selections, rendered into French—is doubtless a typical Eastern fiction. It does not, however, occur in any known Arabian text of 'The Thousand and One Nights' (*Elf Laila wa Laila*), although the chief incidents of the tale are found in many Asiatic fictions, and it had become orally current in Greece and Italy before it was published by Galland. A popular Italian version, which presents a close analogy to the familiar story of Aladdin (properly 'Alá-'u-'d-Dín, signifying, "exaltation of the Faith"), is given by Miss M. H. Busk in her 'Folk-Lore of Rome,' under the title of "How Cajusse was married," of which the following is an abstract:

A good-natured-looking old man one day knocks at the door of a poor tailor out of work; his son opens

the door, and is told by the old man that he is his uncle, and he gives the lad a piastre to buy a good dinner. When the tailor comes home—for he was absent at the time—he is surprised to hear the old man claim him as a brother; but finding him so rich, he won't dispute the matter. After the good old man had lived some time with the tailor and his family, liberally defraying all household expenses, he finds it necessary to depart, and, with the tailor's consent, takes the boy Cajusse with him, in order that he may learn some useful business. But no sooner are they outside the town than he tells Cajusse it is all a dodge. "I'm not your uncle," he says. "I want a strong daring boy to do something I am too old to do. I'm a wizard—don't attempt to escape, for you can't." Cajusse, not a bit frightened, asks him what it is he wants him to do, and the wizard raises a flat stone from the ground and orders him to go down, and when he gets to the bottom of the cave, to proceed till he comes to a beautiful garden, where he will see a fierce dog keeping watch—there's bread for him. "Don't look back when you hear sounds behind you. On a shelf you'll see an old lantern; take it down and bring it to me." So saying, the wizard gave Cajusse a ring, in case anything awkward should happen to him after he had got the lantern, when he had only to rub the ring and wish for deliverance. Cajusse finds precious stones hanging like fruit from the trees in the garden underground, and fills his pockets with them. Returning to the entrance of the cave, he

refuses to give up the lantern until he has been drawn out; so the wizard, thinking merely to frighten him, replaces the stone. Cajusse, finding himself thus entrapped, rubs the ring, when instantly "one" [the slave of the ring] appears, and the youth orders "Table laid for dinner!" He then calls for his mother and father, and they have all an unusually good meal. Some time after Cajusse returned home the town was illuminated one day, and he learned it was because the daughter of the sultan was to be married to the grand vazír's son. He sends his mother to the palace with a basket of priceless jewels as a present to the sultan, and to demand his daughter in marriage to her son. The sultan is astonished at the beauty of the gems, and says he will give his answer in a month. At the end of the same week, however, the vazír's son is married to the princess. Cajusse rubs his lantern and says, "Go to-night, and take the daughter of the sultan and lay her on a poor pallet in our outhouse." This is done, and Cajusse, placing a naked sabre in bed between himself and the princess,[1] begins to talk to her, but she is far too frightened to answer. The same thing occurs three consecutive

[1] This incident of the naked sword, it will be remembered, occurs also in the story of Aladdin; and in one of the genuine tales of the 'Arabian Nights,' that of Sayf el-Muluk and Badía el-Jamal, the hero adopts the like "precaution" while he and the Princess of Hind are drifting over the sea on a raft. The practice, with many other chivalric observances and customs, seems to have been early brought from the East to Europe, and is often employed in mediæval romances —*e.g.*, the Older Edda, in the case of Sigurd and Brynhild; in 'Sir Tristrem'; and in 'Amis and Amiloun,' which, with the heroes'

nights, and at last the princess tells her mother how she is conveyed in some mysterious way to a poor hovel, and so on. The sultan learns of this from the mother of the princess, and he does not know what to make of such a strange business. The son of the vazír complains to his father that his wife disappears every night, and comes back just before the dawn. Cajusse now sends his mother to the sultan with a present of three more baskets full of jewels, and the sultan tells her he may come and see him at the palace. Having received this message, Cajusse rubs his lantern, and gets a dress of gold and silver, a richly caparisoned horse, four pages with velvet dresses, to ride behind him, and one to go before, distributing money among the people and crying, "Make way for the Signor Cajusse!" To be brief, he is married to the princess (she having been duly divorced, doubtless, by the vazír's son), and they live together in joy and happiness, in a most magnificent palace reared and furnished by means of his all-bestowing lantern. But by-and-by the old wizard hears of all this, and resolves to obtain the lantern by hook or by crook. So dressing himself as a pedlar,

names changed to Alexander and Ludovic, is interwoven with the story of The Ravens in the old English prose version of 'The Seven Wise Masters.' Scott says "it was, in the middle ages, an acknowledged and formal emblem of the strictest continence betwixt persons who, from whatever cause, were placed in circumstances otherwise suspicious;" and he cites a historical instance, on the occasion of Louis, county palatine of Waldenz, acting as the Duke of Austria's proxy in marriage with the Princess of Burgundy.—See notes to Scott's edition (1819) of the Romance of Sir Tristrem, p. 345.

he comes near Cajusse's palace and bawls out, "Old lanterns taken in exchange for new ones!" Cajusse is from home, unluckily, and the princess sends a servant out with the lantern, for which the wizard very gladly gives a bran-new one in exchange, and immediately causes the palace to be transported to an island in the high seas. When Cajusse returns and finds what has happened, he rubs his ring (which he always wore on his finger) and is conveyed to where the palace now was. He sounds his horn; the princess, hearing it, is delighted, goes to the window, and tells Cajusse that she won't marry the old man. He gives her this advice: "Make a feast to-night; say you'll marry him if he'll tell you what thing would be fatal to him, and you will guard him against it." The princess wheedles out of the wizard the fatal secret. "One must go into a far-distant forest," he tells her, "where there is a beast called hydra, and cut off his seven heads. If the middle head is split open, a leveret will jump out and run off. If the leveret is caught and his head split open, a bird will fly out. If the bird is caught and opened, in its body is a precious stone, and should that be placed under my pillow I shall die." Cajusse accomplishes all these things, and gives the life-stone to the princess, together with a bottle of opium. The princess drugs the magician's wine, and when he had laid his head on his pillow (under which was the stone), he gave three terrible yells, turned himself round three times, and was dead. After thus ridding themselves of their

enemy, the hero causes his enchanted palace to be transported to where it was before, and he and his beautiful princess passed their days in joy and happiness.[1]

Aladdin's adventure with the African magician at the enchanted cave has its parallel also in the Meklenburg tale of the Blue Light (Grimm's German collection): A soldier, discharged from service and journeying homeward, obtains shelter one night in the hut of an old woman, who proves to be a witch, and compels him to dig her garden and chop a cart-load of wood for his two-days' lodging. On the third day she exacts from him a solemn promise to get her the blue light which burned at the bottom of a well. She lets him down with a long rope, and having found the blue light, he makes a signal to be drawn up. When the witch had pulled him up near enough to be within her reach, "Give me the light," she says, "and I will take care of it;" but the soldier suspected treachery on the part of his hostess, and so he answered that he would not give her the light till she had drawn him quite out of the well. At this the old witch flew into a rage, and let him drop again to the bottom. There the poor fellow lay for a while in utter despair, till at

[1] It does not seem very likely that this Roman popular version of our nursery favourite was derived from any written source, since Miss Busk states that the old woman who told it to her was almost quite illiterate; moreover, the life of the magician being represented as depending upon a precious stone, to obtain which the hydra and other creatures within it have to be killed, is sufficient evidence of the oral transmission of the tale.—See Note at the end of this paper: "Life depending on some Extraneous Object."

length recollecting that his pipe happened to be in his pocket, and half full of tobacco, he thought he might as well smoke it out; so he lit it, and began to puff away. All of a sudden a black dwarf appeared before him; he had a hump on his back and a feather in his cap. "What do you want of me, soldier?" said he. "Nothing at all," replied the soldier. "I am bound to serve you in everything," quoth the dwarf, "as lord and master of the blue light." So the soldier first desired to be taken out of the well, which being done, he next ordered that the old witch should take his place in the well—and there she may be still; who knows? He then plundered the house of the wicked crone, and took away as much gold and silver as he could carry. The dwarf, before "taking himself off," tells him that if at any time he should want his services, he has only to light his pipe at the blue light, and he will instantly appear before him, ready to obey any commands. After a variety of adventures, the soldier marries the king's daughter.[1]

Most of the other versions, European as well as Asiatic, may be considered as belonging to the Thankful Beasts cycle of popular fictions—a circumstance which would seem to indicate that the tale is of Buddhist origin. The following is the substance of a

[1] Mr Taylor, the translator of a selection of Grimm's Fairy Tales (Bohn's edition), says that this is also found in a collection of Hungarian stories, by Georg von Gaal, under the title of "The Wonderful Tobacco Pipe."

Bohemian variant, given in M. Leger's collection of Slav Tales, No. 15:

There was once a rich man, who had three sons, the eldest of whom he sent away to go the round of the world; and after an absence of three years he returned home superbly dressed, and a great feast was held in his honour. The same happened to the second son. But as for the youngest, who was called Jenik (or Johnny), he was despised as being weak-minded; for he did nothing but soil himself with the ashes of the stove.[1] Yet, seeing the success of his brothers, he, too, wished to go away and seek his fortune in the wide, wide world. "*You* go, noodle!" exclaimed his father. "What will you pick up on the way, I wonder?" Jenik persists, however, and at last is allowed to go—indeed they were all so glad to get rid of him that they actually gave him some money. In the course of his wanderings Jenik meets in succession crowds of people who were going to kill a dog, a cat, and a serpent. He intercedes for them, gets them as presents, and they follow him in single file: Johnny, dog, cat, and serpent. By-and-by the serpent says to him, "Come with me. In the autumn we serpents hide in our holes, and my king will be angry

[1] In fairy tales there are commonly three brothers, the youngest of whom ("Boots," as Dr Dasent aptly styles him in his Norse Tales) is invariably believed by the family to be a mere idiot, good for nothing but raking among the ashes—Cinderella is his female counterpart. Yet for him alone has Dame Fortune reserved her favours: he accomplishes tasks which his brothers have attempted in vain, and generally comes home with incalculable wealth, and a beautiful princess for his bride.

at my delay; but I'll tell him of the danger I was in when you rescued me. So do you ask for your reward the watch which hangs on the wall: by rubbing it you may have whatever you want." Jenik accompanies the serpent, and gets the enchanted watch.[1] He rubs it, and a sumptuous meal is before him in the twinkling of an eye. By the same means he gets a supper and a bed in the evening. Next day he returns home, expecting a feast from his father, but instead of this he is abused for coming back in rags. So Jenik takes once more to his favourite amusement of grubbing in the ashes. On the third day he has grown weary, and goes out. He rubs the magic watch, and gets a three-storey house, fine furniture, silver plate, and so forth. He invites his father, and relatives, and friends to a grand banquet. After the first course, he desires his father to go and fetch the king and his daughter, and for this purpose provides him with a coach-and-six. But the father will not enter so royal a carriage; he goes on foot, and invites the king and his daughter. Jenik, by means of his magic watch, has the road laid for six miles with polished marble, and a new house instantly erected, four storeys high, furnished finer than any royal palace. The king gives his daughter in marriage to Jenik, and there is a splendid wedding. But the princess does not love Jenik, and having wormed out of him the secret cause of his wealth,

[1] "Montre Enchantée," according to Leger—a local modification, doubtless, of the talisman of Eastern fairy tales.

she steals the magic watch, rubs it, and off she goes in a coach-and-six to her father's, where, having provided herself with a number of servants, she then proceeds to the sea-shore. By the power of the watch she has a palace erected in the middle of the sea, connected with the land by a bridge, over which having passed into her palace, she causes it to disappear.

Meanwhile poor Jenik is mocked by everybody and without friends, excepting the cat and the dog whose lives he had saved, and with them for his companions he goes away—far, very far, on and on, through great deserts, till one day he sees two crows fly to a mountain, and a third comes up to him. So Jenik asks this crow why he is so late, since winter has come on; and the crow tells him that he flew over a palace in the sea, so beautiful that he could not but linger and admire it. Jenik then goes to the sea-shore and discovers the palace, which he knows to be that of the faithless princess. "Dog," says he, "you can swim; Puss, you are nimble—sit on doggie's head, and he'll carry you to that great house in the middle of the sea. Conceal thyself near the gate, and get secretly into the bedroom of the princess, and take away my watch." So the dog carries the cat through the sea to the palace, and when the princess saw the cat, she at once suspected what her business was, so she put the watch in a box in the cellar. But the cat gnaws a hole in the box, seizes the watch in her mouth, and waits the coming of the princess to see

that all is safe. At last the door opens—crack! away puss bolts with the precious watch. When the cat seats herself on the dog's head to return to Jenik, she says to him, "Be careful not to speak to me during the passage." The dog keeps silent till near the shore, when he can't help asking, "Have you the watch?" The cat says nothing, afraid of dropping the watch. When they come to a rock, the dog asks again, "Have you the watch?" "Yes," says the cat, and so the watch falls into the sea.[1] Upon this follow mutual recriminations. Presently the cat grabs a passing fish, and is going to kill him, when he exclaims piteously, "I have nine children—spare the life of the father of a family!" Says the cat, "So be it; but you must get us our watch," which the fish does, and is then allowed to go away. When Jenik gets back his wonder-working watch, he rubs it, and lo! the wicked princess and her fine palace disappear beneath the waves; then he returns home, and he, and his dog, and his cat lived happily together the rest of their days.

In the 9th of M. Dozon's 'Contes Albanais,' the hero, having saved a serpent's life, is rewarded with a marvellous stone, which he rubs accidentally, like Aladdin with the ring and the lamp, when a black man appears, ready and able to do whatever the

[1] From the same cause was poor Hen-Sparrow drowned—see *ante*, p. 305. Truly saith the Preacher, "There is a time to keep silence, and a time to speak."

possessor of the talisman should desire or command. He immediately erects a magnificent palace, and the hero marries the king's daughter, of course. On the wedding-night, a Jew, who was among the guests, secretes himself in a closet, and, while the happy pair are sound asleep, steals the wonder-stone, with which he summons the black man, whom he commands to take the hero and lay him at the king's gate, and then convey the palace with the princess and all else in it to the sea-shore. In the morning the hero is discovered by the king's guards and thrown into prison. One day he happened to look out, and saw a man with a cat, which he bought, and fed with part of his own victuals till it grew to a great size, and burrowed a passage under the prison walls, by which the hero and his four-footed friend made good their escape. Arrived at the spot to which the Jew had caused the palace to be removed, the cat threatens to destroy a colony of mice unless they procure the talisman. One of their number is selected for the task. The Jew slept every night with the gem in his mouth, so the mouse tickles his nose with her tail, which causes the Jew to sneeze violently, and so the talisman falls out of his mouth.[1]

But more closely resembling the Bohemian version is a popular Greek tale in Hahn's collection: A poor boy saves the life of a snake which some other boys

[1] Cf. "Three years without wages," in Dasent's 'Tales from the Fjeld,' where the animals are a puppy, a kitten, and a lizard.

were bent upon killing. The snake, in requital of the lad's kindness, induces his father to give him a seal-ring. "If thou art in need of anything," says the old snake, "lick this seal, and a black man will appear. Command him to do whatever thou wilt, and he will perform it." The lad goes home and bids his mother look into the cupboard. He licks the ring, and sure enough a black man appears, is ordered to fill the cupboard with eatables, and when the old woman opens it, there they are. The mother and her son live on in this way for some time, until one day the lad says to her, "Go to the king and tell him he must give me his daughter in marriage." She naturally objects, but, as her son insists, at length goes to the king and delivers her message. The king laughs, and says, "If he is able to build a castle larger than mine, he shall have my daughter in marriage." The same night the lad licks the seal, and commands the black man to build the castle, and in a moment he finds himself in a castle far bigger and handsomer than the king's. Next morning the mother is sent again to require the king's performance of his promise. But the king says, "If he is able to pave the way from his castle to mine with gold, then he shall have my daughter." When the lad hears of this new condition, he once more summons the black man, who does what is required of him, and on the following morning the old woman announces to the king that the way from his castle to that of her son is now paved with gold. So the king at last consents to the marriage. All the

princess requires of her father is a black man for her servant, and she is supplied with one. After the marriage the widow's son and the princess lived happily together, until he told her the secret of the ring, when she stole it from him while he was fast asleep, and ran off with the black man to an island on the sea. There, by the power of the ring, she has a castle built, in which she lives with her sable paramour. When the widow's son learns of his misfortune he is distracted with grief; but his cat tells him she will recover the ring if he will allow his dog to be her companion, to which he consents very willingly, as may be supposed. So the cat gets on the dog's back, and the dog swims with her over the sea to the castle of the princess. It appears the black man keeps the ring in his mouth, under his tongue. In spite of this, the cat obtains the ring, and after some adventures on the way back, restores it to her master, who immediately licks it, and at his command the castle is removed from the island to where he stands. He then kills the sable paramour, and lives thenceforth happily and contentedly with his princess.

We find the same fundamental outline, though with incidents from other folk-tales introduced, in a Danish member of the Aladdin cycle: A poor peasant, named Hans, who had one son and three daughters (triplets), received from an old man one day a wishing-box, on condition that he gets his three daughters when they are three years of age. Hans has a fine mansion built

by the power of his magic box, gets coaches, horses, and servants galore, and lives in great style. At the end of three years the three little girls are taken away, no one knows where or by whom, in a grand carriage. The mother is inconsolable, and ere long dies of grief, and soon after her husband dies also. Hans is the heir of all their wealth and grandeur. But the stewards and servants rob him right and left, and in two years' time the king's bailiff comes and seizes everything, and poor Hans is turned adrift. He takes with him an old sheepskin cloak, which he thought suitable to his altered fortunes, and discovers in one of the pockets the very wishing-box that had, unknown to him, made his father a rich gentleman. Presently a great black fellow appears before him, and desires to know his commands. Hans wishes to have a fiddle, which when played upon causes everybody to dance. He then enters the service of a king as shepherd. The king's daughter is charmed by the music of the magic fiddle, and jestingly gives him her written promise that she would marry him. When Hans claims the hand of the princess, she laughs at him, and says it was all a joke. But the king insists upon her keeping her word —a written promise, too—and so they are married. Hans, by means of his wishing-box, gets a gold chariot with six horses, and a castle some two miles distant, where he and his royal bride live together for a time. But the princess is discontented, keeps her own apartments, and seldom speaks to her husband. So Hans goes out shooting every day, always carrying the

wishing-box with him. By-and-by a young cavalier comes to the castle, and finds favour in the eyes of the princess. He is greatly puzzled at what he sees: riches and splendour reigned throughout the house; no stint in anything; and yet there was no visible source of income. He talks this over with the princess, but she couldn't account for it. So he advises her to worm out of her husband the secret of his wealth. This she does by assuming an affectionate demeanour towards him, and when she learns of the wishing-box, she persuades him to leave it in her care when he goes out shooting, lest he should lose such a precious treasure. Next morning the princess took leave of him very lovingly, and wanted to know when he would be coming home, as she would come and meet him. But no sooner was Hans gone than she sent for the young cavalier, showed him the box, and related to him all she had learned about its wonderful properties. They soon decided what to do. The cavalier took the box and tapped it, and out sprang the black man, saying, "What are my new lord's commands to-day?" "I command you to take this castle just as it stands and hang it by four golden chains in mid-air over the Red Sea." No sooner said than done. And of all the splendour and grandeur not a trace was left, as poor Hans found on his return in the evening. So he begins to wander about anywhere, and he sees a young woman washing linen, and speaks to her. She turns out to be one of his sisters, who is married to a man who is in the form of a bear all day, but for six

hours of the night he is a man. Going farther, he finds a second of the sisters, who is married to a prince transformed into an eagle; and still farther, he discovers his third sister, who is married to a prince enchanted into the form of a huge fish. By the help of his brothers-in-law Hans gets back his box, causes the black man to destroy the princess and her paramour the young cavalier, and then to transport the castle to where it stood before. Finally, his enchanted brothers-in-law are restored to their human forms, and they all lived happily ever after.[1]

Although Galland's tale of Aladdin and his Lamp is not found in any Arabic text of 'The Thousand and One Nights,' yet a most interesting variant of it occurs in an inedited MS. text of that fascinating story-book, which was brought from the East—from Constantinople, it is believed—by Mr Wortley Montague, and is now in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. This story has been translated as follows, by Dr Jonathan Scott, in the sixth volume of his edition of the 'Arabian Nights,' published in 1811:

A fisherman's son having in company with his father caught a large fish, the latter proposed to present it to the sultan, in hopes of receiving a great reward. While he was gone home to fetch a basket, the son, moved by compassion, returned the fish into the water, and,

[1] Abridged from Miss Jane Mulley's translation of the story from 'Danske Folkeäventyr," etc., by Professor Grundtvig, in the 'Folk-Lore Record,' vol. iii. part 2, pp. 203-213.

fearful of his father's anger, fled from his country and repaired to a distant city, where he was entertained by a person as a servant. Strolling one day in the market, he saw a Jew purchase of a lad a cock at a very high price, and send it by a slave to his wife, with orders to keep it safely till his return home. The fisherman's son, supposing that as the Jew gave so great a price for the cock it must possess some extraordinary property, resolved to obtain it; and, accordingly, having bought two large fowls, carried them to the Jew's wife, whom he informed that her husband had sent him for the cock, which he had exchanged for the fowls.[1] She gave it him, and he, having retired, killed the bird, in whose entrails he found a magic ring, which being rubbed by his touch, a voice proceeded from it demanding what were the commands of its possessor, which should be immediately executed by the genii who were servants of the ring.

The fisherman's son was rejoiced at his good fortune, and while meditating what use he should make of his ring, passed by the sultan's palace, at the gates of which were suspended many human heads. He in-

[1] This recalls a diverting Italian story, related in Leigh Hunt's 'Indicator,' of two rogues in Bologna, who having seen an old doctor of laws purchase a silver goblet and take it home, resolved to obtain possession of it for themselves. With this object they buy a fine lamprey, and one of them goes with it to the doctor's house, after they had observed him go out, and tells his good lady that he had been sent with it by the doctor, as he had invited some friends to dinner, and that she was to give the bearer his new silver goblet, in order to have his arms engraved on it. The rogues having got the cup, by another plausible story get back the lamprey—and the tale shook the shoulders in Bologna for many months after.

quired the reason, and was informed that they were those of unfortunate princes, who, having failed to perform the conditions on which the sultan's daughter was offered them in marriage, had been put to death. Hoping to be more fortunate than they by the aid of his ring, he resolved to demand the princess' hand. He rubbed the ring; the voice asked his commands; upon which he required a rich dress, and it was instantly laid before him. He put it on, repaired to the palace, and being introduced to the sultan, demanded his daughter to wife. The sultan consented, on condition that his life should be forfeited unless he should remove a lofty and extensive mound of sand that lay on one side of the palace, which must be done before he could wed the princess. He accepted the condition, but required an interval of forty days to perform the task. This being agreed to, he took his leave, and having repaired to his lodging, rubbed the ring, commanded the genii to remove the mound, and erect on the space it covered a magnificent palace, and to furnish it suitably for a royal residence. In fifteen days the task was completed; he was wedded to the princess, and declared heir to the sultan.

In the meanwhile the Jew, whom he had tricked of the cock and the magic ring, resolved to travel in search of his lost treasure, and at last arrived at the city, where he was informed of the wonderful removal of the mound and the erection of the palace. He guessed that it must have been done by means of the ring, to recover which he planned the following

stratagem: Having disguised himself as a merchant, he repaired to the palace and cried for sale valuable jewels. The princess, hearing him, sent an attendant to examine them and inquire their price, when the Jew asked in exchange only old rings. This being told to the princess, she recollected that her husband kept an old shabby-looking ring in his writing-stand, and, he being asleep, she took it out and sent it to the Jew, who, knowing it to be the one he had so long sought for, eagerly gave for it all the jewels in his basket.[1] He retired with his prize, and having rubbed the ring, commanded the genii to convey the palace and all its inhabitants, excepting the fisherman's son, into a distant desert island, which was done instantly.

The fisherman's son, on awaking in the morning, found himself lying on the mound of sand, which had reoccupied its old spot. He arose, and in alarm lest the sultan should put him to death in revenge for the loss of his daughter, fled to another kingdom as

[1] This familiar Aladdin-incident reappears in an Italian story, cited by Mr H. C. Coote, in 'Folk-Lore Record,' vol. iii. part 2, p. 189: A princess, after agreeing to surrender her young daughter to a magician, regrets her promise and shuts her up in the palace, not permitting her ever to go out. The magician, thus baffled, has recourse to the following expedient—to use the words of the tale itself: "The magician was not a magician for nothing. He pretended to be a hawker, and went through the streets crying out, 'Women, women, who will exchange rings of iron for rings of silver?' The princess' maids all ran down-stairs. The magician profited by the opportunity, carried off the young princess, and took her away to an enchanted palace."—"La Fanciulla e il Mago": De Gubernatis' collection, 'Novelline di Santo Stefano di "Calcenaia,"' p. 47.

quickly as possible. Here he endured a disconsolate life, subsisting on the sale of some jewels which he happened to have upon his dress at his flight. Wandering one day through a town, a man offered him for sale a dog, a cat, and a rat, which he purchased and kept, diverting his melancholy with their tricks and uncommon playfulness together. These seeming animals proved to be magicians, who, in return for his kindness, agreed to recover for their master his lost prize, and informed him of their intention. He warmly thanked them, and they all set out in search of the palace, the ring, and the princess. At length they reached the shore of the ocean, after much travel, and descried the island on which the palace stood, when the dog swam over, carrying on his back the cat and the rat. Being landed, they proceeded to the palace, when the rat entered, and perceived the Jew asleep upon a sofa, with the ring laid before him, which he seized in his mouth and then returned to his companions. They began to cross the sea as before; but when about half-way over, the dog expressed a wish to carry the ring in his mouth. The rat refused, lest he should drop it; but the dog threatened, unless he would give it to him, to dive and drown them both in the sea. The rat, alarmed for his life, complied with his demand; but the dog missed his aim in snatching at the ring, which fell into the ocean. They landed, and informed the fisherman's son of his loss; upon which he, in despair, would have drowned himself, when suddenly a great

fish, with the ring in his mouth, swam close to shore, and having dropped it within reach of the desperate youth, miraculously exclaimed, "I am the fish which you released from captivity, and thus reward you for your generosity." The fisherman's son, overjoyed, returned to his father-in-law's capital, and at night, rubbing the ring, commanded the genii to convey the palace to its old site. This being done in an instant, he entered the palace and seized the Jew, whom he caused to be cast alive into a burning pile, in which he was consumed. From this period he lived happily with his princess, and on the death of the sultan succeeded to his dominions.

It will be observed that this Turco-Arabian form of the story comprises some elements of Galland's version and also of those in which grateful animals recover the stolen talisman. Through the Ottomans the story seems to have spread into Greece and Albania, while it was probably brought to Northern Europe by the Mongolians, since it forms one of the Relations of Siddhí Kúr:

A youth sets out on a trading expedition with three bales of merchandise, which he parts with to save a mouse, a young ape, and a young bear from being tortured by parties of boys. These animals henceforward become his attached friends, and one of them procures for him a talisman, or wishing-stone, from the bottom of a river, where he had seen it glittering. The youth wishes that, by virtue of the talisman, he

might find in the morning a flourishing city in the plain where he had pitched his tent, and in the midst of the city a shining palace, with plenty of horses, food, and all good things. When he awakes, he finds everything that he had wished for, and lives there for a time very happily, until a caravan of merchants come to the district. The leader of the merchants expressed his astonishment at seeing a city and a palace where last year was nothing but a desert, when the youth explained all to him, and showed him the talisman, by means of which these wonders had been performed. Perceiving the guileless nature of the youth, the chief of the caravan offered him all his own and his fellow-merchants' goods, money, and jewels, in exchange for the talisman, which he accepted, and behold! next morning the city, and the palace, and all therein had vanished, and the youth finds himself lying on a barren island. His four-footed companions recover the talisman in this wise: Having ascertained where the merchants were residing, they proceed thither. The mouse creeps through the keyhole into the room where the chief of the merchants is asleep, and finds the talisman guarded by two fierce cats, chained close to it. He returns and relates this to his companions, and, acting on the advice of the ape, goes in again, and gnaws the sleeper's hair, which annoyed him so much that he causes the cats to be chained to his pillow the next night, thus leaving the talisman unguarded; and, aided by the ape outside, the mouse contrives to drag

it through the keyhole and restore it to the despairing youth.

We have thus traced the tale of Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp through several European versions to a Mongolian form; but it has not, I think, been hitherto pointed out that a very similar fiction is also current in Southern India. This I am now enabled to do, through the courtesy of my friend Pandit S. M. Natésa Sástrí, of the Government Archæological Survey, Madras, who has favoured me with an early copy of his translation of the Tamil romance, 'Madaña Kámarája Kadai,' from the second story of which I present the following abstract:

Alakésa, king of Alakápurí, dying prematurely, left behind him a young son and a very good wife, with whom he had lived happily. The king's younger brother acted as regent during the minority of his little nephew; but after a time, fired by ambition, he turned the young prince and his mother adrift. The ex-queen goes to her father's house and obtains a hundred pagodas, which she gives to her son, telling him to lay the money out in some sort of goods for sale, and thus make his own livelihood. The youth sets off, and meets a farmer with a cat and her kittens in a gunny-bag, which he means to get rid of, as they were a nuisance. Inquiring the price of the kittens, he is told by the unprincipled husbandman, perceiving his simplicity, that he wants 500 pagodas; but when the youth says that he has only 100, he lets him have

one kitten for the money, "as a great bargain." The lad returns home, and shows his purchase to his mother, who is vexed at his stupidity, but goes back to her father and gets another 100 pagodas, which she gives her son, cautioning him to be more careful this time. He goes away once more, and meets with a snake-charmer carrying two baskets full of snakes suspended at the ends of a long bamboo rod across his shoulders. Among these snakes was the son of Adisésha, the king of the serpents, who had left his palace in the lower regions and come to see the world, and had been captured by the snake-charmer. The simple-minded lad purchases the snake-prince with his second 100 pagodas, and his mother is deeply grieved to find how he has again thrown away his money. After this he goes about begging from door to door, sharing his food with the cat and the serpent, until his mother bids him get rid of the serpent, as it is the enemy of mankind. So he takes the serpent into a wood, and explains to him that he must abandon him in obedience to his mother's order. The snake invites his benefactor to his father's palace, and Adisésha, the king of the snakes, gives him a ring, which he has only to put on his finger, and extolling Paramésvara, think of what he wants, and it will be instantly before him.

Highly delighted with his treasure, the young prince went into a thick jungle, and thinking of the deity Paramésvara, the supreme lord of the world, he exclaimed, "May this forest to a distance of 500 *kós*

round about me, with all things in it, excepting myself, be burnt to ashes! May those people who protected me during my misfortunes come here and be my subjects! May there rise here dwellings to accommodate them with their families! May they have fields, gardens, pleasure-villas, and everything that they had in their own towns! May broad rivers run throughout the year in this country! May my mother and cat join me here! May I have a palace for my own use, a minister, a commander, and every other officer of a royal household! And may this kingdom be known as Nishadadésa!" No sooner had he uttered these words than the whole forest was burnt down with everything therein, except himself. The people who protected him, his mother, and his cat appeared before him. Palaces, mansions, pleasure-villas, temples, tanks, and all other requisites sprang up. Rivers began to flow through the land. And thus, by the power of the ring which he obtained from Adisésha, in a moment a thick jungle was converted into a populous country. Those who, taking pity on the prince, had formerly supplied him with food, were now very glad to become his subjects, and he was equally pleased to be their sovereign. His mother, who had been so much grieved at his stupidity in having bought a snake for 100 pagodas, now thanked the gods for his good fortune.

One moonlight night, after some years of peace and plenty and prosperity, the prince, who was now in the prime of youthful manhood, was lying awake, and

thought by the power of his ring as to whom Paramésvara designed for his consort. Closing his eyes for an instant in deep contemplation, he found that at a distance of 500 *kós* from his city there was another called Svarnapurí, ruled over by a king named Svarnésa, and that his daughter was destined to be his queen-consort. So he said, "May that princess be lifted with her couch, without disturbing her slumber, and brought here immediately!" And lo! the couch descended and the princess was before him. The prince touched her gently, and she opened her eyes, and discovered that she had been mysteriously transported from her own chamber into another country. She was very prudent as well as intelligent, so she said to the prince that she was convinced she was destined for his wife, and begged him to defer their nuptials for a few days, in order that she should communicate the matter to her father. Then kissing her future lord, she stood before him respectfully, as if waiting his orders. The prince, highly gratified with the prudent advice of the young lady, sent her back on her couch to her own chamber in her native country by the power of his ring. Next day the prince despatched ambassadors to Svarnapurí, requesting the hand of his daughter in marriage, and after all preliminaries had been properly arranged, the nuptials were celebrated with unexampled splendour.

Now the princess was very fond of sea-bathing, so she desired her lord to construct an underground passage from her bed-chamber to the sea-shore, which was

at once accomplished by the power of the ring, and the princess always used this secret passage when she went to take her bath. One morning after she had bathed a hair fell from her head, and, collecting itself into a ball by the dashing of the waves, was lying on the shore. The king of Kochchi [*i.e.*, Cochin] chanced to ride past, and perceived the hair-ball. He took it up and examined it, and unrolling it found it to consist of a single hair ten *bhágams*[1] long. By his knowledge of the art of discovering the beauty and nature of human beings from anything belonging to them, the king of Kochchi at once concluded that the woman from whose head the hair had fallen must be a paragon of beauty, and he resolved to obtain her as his wife.[2] He offered a great reward to any person who should accomplish his desire. An old double-

[1] A *bhága* is equal to two yards.

[2] An analogous incident is related in No. 4 of the Rev. Lal Bahari Day's 'Folk-Tales of Bengal': "The first day they went to bathe, one of [Princess] Keshavati's hairs came off, and as it is the custom with women never to throw away a hair unaccompanied with something else, she tied the hair to a shell which was floating on the water, after which they returned home. In the meantime the shell with the hair tied to it floated down the stream, and in course of time reached the *ghat* [or bathing-place] at which Sahasra Dal and his companions were in the habit of performing their ablutions. The shell passed by when Sahasra Dal and his friends were bathing; and he seeing it at some distance said to them, 'Whoever succeeds in catching hold of yonder shell shall be rewarded with a hundred rupees.' They all swam towards it, and Sahasra Dal, being the fleetest swimmer, got it. On examining it he found a hair tied to it. But such a hair! It was exactly seven cubits long. 'The owner of this hair must be a remarkable woman, and I must see her,' said Sahasra Dal, and he went home from the river in pensive mood."

bent woman undertook the task, and ascertaining the place where the hair was discovered, she proceeded thither. Collecting some pieces of wood, she heaped them in a pile, and setting fire to it, sat down and began to weep. The queen of Nishada came, as was her custom, for her morning bath. Hearing a woman crying, she was greatly affected, and looking about her, perceived the old trot mourning over the funeral pile, and ran to console her. The old woman, when the beautiful princess drew near, threw her arms round her neck and exclaimed, "My daughter, you left me in my old age but a few hours ago for the other world. I am astonished to see that you have returned again!" These words, of course, excited the queen's pity, and thinking that the poor woman had lost a daughter of her age and had mistaken her for that daughter, she consoled her with appropriate words. The queen then inquired into her history. "I had an only daughter," replied the old woman; "and as we were going to a neighbouring village she suddenly died, and hence my sorrow." So the queen took her to the palace, and caused a room to be prepared for her use. The old hag pretended to be devoted to the queen and all the other female members of the palace; and even Nishadésa liked her, and believed her to be a woman of great piety and virtue. One day, when it was not the season for mango-fruits, the old woman earnestly begged the queen to gratify her by procuring one, and on the queen's acquainting her royal consort of this request, he at once said aloud

in the crone's presence, "Let there be a mango-fruit by the power of this ring," when it appeared; and she readily understood that if she could but get the ring into her possession, it would be an easy matter to secure the queen for the king of Kochchi. So, with this design, she pretended, a day or two afterwards, to have a severe headache. All sorts of remedies were applied, but without effect. At last she called the queen to her side and said, "My daughter, there is only one remedy that can possibly cure my headache and save my life, and that is your husband's ring. Get that for me, and I shall return it after wearing it on my finger for a few seconds." The queen procures the ring and takes it to the infamous old hag, who had no sooner put it on her finger than she ascended into the sky and disappeared, leaving the queen in a state of utter despair.

The old woman reached Kochchi in the twinkling of an eye, and having placed the ring before the king and received the promised reward, she told him that if he thought of the lady he admired, with the ring on his finger, he should have her by his side instantly. As the king was dying for love, he thought of the lady; and lo! the queen of Nishada, who was pining away in sorrow for the loss of the ring, was suddenly lifted into the sky and placed before him. Delighted at the power of the ring, he then desired that the king of Nishada should become mad, and that his kingdom should be burnt to ashes, both of which great misfortunes took place accordingly. But the unhappy queen

obtained leave of the king of Kochchi to keep an eight-days' fast before the celebration of their nuptials, during which she should distribute money and food to the poor. Thousands flocked daily to the palace, amongst whom came her own husband, formerly king of Nishada, now a poor lunatic, wandering about the land with his cat, and begging his bread. The queen observed him take his seat with other beggars; and when the leaves were spread out (to serve as plates), the mad king fought with the leaf-spreader to have one laid also before his cat. She remonstrated with the leaf-spreader on his refusal to give food to the cat, which had life as well as men; and her sorrow knew no bounds to see her husband sitting among beggars voraciously eating the food placed before him; and when he had satisfied his hunger he lay down and slept, while his faithful cat perched upon his bosom.

Some refuse-leaves had been thrown near the spot where the king of Nishada slept, and a number of rats began to eat them. Among these was a stout rat, who, by his prominent appearance and the respect paid to him by the others, was evidently the rat-king. The cat, who was pitying his master all the while, and wished to try his best to reinstate him in his kingdom, sprang on the rat-rája, and seizing him by the neck, spoke to him thus: "If you are able to do me a service which I require, I will set you at liberty. My master, who lies there asleep, had a ring which is now in the possession of the king of this country. If you do not bring it, I shall certainly eat you." The rat

promised to procure the ring, and sent his subjects to examine the king's treasure-chests. To their great joy, they found the ring in a box near which the king of Kochchi was himself sleeping, and brought it to the cat, who then liberated the rat-rája. The cat, having awoke his master by placing the ring on his breast, related how it had been lost and recovered; and when the king put the ring on his finger, behold! his senses were restored to him. Wishing himself and his queen back in Nishada, and everything to be as it was before, he then wished Kochchi to become insane and his kingdom destroyed, and all these things were accomplished. Thus reclaiming every good thing which he had lost by means of his faithful cat, the king reigned many years over his loyal subjects.

The story of Aladdin and his Lamp and three or four others in Galland's 'Mille et une Nuits' were, on the first publication of that work, generally considered as his own inventions; and when in after-years several Arabic texts of the 'Elf Layla wa Layla' preserved in the great European libraries were examined and none of these tales discovered in any of them, it was almost concluded that they were not of Asiatic extraction. Yet Galland was surely the last man to attempt such an imposture, even had he possessed the ability—which there is no reason to suppose—for constructing from his own fancy tales at least equal to those which are admitted to be of Arabian composition; and indeed his literary integrity is

now satisfactorily vindicated. Mr H. C. Coote, in an interesting paper on "The Sources of some of M. Galland's Tales," published in the 'Folk-Lore Record,' vol. iii. part 2, has shown that the chief incidents of the stories of Aladdin, Ali Baba, Prince Ahmed, and the Two Envious Sisters were known in Italy before Galland's work appeared, and is of the opinion that the equivalents of these four tales found their way into Italy through Byzantine Greece, European and Asiatic, but that Galland probably heard them at Constantinople and Smyrna, where he sojourned many years. It does not appear that Mr Coote knew of the Turco-Arabian (or Turco-Egyptian) version presented in the story, cited in the present paper, of the Fisherman's Son, or of the Mongolian form, in both of which the fundamental outlines are similar to several European variants, more especially the incident of the recovery of the talisman by grateful animals, which Galland may have thought advisable to modify to suit the taste of his readers. So far indeed was Galland from inventing these four stories, that they all occur in Asiatic collections, and a fifth, Zeyn el-Asnám, my learned friend Mr E. J. W. Gibb informs me he has found in a Turkish story-book, by 'Alí 'Azíz.

NOTE.

LIFE DEPENDING ON SOME EXTRANEOUS OBJECT (p. 318).

This is a characteristic of many folk-tales all over the world, and some of our comparative mythologists have attempted to explain its signification with very considerable ingenuity.[1] Miss Busk, in a note on the death of the wizard in her story of Cajusse, cites a parallel from a Hungarian tale, in which the hero, István (or Stephen), after a series of strange adventures, is returning home with his bride, a king's daughter, and having drawn the king of the dwarfs out of a ditch, is himself thrust into it by the ungrateful monster, who then decamps with the princess. István sets out to recover his bride. He meets with a frog whose life he had saved, and who gives him important aid, and leads him through further heroic adventures, in which he renders services to other animals, who conduct him to the palace of the dwarf-king. Here exactly the same scene occurs between István and his bride as between Cajusse and the sultan's daughter, and they lay the same plan. But the dwarf-king is more astute than the magician, for he at first tells her that his life's safety lies in his sceptre, on which she persuades him to give her the sceptre, that she may take care of it, but really intending to give it to István. When he sees her so anxious for his safety, he tells her it is not in his sceptre; but he does not yet tell the truth, for he next says it is in the royal mantle, and then in the crown. Ultimately he confides to her that his life is in a golden cockchafer, inside a golden cock, inside a golden sheep, inside a golden stag, in the 99th island. She communicates all this to István, who overcomes these golden animals by the help of the beasts he had lately succoured, and thus recovers his bride.

In the Russian story of Koshchei the Deathless (Mr Ralston's collection), Prince Ivan's mother says to him, "Whereabouts is

[1] See Cox's 'Aryan Mythology,' vol. ii. pp. 36, 330; De Gubernatis' 'Zoological Mythology,' vol. i. p. 168; and an able paper in the 'Folk-Lore Journal,' 1884, vol. ii. p. 302, on "The Philosophy of Punchkin," by Mr Edward Clodd.

your 'death,' O Koshchei?" He answers, "My death is in such and such a place. There stands an oak, and under the oak is a casket, and in the casket is a hare, and in the hare is a duck, and in the duck is an egg, and the egg is my death." By-and-by Prince Ivan went to look for Koshchei's death. He went on his way a long time without eating or drinking. At last he felt mortally hungry, and thought, "If only something would come my way." Suddenly there appeared a young wolf, and he determined to kill it. But out of a hole sprang the she-wolf and said, "Don't hurt my little one, and I'll do you a good turn." Says Prince Ivan, "Very good," and he let the young wolf go. After this he befriends in succession a crow and a pike, and these grateful animals help him to get Koshchei's "death."—In another version Koshchei attempts to deceive his fair captive by pretending that his death resides in a besom or in a fence, both of which she adorns with gold in token of her love. Then he confesses that his death really lies in an egg, inside a duck, inside a log, which is floating on the sea.[1]

So, too, in one of Campbell's 'Tales of the West Highlands,' there is a flagstone under the threshold, a wether is under the flagstone, in the wether is a duck, in the duck an egg, and in the egg is the giant's soul. And in Dasent's 'Norse Tales' the princess learns from the giant who had no heart in his body, that "far, far away, in a lake lies an island, in that island is a church, in that church is a well, in that well a duck is swimming, in that duck is an egg, and in that egg is my heart, you darling!"

The same notion occurs, with local modifications, in a great number of Hindú folk-tales. To cite a few examples: In Miss Frere's 'Old Deccan Days' (story of Punchkin), a magician says, "Far, far away, hundreds of thousands of miles from

[1] Cf. Delilah's attempts to wheedle out of Samson the secret of his strength: how he told her, first, that if bound with seven green withs, he should be weak and be as another man; next, if he were bound with new ropes; then, if the seven locks of his head were fastened to the pin of the weaving-beam; and how he confessed at last the fact that if his head were shaven his strength should depart. — Book of Judges, xvi. 4-20.

this, there lies a desolate country covered with jungle. In the midst of the jungle grows a circle of palm-trees, and in the centre of the circle stand six chattís full of water, piled one above another. Below the sixth chattí is a small cage, which contains a little green parrot. On the life of that parrot depends my life, and if the parrot is killed I must die." A rákshasa, in another story, says, "Sixteen miles away from this place is a tree; round the tree are tigers and bears and scorpions and snakes; on the top of the tree is a great flat snake; on the snake's head is a little cage; in that cage is a bird; and my soul is in that bird." In Miss Stokes' 'Indian Fairy Tales' the daughter of a demon tells a king's son, "On the other side of the sea is a great tree; in that tree is a nest; in that nest is a maina [hill-starling]; and if one kills that maina, my father will die." In No. 1 of the Rev. Lal Bahari Day's 'Folk-Tales of Bengal' the life of a young prince is bound up, from his birth, in that of a *boal* fish, which is in a tank in front of the palace. In the heart of the fish is a small box of wood, in the box is a necklace of gold, and in that necklace is the prince's life. And in No. 4 a captive princess one night feigns anxiety as to what she shall do when her "friend" the rákshasi (female demon) shall die, to which she responds that "in a tank close by, deep down in the water, is a crystal pillar, on the top of which are two bees. If any human being can dive into the water and bring up these two bees in one breath, and destroy them so that not a drop of their blood falls to the ground, then we rákshasas shall certainly die; but if a single drop of their blood falls to the ground, then from it will start up a thousand rákshasas." —In a Kashmírí tale, entitled "The Shipwrecked Prince," contributed by the Rev. J. Hinton Knowles to the 'Indian Antiquary' for September 1885 (p. 250), an ogre confides to his fair captive that there is in a certain tree a honeycomb, and that his life is in the queen-bee there. In his cave is a stool which would convey any one who sat upon it to the honeycomb (or anywhere else), but the bees are so fierce that they would sting to death the person who should attempt to seize their queen-bee; so the ogre considered himself as quite safe.

In the Arabian story of Sayf el-Muluk and Badía el-Jamál,

the princess of Hind asks the genii who has stolen her where his soul abides, in order that she might watch over it, and he tells her that it is in the crop of a sparrow; the sparrow is shut up in a box; the box is in a casket, which is within seven other caskets, and these again are within seven chests, laid in an alabastrine coffer, which is buried in the margin of the earth encircling the sea.

But the life of the demon or giant Mairávana, who carried off and confined Ráma and Lakshmana, depended on no less than five separate objects. According to a Telegu version of the story (the Sanskrit original of which is said to form a part of the 'Jaimini Bhárata'), Hanumán, the monkey-deity, having killed all the giant's guards and carried the two princes out of the castle, set to work to demolish the fortifications, which brought Mairávana against him. He overthrew but could not kill the giant, and on marvelling at the cause, is informed by Dordandi (the giant's sister) that the five vital airs of the giant are on a mountain 60,000 *kós* remote, in the form of five black bees. Hanumán immediately travels thither, and catches and kills the bees, on which Mairávana perishes.[1]

The comparatively novel theory—which is entertained by Sir R. F. Burton and other eminent European scholars—that Egypt was the centre of the world's civilisation, and that even the most ancient Hindú apologues and fictions were derived, mediately or immediately, from that country, seems to be supported to some extent by the circumstance that the notion of an individual's heart existing apart from his body is found in an Egyptian romance, written 3000 years ago, to which reference has already been made in my introductory chapter (pp. 67, 68), and of which an account is furnished, in a paper on Hieratic Papyri, by Mr C. W. Goodman, in 'Cambridge Essays,' 1858: Satú tells his brother Anapú that he will take his heart and place it in the flowers of an acacia-tree. If at some future time the brother desires to renew communication with him, he must search for his heart, and, when found, place it in a vessel con-

[1] 'Descriptive Catalogue of the Mackenzie MSS.,' &c., by H. H. Wilson; vol. i. p. 329.

taining wine or some other liquor, with certain ceremonies. Satú will then appear to him, and answer any questions he may put. . . . Ra, the sun-god, says to Núm, the creator, "Wilt thou not make a woman for Satú, that he may not remain alone?"[1] Núm accedes to this request, and forms for him a consort more beauteous than all the women in Egypt, for all the gods endow her with gifts. He takes the beautiful creature to his house, and she remains at home while he employs himself industriously in hunting. One day he says to her, "When thou goest out to walk, beware lest the river seize thee, for I could not deliver thee, being a woman even as thou art [he had emasculated himself, when his brother sought to slay him on a false accusation of his (Anapú's) wife]; for my heart is among the flowers of the acacia." He then explains his history to her. The daughter of the gods loses no time in going to the acacia-tree to search for her husband's heart, when she perceives the river overflowing his banks and advancing towards her. A lock of her richly perfumed hair floats down the river as she escapes, and it is taken to the king of Egypt, who seeks for her far and wide, as did another Egyptian king, Psammeticus, according to Ælian, for Rhodope (the prototype of Cinderella), whose shoe was carried off by an eagle while she bathed, and dropped into his lap. When the daughter of the gods is at length discovered to be the owner of the tress of perfumed hair, and brought before the king, she at once induces him to cut down the acacia-tree in order to get rid of her husband Satú; then the heart falls and Satú dies. He is, however, afterwards resuscitated, by his brother Anapú finding his heart and steeping it, as he had been instructed, in a vessel full of wine. The resemblance between the incident of the tress of perfumed hair in this oldest of fairy tales and that of the hair-ball in the Tamil member of the Aladdin-cycle, cited in the foregoing paper (p. 341), is probably not merely fortuitous.[2]

[1] Cf. Gen. ii. 18: "It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him."

[2] The "life-trees," etc., which figure in many folk-tales (see *ante*, pp. 170, 171) are evidently near akin to the idea exemplified in the ancient Egyptian story and its derivatives.

THE HUNCHBACK AND THE FAIRIES.

IT is well known that fairies are (or rather were, for, alas! they are no more) a very merry but capricious race of beings: well was it for such as found favour in their sight—woe to those who in any way offended them! In proof of this there is an amusing story in Thoms' 'Lays and Legends of France,' to the following effect: Once upon a time a hunchback minstrel, returning from a merry-making, fell asleep on fairy-ground, and awaking at midnight he discovered a large party of fairies disporting themselves, so he played to them on his instrument, while they danced to their hearts' content. Before they departed, the fairies asked the minstrel to name his wish, and it would be gratified, as a reward for his excellent music. He requested that his hump should be removed, which was done instantly, and he returned to his village straight in body, without the ugly protuberance on his back. One of his neighbours, a surly fellow, who had also a hump, became envious of his good luck, and on learning how he had got rid

of his hump, secretly went at night to the spot where the fairies were wont to dance. When they discovered him, they desired him to give them some music, but this he could not do; so, by way of revenge, they took the minstrel's hump, and clapped it on that of the ill-natured fellow, who was ever after the laughing-stock of his townsmen.

A different form of this story is given in Grimm's 'Kinder und Haus Märchen': One evening a tailor and a hunchbacked blacksmith were returning from a town where they had been working at their respective trades. As night came on, they saw the sun setting behind the hills, and presently, as the moon rose, came the sound of distant music, which grew more distinct as they advanced on their way. The tones were somewhat unearthly, but so charming that they forgot their fatigue, and went forward with rapid steps. After walking some little distance they reached the hill-side, and caught sight of a crowd of little men and women, holding each other's hands and dancing merrily in a circle to the strange music they had heard. In the centre was a little old man, with a coat of many colours, and a snow-white beard spreading over his breast. The hunchbacked blacksmith, being a bold fellow, stepped in to take a share in the merriment; but the tailor at first held back, the ring again closed, and the pixies resumed their dancing. After they had ended, the old man took a knife, sharpened it on a stone, and looked at the strangers

so that they trembled. He then seized the smith, and with one stroke shaved his hair and beard clean off, and afterwards treated the tailor in the same manner. Then he slapped them on the shoulder, and said they had done wisely not to resist; and pointing to a heap of coals, signed to fill their pockets. Both did so, and took leave of the pixies; and as they passed through a valley they heard the hour of midnight tolled from the church tower, upon which the music ceased, and the pixies disappeared. The travellers put up at a wayside inn, where they had to be content with a bundle of straw for a bed, and in the morning they discovered their pockets filled with gold in place of the coals they had taken the preceding night, and, not less wonderful, their hair and beards were grown again. The smith, who was a very avaricious man, and had filled both his pockets, was not content, but proposed to go again the next night; the tailor, however, was quite satisfied with what he had got from the pixies, but consented to wait for his companion at the inn. As night drew on, the smith, having provided himself with two large sacks, went to the meadow where the pixies had held their revels the previous night, and found the same company assembled. The old pixie, who knew the sort of fellow he had to do with, signed to him to take as much coals as he pleased, so the smith filled his two sacks, and returned to the inn. But in the morning he found he had nothing save coals; his hair and beard were permanently removed; the hump on his

back had grown larger; and he had ever afterwards to wear a cap to cover his bald head.

In an Italian version entitled "I due Fratelli Gobbi," the Two Hunchbacked Brothers, given by Miss Busk in her 'Folk-Lore of Rome,' the magic stick reappears for the hero's benefit: There was once a man, who had one son, who married a widow, who had also one son, and both were hunchbacks. The wife took very good care of her own son, but the son of her husband she used to put to hard work, and gave him scarcely anything to eat. Her son, too, used to follow her example, and sadly ill-used his step-brother. After ill-treating him for a long time, she at length sent him away from the house altogether. The poor little hunchback wandered without knowing whither to go. On, on he went, till he came to a lonely hut on a wide moor. At his approach a whole host of little hunchbacks came out and danced round him, chanting plaintively—

Sabbato!
Domenica![1]

a great number of times. At last our little hunchback felt his courage stirred, and, taking up the note of their chant, chimed in with—

Lunedi![2]

Instantly the dancing ceased: all the hunchbacked dwarfs became full-grown, well-formed men, and,

[1] Saturday, Sunday. [2] Monday.

what was better still, his own hump was gone too, and he felt that he also was a well-grown lad. "Good people," said he, "I thank you much for ridding me of my hump, and making me a well-grown lad. Give me some work to do among you, and let me live with you." But the chief of the strange people answered him and said, "This favour we owe to you, and you are not indebted to us; for it was your chiming in with the right word on the right note that destroyed the spell that held us all. And in testimony of our gratitude we give you this little wand, and you will not need to work as you did formerly. Go back and live at home, and if any one beats you as heretofore, you have only to say to it, 'At them, good stick!' and you will see what it will do for you." So the youth goes home again, and when his step-mother learnt how he had got rid of his hump, she sent her own son to the hut of the strange folk. When he saw a party of hunchbacked dwarfs dancing and chanting—

Sabbato!
Domenica!
Lunedi!

he chanted, all out of tune,

Martedi![1]

and was rewarded with a drubbing and a hump on his breast, besides the one he already had on his back. Coming home, his mother, seeing his plight, sets upon her step-son; but he takes his magic stick

[1] Tuesday.

and cries, "At 'em, good stick!" and the old woman gets a sound rib-roasting, until she begs for mercy; and ever after this he lived at home in perfect peace.[1]

There is a version from the south of Ireland which presents a very close analogy to the main incidents in the foregoing Italian story: In olden times there lived a poor little hunchback, who was nicknamed Lusmore, from his always wearing a sprig of the fairy-cap, or lusmore (the foxglove), in his straw hat. One evening he was returning from the town of Cahir towards Cappagh, and it was quite dark when he came to the old moat of Knockgrafton. Tired and weary, he sat down under the moat to rest himself, and began looking mournfully upon the moon. Presently there rose a wild stream of unearthly melody: he listened, and thought he had never heard such ravishing music before. It was like the sound of many voices, each mingling and blending with the other so strangely that they seemed to be one, though all singing different strains, and these were the words of the song:

Da Luan,
Da Mort,
Da Luan,
Da Mort,
Da Luan,
Da Mort;[2]

[1] A Tuscan version given by Mr Crane in his 'Italian Popular Tales,' p. 103, agrees generally with the above: there is, however, no step-mother; the two hunchbacks reside together after the catastrophe; and the magic stick does not figure in the story.

[2] Monday, Tuesday.

when there would be a moment's pause, and then the sound of melody went on again. Lusmore listened attentively, scarcely drawing his breath lest he should lose the slightest note. He now plainly perceived that the singing was within the moat, and though at first it had charmed him so much, he began to get tired of hearing the same round sung over and over so often without any change; so, availing himself of the pause when

Da Luan,
Da Mort,

had been sung three times, he took up the tune and raised it with the words,

Augus da Cadine;[1]

and then went on singing with the voices inside of the moat,

Da Luan,
Da Mort;

finishing the melody, when the pause again came, with

Augus da Cadine.

The fairies within Knockgrafton—for the song was a fairy melody—when they heard this addition to their tune, were so much delighted, that with instant resolve it was determined to bring the mortal amongst them whose musical skill so far exceeded theirs, and little Lusmore was conveyed into their company with the eddying speed of a whirlwind.

[1] And Wednesday.

The greatest honour was paid him, for he was put above all the musicians, and he had servants to wait on him, and everything to his heart's content. By-and-by Lusmore saw the fairies engaged in consultation, and he felt frightened, in spite of their civility, till one of them stepped forward and said—

"Lusmore! Lusmore!
Doubt not, nor deplore;
For the hump which you bore
On your back is no more:
Look down on the floor,
And view it, Lusmore!"

When these words were said, poor little Lusmore felt himself so happy and so light, that he thought he could have bounded at one jump over the moon; and he saw, with inexpressible pleasure, his hump tumble from his shoulders to the ground. At last he fell into a sound sleep, and when he awoke he found it was broad daylight, the sun shining brightly and the birds singing merrily, and that he was lying at the foot of the moat of Knockgrafton, with the cows and sheep grazing peacefully about him. He put his hand behind to feel for his hump, but it was gone, sure enough, and he had now become a well-shaped, dapper little fellow: moreover, he was clothed in a bran-new suit, doubtless the gift of the fairies. When he returned to Cappagh, not a soul knew him at first, such was the alteration in his person. The story soon spread far and wide, and one day an old woman came up to him as he sat by his cabin door,

and told him that the son of her gossip had got a great hump on his back, and she had come to learn the charm that could effect its removal. Lusmore gave her all particulars, which she duly communicated to her gossip's hunchbacked son, a peevish and cunning creature, whose name was Jack Madden. He was driven by his friends in a car, and just at nightfall they left him under the old moat of Knockgrafton. Jack Madden had not sat there long when he heard the tune going on within the moat, much sweeter than before; for the fairies were singing it the way Lusmore had settled their music for them, and the song was going on,

Da Luan,
Da Mort,
Augus Cadine,

without ever stopping. Jack Madden, who was in a great hurry to get rid of his hump, never thought of waiting till the fairies had done, so out he bawls without minding the time, or how he could bring in the words properly,

Augus da Cadine,
Augus da Hena,[1]

thinking that if one day was good, two were better, and that if Lusmore had one new suit of clothes given him, he should have two. But the words had no sooner passed his lips than he was taken up and whisked into the moat with prodigious force, and the fairies came crowding about him in great anger,

[1] And Thursday.

screaming, "Who spoiled our tune? who spoiled our tune?" and twenty of the strongest fairies brought Lusmore's hump and put it upon Jack's own hump, where it became firmly fixed. In the morning his friends found him half-dead, lying at the foot of the old moat, with a double hump on his back, and they carried him home, but he died of vexation soon after, leaving his heavy curse, they say, on all who should go and listen to fairy tunes again.[1]

From this Irish legend it is probable that Parnell composed his fine "Fairy Tale, in the ancient English style," of which the opening verses are as follows:

In Britain's isle and Arthur's days,
When midnight fairies danced the maze,
Lived Edwin of the Green;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endowed with courage, sense, and truth,
Though badly shaped he'd been.

His mountain-back mote well be said
To measure height against his head,
And lift itself above:
Yet, spite of all that Nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This creature dared to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Could ladies look within.
But one Sir Topaz dressed with art,
And if a shape could win a heart,
He had a shape to win.

[1] Crocker's 'Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland: "The Legend of Knockgrafton."

Distraught with his love, poor Edwin wanders one night near an enchanted court; he enters and lays himself down, hoping to banish his woes for a season in slumber. Suddenly a hundred bright tapers illumine the ruined hall, and he hears the patter of many feet and the sound of many strange voices. From his corner he discovers a gay procession of little folk pranking along the floor. Presently one who seemed the chief of the fairies (for such they were) calls out, "What mortal infests the balmy air with his doleful sighs?" Edwin comes forward and tells his sad tale without reserve:

"'Twas grief for scorn of faithful love
Which made my steps unweeting rove
Amid this nightly crew."
"'Tis well," the gallant cries again:
"We fairies never injure men
Who dare to tell us true.

"Exalt thy love-dejected heart;
Be mine the task, or ere we part,
To make thy grief resign.
Now take the pleasure of the chance,
Whilst I with Mab my partner dance,
Be little Mabel thine."

The dancing is followed by some of the merry pranks of Robin Goodfellow, and, says the poet,

Here ended all the phantom play;
They smelt the fresh approach of day,
And heard the cock to crow:
The whistling wind that bore the crowd
Has clapped the door and whistled loud,
To warn them all to go.

When Edwin awoke at daybreak he found his hump gone. Edith sees and admires him on his return home. Sir Topaz, having heard of the fairy revels, goes to witness them. His presence is of course discovered by the fairies, who demand to know his business there. Sir Topaz replies that he had lost his way, but the fairies know full well that such was not the fact, so they punish him for his falsehood by fixing Edwin's hump on his back; and we may well suppose that Sir Topaz after this no longer found favour with the beauteous Edith.

The story, says a writer in the 'Quarterly Review,' No. LXIII., is told in Spain very nearly as it is in Ireland: A humpbacked man hears some small voices singing—

Lunes y Martes y Miercoles, tres,[1]

and he completes their song by the addition of

Jueves y Viernes y Sabado, seis.[2]

The fairies, who were the songsters, are so pleased at this, that they immediately relieve him from his hump and dismiss him with honour. A stupid fellow, afflicted with the same deformity, having got wind of this story, intrudes upon them, and offers a new addition to their song in

Y Domingo, siete.[3]

Indignant at the breach of rhythm, or at the mention

[1] Monday and Tuesday and Wednesday, three.
[2] Thursday and Friday and Saturday, six.
[3] And the Lord's Day, seven.

of the Lord's Day, which is a tender subject with fairies,[1] they seize the intruder, and according to received genii-practice, overwhelm him with a shower of blows, and send him off with his neighbour's hump in addition to his own. Hence "*Y Domingo, siete*" is a common Spanish comment upon anything which is said or done *mal-à-propos*.

The following Breton story—cited by Keightley in his 'Fairy Mythology' (1850), from an article in a work entitled 'Tracts for the People'—presents several points of resemblance to the Italian and Irish versions:

The valley of Goel was a celebrated haunt of the korred [*i.e.*, fairies]. It was thought dangerous to pass through it at night, lest one should be forced to join in their dances, and thus perhaps lose his life. One evening, however, a peasant and his wife thoughtlessly did so, and they soon found themselves surrounded by dancing sprites, who kept singing—

Lez y, lez hon,
Bas an arer zo gant hon;
Lez on, lez y,
Bas an arer zo gant y.[2]

It seems the man had in his hand the *fourche*, or short

[1] In the Italian version, however, the fairies themselves chant "Domenica."

[2] Let him go, let him go,
For he has the wand of the plough;
Let her go, let her go,
For she has the wand of the plough.

stick which is used as a plough-handle in Brittany, and this was a protection, for the dancers made way for them to go out of the ring.

When this became known, many persons, having fortified themselves with a *fourche*, gratified their curiosity by witnessing the dance of the korred. Among the rest were two tailors, Peric and Jean, who, being merry fellows, dared each other to join in the dance. They drew lots, and the lot fell upon Peric, a hump-backed, red-haired, but bold and stout little fellow. He went up to the korred and asked permission to take share in their dance. They granted it, and all went whirling round and round, singing—

Dilun, Dimeurs, Dimerc'her.[1]

Peric, weary of the monotony, when there was a slight pause at the last word, added—

Ha Diriaou, ha Digwener.[2]

"Mat! mat!" (good! good!) cried they, and gathering round him, they offered him his choice of beauty, or rank, or riches. He laughed, and only asked them to remove his hump and change the colour of his hair. They forthwith took hold of him, and tossed him up into the air, throwing him from hand to hand till at last he lighted on his feet with a flat back, and fine long black hair.

When Jean saw and heard of the change, he re-

[1] Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday.
[2] And Thursday, and Friday.

solved to try what he could get from the potent korred; so a few evenings after he went and was admitted to the dance, which now went to the words as enlarged by Peric. To make his addition, he shouted out—

Ha Disadarn, ha Disul.[1]

"What more? what more?" cried the korred, but he only went on repeating the words. They then asked him what he would have, and he replied, riches. They tossed him up and kept bandying him about till he cried for mercy, and on coming to the ground he found he had got Peric's hump and red hair.

It appears that the korred were condemned to this continual dancing, which was never to cease till a mortal should join in their dance; and after naming all the days of the week, should add, "Ha cetu chu er sizum" (and now the week is ended). They punished Jean for coming so near the end, and then disappointing them.

In a version from Amiens, given by M. Henri Carnoy in 'Mélusine' (1878),[2] tome i., c. 241, we find a curious variant of the Slav and Chinese stories of Hospitality Rewarded—see *ante*, pages 102-7: A peasant woman, while engaged collecting dead wood

[1] And Saturday, and Sunday.

[2] 'Mélusine: revue de mythologie, littérature populaire, traditions, et usages; dirigée par H. Gaidoz et E. Rolland.'—The publication of this excellent journal, after having been discontinued for six years, was resumed in 1885. It would be difficult to over-rate its value to story-comparers.

in a forest, comes upon three fairies dancing and chanting—

Dimanche, lundi,
Après mardi,
Ensuite mercredi,
Avec jeudi.[1]

She joined in the dance, and chimed in—

Vendredi, samedi,
La semaine est fini,
Dieu l'a dit.[2]

"What you'll do to-morrow on rising," said one of the fairies, "you'll do the whole day. That is the reward which we accord you for having finished our song."

Next morning when she arose, thinking little of what the fairies had said, her husband asked her for two sous to get some beer. She put her hand in her pocket, and was astonished to find it full of money; and she continued from morning till night taking money out of her pocket. A neighbour, whom she had called in to help her to count her treasure, learns from her the secret of her great luck, and goes off to the wood, where she discovers the fairies and joins in their dance, and adds to their chant the same refrain as her gossip had done. The fairies also promise her that what she'd do in the morning she'd do all the day. Returning home, she slipped a six-sous piece into

[1] Sunday, Monday, after Tuesday, follows Wednesday, with Thursday.

[2] Friday, Saturday, the week is ended, God says it.

her pocket, expecting to take out a large quantity of similar coins on the morrow. But alas! so soon as she arose in the morning she found it necessary to relieve nature, and so she continued doing all that day.

Mr Ralston, in an interesting paper on Sicilian Fairy Tales in 'Fraser's Magazine' for April 1876, cites a somewhat singular version from Dr Pitrè's collection:[1] A hunchbacked shoemaker once passed a night in a haunted house. At midnight down dropped from the ceiling of the room in which he kept watch *quattru pupi*—four puppets,[2] who began to sing—

Luni, Marti, Mièrcuri, Juòvidi, Vennire, e Sabutu![3]

Hearing this, the hunchback lifted up his voice and joined harmoniously in the song. Delighted to find he was not frightened, they took off his hump and hung it upon the wall. Before the day dawned they disappeared. Great was the astonishment of the neighbours, when they came in the morning to see how the shoemaker had fared at the hands of *li diavuli*, to find him happy and humpless.

Now there was among them an old woman who had a hump larger than his had been, and when she had

[1] 'Fiabe, novelle, e racconti popolari siciliani.' Raccolti ed illustrati da Giuseppe Pitrè. Palermo, 1875.

[2] Enchanted puppets are a striking characteristic of Sicilian folk-tales; they occur seldom in Northern fictions.

[3] Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday.

heard his story she determined to try her luck with the *diavuli*. So next night she kept watch in the haunted house. At midnight appeared the *pupi*, and began to sing as before. The old woman joined in the song, but very badly; and the puppets, seeing that she was not inclined to sing cheerfully, took down the shoemaker's hump from the wall and fastened it on to her breast. So she had a couple of them, one before and one behind, and the sight of her next day made the neighbours right cheerful.

Another adventure with the fairies is the subject of a Breton ballad: One Friday night, Paskou, a tailor out of work, enters a fairy grotto, digs up a crock of treasure, and makes off with it, pursued by the korred right into his courtyard, dancing and singing full lustily, "Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday and Friday." Finding the door shut, they clamber on to the roof, break a hole in it, through which they get into the house, where they resume their dance and song, calling out to poor Paskou, who lies trembling under the bed-clothes—

Hilloa! tailor, Master Snip!
Show us but your nose's tip;—

Come, let's have a dancing bout,
We will teach you step and shout!

Tailor—little tailor, dear,
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—hear!

Tailor thou, and robber too,
Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, too!

Come again—come back to us,
Little tailor villainous !

You shall dance until you crack
Every sinew in your back ;—
Fairies' coin doth virtue lack !

If Paskou had but had enough sense to complete their song, by adding "and Saturday," no doubt all had been well; as it was, his stolen treasure was turned into stones, like the gold of the blacksmith in the German story. In another version the thief is a baker, who, with more cunning than the tailor, strews hot ashes round his house, so that when the fairies come, they scorch their feet, for which indignity, however, they take ample vengeance by breaking all his pans and ovens.[1]

We have thus seen that the story of the hunchbacks and the fairies is known over Europe; and among the Japanese it is current in a form which strikingly resembles the first French version, and which is given as follows by Mr Mitford, in his entertaining 'Tales of Old Japan,' under the title of "The Elves and the Envious Neighbour":

Once upon a time there was a certain man who, being overtaken by darkness among the mountains, was driven to seek shelter in the hollow trunk of a tree. In the middle of the night a large company of elves assembled at the spot; and the man, on peeping from his hiding-place, was fright-

[1] 'Foreign Quarterly Review,' 1844, vol. xxxiii., pp. 171-3.

ened out of his wits. After a while, however, the elves began to feast and drink wine, and to amuse themselves by singing and dancing, until at last the man, caught by the infection of the fun, forgot all his fears, and crept out of his hollow tree to join in the revels. When the day was about to dawn, the elves said to him, "You're a very jolly companion, and must come out and have a dance with us again. You must make us a promise and keep it." So the elves, thinking to bind the man over to return, took a large wen that grew upon his forehead, and kept it in pawn; upon this they all left the place and went home. The man walked off to his own house, in high glee at having passed a jovial night and got rid of his wen into the bargain. So he told all his friends, who congratulated him warmly on being cured of his wen. But there was a neighbour of his who was also troubled with a wen of long standing, and when he heard of his friend's luck, he was smitten with envy, and went off to hunt for the hollow tree, in which, when he found it, he passed the night. Towards midnight the elves came, as he had expected, and began feasting and drinking, with songs and dances, as before. When he saw this, he came out of his hollow tree, and began dancing and singing, as his neighbour had done. The elves, mistaking him for their former boon companion, were delighted to see him, and said, "You're a good fellow to recollect your promise, and we'll give you back your pledge." So one of the elves, pulling the pawned wen out of his pocket, stuck it on the

man's forehead, on the top of the other wen which he already had. And so the envious neighbour went home weeping, with two wens instead of one.

It will be observed that the only difference between the Japanese story and the first French version is, that in the former the elves do not increase the envious man's protuberance in anger. The result is the same in all the numerous versions above cited.

THE ENCHANTED HORSE.

THE civilising influence of the Moors is still traceable in the manners and customs, the literature and arts, of Spain. From Moorish sources the Spanish romances of chivalry were largely derived, and from Spain tales and fictions, originally imported from the East, spread into France, furnishing rich materials for many *fabliaux* of the Trouvères. In the thirteenth century a French poet, named Adans, or Adènis, styled *Le Roi*, from his position as chief of the minstrels, composed, in honour of the Princess Mary of Brabant, on her becoming queen of France, a romaunt in verse, entitled 'Cléomades,' of which Count Tressan published an *extrait* in the 'Bibliothèque Universelle des Romans.' This work was originally written in Spanish verse, and afterwards rendered into prose, French as well as Spanish. Its Eastern extraction is unquestionable, and it was probably brought by the Moors to Spain in the eleventh or twelfth century. Another title of the French metrical version of this romance is 'Le Cheval de Fust' (the Wooden Horse), from the important part

which a steed of that description plays in it—in fact, it is the tale of the Enchanted Horse in the 'Arabian Nights,' though there is reason to believe that that fascinating story-book was not then composed, at least in its present form.

The story seems to have spread rapidly over Europe. Chaucer introduces the Magic Horse in his Squire's Tale—the "half-told tale of Cambuscan bold;" but in place of a wooden steed it is (quoth Milton) "a wondrous horse of brass, on which the Tartar king did ride." The qualities of this steed are thus described by the ambassador who presented it in his royal master's name to Cambynskan,[1] seated on his throne and surrounded by "all his liege men so noble of birth":

He saide: The King of Araby and Inde,
My liegè lord, on this solempne[2] day
Salewith[3] you as he best can or may,
And sendith you, in honour of your feste,
By me, that am redy at al your heste,
This Stede of Brass, that esily and well
Can in the space of a day naturell,
That is to say, in four and twenty hours,
Where so you listè,[4] in droughte or in shours,
Berin your body into every place
Into which your hertè willith to pace,
Withoutin wem[5] of you, through foule or faire;
Or if you list to flein in the aire
As doth an Egle, whan him list to sore,
This same stede shall bere you evirmore,
Withoutin harme, till you ben there you lest,
Though that you slepin on his bak and rest,

[1] Not Cambuscan, as Milton writes the name.
[2] *Solempne:* solemn; important. [3] *Saluеth:* salutes.
[4] *Listè:* please; choose. [5] *Wem:* harm; risk; danger.

And tourn agen with writhing of a pin.
He that it wrought couth full many a gin;[1]
He waited many a constellation,[2]
Ere he had don this operation,
And knew ful many sele and many bond.

* * * * * *

And aftir supper goth this nobill king
To sene this Horse of Brass, with all his rout
Of lordis and of ladies him about.
Soch wondring there was on this Horse of Brass,
That sithin[3] the grete siege of Troyè was,
There as men wondrid on an horse also,
Ne was there such a wondrin as was tho.[4]
But finally the king askith the knight
The vertue of this coursere and the might,
And prayid him to tell its governaunce.
The horse anon gan forth to trip and daunce,
Whan that this knight laid hold upon his reine,
And seidè, Sir, there is no more to seine,
But when you list to ridin anywhere,
You motè[5] trill a pin stant in his ere,
Which I shall tellin you between us two,
Ye motè nempnè'[6] him to what place also,
Or to what contrè, that you list to ride.
But when you come there as you list t' abide,
Bid him descend, and trill anothir pin
(For therin lyth th' effect of all that gin),
And he wol down descend, and don your will,
And in that place he woll abidin still,
Though all the world had the contràry sworne,
He shall not thennis[7] be throwin, ne borne.

---

[1] He that made it knew full many an ingenious contrivance.

[2] He observed the motions of the heavenly bodies until a certain conjunction, a lucky hour arrived, which enabled him to endow it with the required magical qualities.

[3] *Sithin:* since. [4] *Tho:* then. [5] *Motè:* must.

[6] *Nempnè':* name. [7] *Thennis:* thence.

Or if you listin bid him thennis gone,
Trill this pin, and he woll vanish anon
Out of the sight of every mannere wight,
And come agen, be it by day or night.
Whan that you list to clepin[1] him agene,
In soch a gise, as I shall to you seine,
Betwixtin you and me, and that full sone;
Ride when you list, there is no more to done.

Chaucer, apparently, did not finish the story, or if he did so, the greater part of it is now lost. So far as it goes, it has the elements of a charming tale;—the magic horse; the mirror that foreshadowed coming evil; the ring that enabled the wearer to understand the language of birds; and the sword that cured wounds which itself had made.[2] Very probably the Tartar king's younger son Camballo had an adventure with the "steed of brass" similar to that of the bold Cléomades, who wooed and won the fair Claremonde, daughter of Cornuant, king of Tuscany, as related in the old Hispano-French romaunt, and to that of the prince in the Arabian tale.[3]

[1] *Clepin:* call.

[2] The magic mirror may be compared with the ivory tube in the Arabian story of Prince Ahmed and the Perí Bánú. Many Asiatic tales turn upon a knowledge of the language of birds and beasts, which Solomon the sage Hebrew king is said to have possessed in the highest degree. Chaucer may have derived the idea of the magic sword from the legendary spear of Telephus.

[3] In the romance of Cléomades, three great princes arrive at Seville as suitors for the three daughters of King Marchabias. They were not only powerful monarchs, but were deeply versed in astronomy, and well skilled in the art of magic. One was Melicandus, king of Barbary; the second was Bardigans, king of Armenia; the third, whose name was Croppart, was king of Hungary. This last was ugly

The Polish wizard Towardowski in later times is popularly credited with riding on a painted horse of his own contrivance, which carried him through the air wheresoever he wished to go. But our own country can boast of a wizard as good—or bad—as Towardowski. Leland, in his Itinerary, informs us that in ancient times one Rutter, "a man in great favour with his prince, desired to have reward of him of as much land as he could ride over in a day upon a horse of wood; and he did ride over as much as is now Rutlandshire by art-magic, and was afterwards swallowed into the earth." The usual fate of magi-

and hump-backed; his soul was as deformed as his body, and his tongue was pregnant with falsehood. These three kings had met together before they set out for Seville, and had agreed that each should give such a present to the king and queen as would entitle him to ask a gift in return. On their arrival they were received with all becoming honours. King Melicandus presented the royal pair with a man of gold, who held in his hand a trumpet formed of the same metal, made with so much art, that if treason lurked even within a considerable distance of him, he put the trumpet to his mouth and blew a loud and piercing blast. King Bardigans presented a hen and six chickens of gold, so skilfully formed that they seemed to be alive. He placed them on the ground and they instantly began to run about, to peck, and to clap their wings. The hen flew up on the queen's knee, cackled, and laid a fine pearl in her lap. "She will do the same every third day," said Bardigans. All present were lost in admiration of these wonderful gifts. King Croppart now came forward with a large wooden horse, magnificently caparisoned, with pins of steel on his head and shoulders. "Sire," said he, in a harsh and discordant voice, "with the horse which I offer you, one may mount in the air, cross the seas, and travel at the rate of fifty leagues an hour." There can be little doubt that Cervantes borrowed the idea of the famous steed Clavileño Aligero ("Wooden-pin Wing-bearer"), which figures so ludicrously in 'Don Quixote,' from the Spanish version of this romance, not, as he seems to hint, from that of Peter of Provence and the Fair Magalona, in which there is no such magic horse.

cians is to come to a violent end. The Polish wizard aforesaid was carried up the chimney by the arch-fiend when his "time" was come.

There is reason to think that the Arabian tale of the Enchanted Horse was derived from the Persians, who, in their turn, may have adopted the idea of such a steed from Indian fiction. The story of Malík and Shírín in the Persian Tales of a Thousand and One Days, ascribed to the Dervish Mukhlis of Ispahán, in which a flying-machine plays a leading part, and that of the Labourer and the Flying Chair in Jonathan Scott's 'Tales from the Arabic,'[1] are certainly clumsy substitutes, as Dr H. H. Wilson has remarked, for the original Indian fiction, in which an adventurer, in love with a princess, personates the deity Vishnu, and appropriately rides on a wooden effigy of Garuda, guided by a pin and moving by magic[2]—the prototype of the Enchanted Horse of the Arabian tale, and of other self-moving machines of celebrity in oriental and chivalric romance.

Sir Richard F. Burton, however, says that the flying horse of the 'Arabian Nights' "is Pegasus, which is a Greek travesty of an Egyptian myth, developed in

[1] Translated from a fragment of an Arabic manuscript of the 'Thousand and One Nights,' procured in Bengal. The story of the Flying Chair does not occur in any of the three printed texts of the 'Nights,'—the Búlák, Breslau, and Calcutta.

[2] 'Pancha Tantra,' Book I, Fable 5.—Garuda, the vehicle of Vishnu, is represented as half-man, half-bird; having the head, wings, talons, and beak of the eagle, and the body and limbs of a man; his face is white, his wings red, and his body golden.

India." If this be so, we must consider the wooden Garuda (which reappears in the Kalmuk tales of Siddhí Kúr — see *ante*, p. 281) as an Indian "development" of the Egyptian myth, and also the enchanted horse referred to in connection with Forbidden Rooms (p. 201), together with its Arabian imitation in the story of the Third Calender. It is a popular belief among the Singalese that in the country of the Himálayas, the land of wonders, there are horses and elephants which possess the power of flying through the air.[1]

But more simple things than wooden horses have been endowed with self-moving powers by "art-magic" in times of old: for instance, the pestle, in Lucian's 'Philopseudes' ('The Liars' in Francklin's translation), which Pancrates, in want of a servant, caused to fetch water and perform other useful domestic duties. When the Egyptian sorcerer was absent one day, his pupil tried to perform the trick; but he did not know the charm for stopping the water-carrying pestle, and the house was soon flooded. In despair, he chopped the pestle in two with an axe; but this only made matters worse, for both halves then set to work to bring water. This incident has been versified by Goethe, and also by Barham in his 'Ingoldsby Legends.' It reappears, under the title of "The Master and his Pupil; or, the Magic Book," in Dr A. C. Fryer's 'English Fairy Tales from the North Country.' And with it may be com-

[1] See Davy's 'Ceylon,' p. 197.

pared the conclusion of the Norwegian tale of the Magic Quern (*ante*, p. 121), which two of its possessors did not know how to stop.

In the 'Kathá Sarit Ságara' we read of a demi-goddess who had mechanical dolls made of wood and magically endowed. One of these, on a pin in it being turned, went through the air at her orders, fetched a garland of flowers, and quickly returned; another brought water at will; another danced; and yet another conversed. It is curious to find the magic pestle of Lucian's story reproduced in the Edinburgh tradition of one Major Weir, who had the unenviable reputation of being a wizard, and after his death, at the stake, his house long remained unoccupied: the major's walking-stick, it seems, answered the purpose of a man-servant, opening the door to visitors, and even going to the tobacconist's to procure snuff for its master!

THE DEMON ENCLOSED IN A BOTTLE: CONTRACTS WITH THE EVIL ONE, ETC.

FEW readers, I presume, are unfamiliar with the Arabian tale of the Fisherman and the Genii, whom the poor man fished up in his net, confined in a copper vessel by the power of Solomon's magical signet; how the genii, having been unwittingly released by the fisherman, threatened to destroy his liberator, and the latter adopted a clever plan to entrap the ungrateful monster once more. "How wast thou in this bottle?" asked the fisherman. "It will not contain thy hand or thy foot; how then can it contain thy body?" "Dost thou not believe that I was in it?" answered the genii. The fisherman said, "I will never believe thee until I see thee in it." Upon this the genii shook, and became condensed, and entered the bottle by little and little, until he was all enclosed.

This idea of a demon being confined in a bottle is derived from a Muslim legend, adapted from the Talmud, regarding the loss and recovery of Solomon's

signet-ring. According to the Talmudic legend, when the building of the Temple was finished, the king of the Demons begged Solomon to set him free from his service, and promised in return to teach him a secret he would be sure to value. Having cajoled Solomon out of possession of his signet-ring, he first flung the ring into the sea, and then taking up Solomon himself, cast him into a foreign land some 400 miles away, where for three weary years he wandered up and down as a vagrant, begging his bread from door to door. In the course of his rambles he came to Mash Kernin, and was so fortunate as to be appointed head-cook at the palace of the king of Ammon. While employed in this office, Naama, the king's daughter, fell in love with him, and determining to marry him, eloped with him for refuge to a distant land. One day, as Naama was preparing a fish for dinner, she found in it a ring, and this turned out to be the very ring which the king of the Demons had flung into the sea, and the loss of which had bewitched the king out of his power and dominion. In the recovery of the ring the king recovered both himself and the throne of his father David.

The Muhammedan traditionists give the tale with several curious additions, including the Demon in the Bottle. After Solomon had obtained possession of his celebrated magical signet-ring, in which were four jewels presented to him by the lords of the heavens, the air, earth, and water, he first subdued

the demons and genii, all but Iblis (Satan), to whom Allah had promised perfect independence till the day of judgment, and the mighty demon Sakhr, who was concealed in an unknown island of the ocean. It happened that Solomon, in one of his wars against an idolatrous nation, had taken captive the beautiful daughter of the king; and on his return to Jerusalem he placed her in his harem, where she soon acquired such ascendancy over him that he worshipped her false gods, for which great sin he was sorely punished. One day, before going to the bath, he intrusted his signet-ring to the care of his pagan concubine, which being observed by the demon Sakhr, who was hovering about the harem unseen, he at once assumed the form of Solomon, and thus obtained the ring from the lady. Solomon's features, it seems, had in the meantime undergone such a metamorphosis that his courtiers did not recognise him, and drove him from the palace with every mark of indignity; and while Sakhr sat on the throne, doing all kinds of wickedness, the sage king of Israel, after wandering through foreign lands, took service with a fisherman. At length the conduct of Sakhr—so unlike the mild and beneficent rule of the real Solomon—aroused the suspicion of the royal counsellors that he must be an evil spirit who had assumed the form of their beloved monarch; and it was resolved to put him to the test, by reading in his presence some passages of the book of the law. Barely had the sacred scroll been opened, and the reading begun, when Sakhr, uttering loud shrieks,

flew out of the palace, and, after throwing the magical signet into the sea, was seen no more. Not long after this occurrence, Solomon, having received from his master two fishes as his day's wages, on cutting open one of them found in its stomach his signet-ring, and was thus enabled to subdue the demon Sakhr, whom he compelled to enter into a copper vessel, which, having sealed it with his signet-ring, he cast into the sea, where the demon will remain till the last day.[1] Muslim writers often allude to this wonderful exploit of Solomon. For instance, in the Persian poetical version of the 'Book of Sindibád' (A.D. 1375) we read: "By predominant might he put the demon in the bottle; the genii howled and whined on account of him;" and again, in the same work: "No sooner had he mounted, than—like a demon that leaps from the bottle—like a lion rushing from the thicket—the elephant darted off with the monarch, and flew with the speed of lightning over hill and dale."

In China the same notion prevails, as we learn from Mr Giles' 'Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio,' where more than one instance occur of demons being enclosed in vessels from which they cannot escape without external assistance. In the story, for example, of the Painted Skin, a female demon hires herself as maid-of-all-work in a certain family; but her real

[1] The tale of the Emperor Jovinian, ch. lix. of the 'Gesta Romanorum,' and that of King Robert of Sicily, reproduced by Swan in his notes to the 'Gesta,' seem both to have been derived from the Jewish or the Muslim legend of Solomon's temporary abasement.

nature is discovered by a priest, who strikes her with his magic sword, upon which she falls down and becomes a hideous devil. The priest then strikes off her head, and she becomes a dense column of smoke curling up from the ground, when he takes an uncorked gourd and throws it into the midst of the smoke: a sucking noise is heard, and the whole column is drawn into the gourd; after which the priest corks it up closely, and puts it in his pouch.[1]

From the Eastern fabulists, no doubt, European story-tellers derived this idea of confining an imp or demon. In the Norse tale of the Master-Smith, the hero, who had sold himself to the devil, contrives to outwit the arch-fiend by the same device as that adopted by the fisherman with the genie. "Is it true," asks the master-smith of the devil, when he came to carry him away—"is it true that you can make yourself as small as you please?" The devil answers that

[1] In Icelandic folk-lore, the "Sending"—a ghost raised up by sorcery for the purpose of learning from it the mysteries of the future state, and for sending it on malignant missions against an enemy—"is sometimes induced to assume the form of some small beast or insect, either by taunts or flattery, and to creep into a bottle or into an empty marrow-bone; and, once there, he is corked up tight for his folly. Sendings thus entrapped are generally cast into morasses, or stowed away in secret hiding-places, where no inquisitive fingers are likely to grope. Woe betide him who, unsuspecting, finds the marrow-bone or bottle subsequently, and uncorks it! The goblin gains ten times his original force by being imprisoned, and ten times his old malignity. Like the genie in Solomon's lead-sealed urn, which the fisherman, in the 'Arabian Nights,' found and opened, he is apt to treat his liberator with scorn and revenge."—Powell and Magnusson's 'Legends of Iceland.' Second series. Introd., p. lxxvii.

it is quite true, and to gratify the curiosity of his "friend," creeps into the smith's steel purse, where he is confined until he promises never to come back any more.—In Grimm's 'Kinder und Haus Märchen,' an old soldier possesses a wonderful knapsack, into which everything must fly which he wishes there. He spends a night in a castle haunted by nine demons, who attack him, and endeavour to expel him, but he wishes them all in his knapsack, and immediately they are there sure enough. Next day, as he trudges along, he comes to a blacksmith's shop, and placing his magical knapsack on the anvil, he asks the smith and his man to strike it with all their strength with their great hammers. "The imps set up a fearful screech, and when all was quiet the knapsack was opened. Eight of them were found quite dead, but the ninth, who had laid himself in a fold, was still living. He slipped out when the knapsack was opened and escaped."

This ludicrous incident is related in a different form in the Norse tale of the Lad and the Deil (Dasent's collection): Once on a time there was a lad who was walking along a road cracking nuts, so he found one that was worm-eaten, and just at that very moment he met the Deil. "Is it true now," said the lad, "what they say, that the Deil can make himself as small as he chooses, and thrust himself in through a pin-hole?" "Yes, it is," said the Deil. "Oh, it is, is it? Then let me see you do it, and just creep into this nut," said the lad. So the Deil did it. Now, when he had crept into the worm's hole, the lad

stopped it up with a pin. "Now I've got you safe!" he said, and put the nut into his pocket. So when he had walked on a bit, he came to a smithy, and he turned in and asked the smith if he'd be good enough to crack that nut for him. "Ay, that'll be an easy job," said the smith, and took his smallest hammer, laid the nut on the anvil, and gave it a blow, but it wouldn't break. So he took another hammer, a little bigger, but that wasn't heavy enough either. Then he took one bigger still, but it was still the same story; and so the smith got wroth, and grasped his great sledge-hammer. "Now I'll crack you to bits," he said, and let drive at the nut with all his might and main. And so the nut flew to pieces, with a loud bang that blew off half the roof of the smithy, and the whole house creaked and groaned as though it was ready to fall. "Why! if I don't think the Deil must have been in that nut!" said the smith. "So he was; you're quite right," said the lad, as he went away laughing.

In a Bohemian version (No. 21 of M. Leger's collection of Slav popular tales), the hero having "bagged" all the demons who haunted a nobleman's castle, including Satan himself, whom he had beaten at dice, takes his sack to a smith's shop, and after they have been well hammered, and promise never to return, sets them at liberty. For many years after this adventure he lived very happily, but at length Death came to fetch him away: folk who are happy do not die willingly, however, so Death was sent into the

sack. A strange result followed;—people and the beasts multiplied like the moss in woods; everybody wondered what had become of Death; a great famine occurred, and men shrank up, but did not die. The hero pitied their misery, so he allowed Death to go about his business again, after making him swear never to call for him. In course of time, however, he got tired of life, and set out for heaven. Arrived there, St. Peter refused to admit him, because he had preferred, when he had three wishes to be granted, earthly wealth to the joys of Paradise. "Go along," said the saint, "and find those with whom you played at dice." So he took his way to the nether regions, but when he reached the gate of the infernal city he met one of the devils whom he had formerly put into his sack, and whom the smiths had so terribly mauled This guardian uttered the most awful cries, which roused all his brother devils, and they at once doubled the watchmen at the gate, with orders not to allow the enemy to enter. What was now to be done? The hero was perplexed. Finally, he returned to St. Peter, and by dint of prayers and tears, the celestial porter admitted him—and he now acts as Peter's lieutenant.—An Italian variant is found in the 'Novellini di S. Stefano,' in which the hero, Bippo Pipetta, forces Death to enter his magic sack, and keeps him there for a year and a half, during which period there was great joy among the doctors, for none of them lost a patient.

A prune-tree is substituted for the magic sack in

one of M. Carnoy's collection of French popular tales, entitled "La Mort Jouée," the substance of which is as follows: In a village of Artois there was an old lady whose greatest pleasure was to relieve the distressed;—no beggar ever quitted her door without some money and white bread. One day a great saint visited this good dame, and told her that he was empowered to grant her any wish that she should form. After considering a long time, she said, "I have a fine prune-tree in my garden, and wish that whosoever shall climb up into it shall remain there as long as I please." "Your wish is certainly a very odd one," rejoined the saint; "but so be it," and bidding the old lady adieu, he returned to heaven. Ten years after this Death came to the charitable dame—she being now, as he reflected, wellnigh eighty years old; and when she saw him, "Oh, is it you, Death?" she said quietly. "I have waited for you long, and shall take my departure without regret. But ah! I had forgot: I should like to eat some prunes before leaving this world." So the King of Terrors very obligingly went into the garden, climbed the prune-tree, and having gathered a quantity of prunes, was about to come down, when the old lady exclaimed, "It is my will that Death shall not descend without my permission." In vain did Death threaten and pray by turns; he could not come down. During six months no one died. The sick who were racked with pain besought Death to put an end to their misery, but Death was helpless. And most unhappy of all were the doctors, who could

not contrive to bring Death to release their patients. One of them, a great friend of Death, went to help him down from the tree, but he too was firmly fixed beside him! At length the dame took her embargo off the King of Terrors, and down he came to resume his old business. Finally, the old lady, becoming very feeble, called for Death, and was straightway admitted into Paradise.[1]

Another story in M. Carnoy's collection (Part ii., No. 12), 'Les trois Souhaits,' is a variant of the Bohemian tale of the Happy Shepherd cited above: A soldier named Tholomé obtains from his captain three months' furlough, together with a present of three pounds of bread and six liards. On the way homeward he is accosted by an old woman, who asks him for alms, and he gives her a pound of bread. Next an old man comes up to him, saying he has not eaten anything for two days, and Tholomé gives him a pound of bread, and the remainder he bestows on a third beggar. Meeting with three other mendicants in succession, he gives each two liards. Then the last of these (perhaps we are to understand that all six were one and the same individual) changed himself into a bright genie, and appearing before Tholomé, told him that in reward of his charitable deeds he should have three wishes accomplished.[2] "In that

[1] 'Contes Français.' Recueillis par E. Henri Carnoy. Paris: 1885.

[2] The obtaining by supernatural means of the accomplishment of *three wishes* is a favourite subject of popular fictions, and the various forms in which the notion is treated are very numerous. Perhaps the oldest form is found in the several Eastern texts of the 'Book of

case," says the soldier, "I wish in the first place that any one who shall sit on the bench at the door of my house shall remain there as long as I please; secondly, that whosoever mounts our cherry-tree shall continue there until I give him leave to come down; and thirdly, that I may confine any person I please in my purse." "So be it," said the genie, and disappeared. Tholomé then resumed his journey, and reaching home, warmly embraced his grandfather (both his parents were dead), and soon after married one of his fair cousins. His three months' leave of absence having expired, one fine day comes a gendarme to conduct him back to his regiment. "I am quite ready to go with you," says Tholomé; "only suffer me to bid my poor grandfather farewell;—meanwhile do you rest yourself on this bench." When Tholomé came out the gendarme attempted to rise from the bench, but found himself fixed to it; and he had to promise Tholomé six months' additional leave before being released. When his second furlough was expired there came another gendarme to fetch Tholomé, who desired him to go and help himself to some cherries from the tree in the garden, while he embraced his grandfather; and he had to grant Tholomé a year's leave before he was allowed to descend from the tree. At the end of the year, a third gendarme came, who had the wonderful and

Sindibád,' where a dervish is granted three wishes, and, acting by his wife's advice, finds himself, when his third wish is accomplished, no better than before.

very useful power of elongating his body so that he could reach the top of the cherry-tree standing on the ground. "This is very clever," says our hero; "but can you also make yourself as small as you please?" Upon this the gendarme changed himself into a fly, and alighted on Tholomé's arm, who instantly clapped him into his purse. "Let me out! let me out!" cried the gendarme, "and you shall have unlimited leave of absence." So Tholomé set him free, and after this lived many years in peace and happiness.[1]

A Dutch version of the same story occurs in a work entitled 'The Gondola,' by Harry Stoe Vandyck, published at London in 1827: One dark evening in winter a tall stranger entered the hut of Jan Schalken, a kind-hearted fisherman, and sought a night's lodging, to which he was made welcome. In the morning, when the "mysterious stranger" was about to depart, in requital of Jan's hospitality, he promised him the gratification of three wishes. Jan had little faith in his promise, but thought he might as well put it to the test. So he first desired that he and his wife Mietje should live fifty years longer than nature had designed. "It shall be done," said the stranger. Whilst he was puzzling his brain for a second wish, he bethought him that a pear-tree, which was in his little garden, had been frequently despoiled of its fruit, to the no small injury of the tree and grievous disappointment of the owner; so he said, "For my

[1] A parallel to this and the preceding tale is found in Miss Busk's 'Folk-Lore of Rome,' pp. 180-183.

second wish, grant that whoever climbs my pear-tree shall not have power to leave it until my permission be given." This was also assented to. Now Schalken was a sober man, and liked to sit down and chat with his wife of an evening; but she was a bustling body, and often jumped up in the midst of a story that she had heard only a dozen times, to scrub the table or set their clay platters in order. Nothing disturbed him so much as this, and he was determined, if possible, to prevent a repetition of the annoyance. With this object in view he approached the stranger, and in a low whisper told him his third and last wish, that whoever sat in a certain chair in his hut should not be able to move out of it until it should please him so to order. This wish was also agreed to by the traveller, who, after many greetings, departed on his way. Years passed on, and Jan had often fully gratified his two wishes, by detaining thieves in his tree and his wife in her chair, till the time came when he was seventy-nine and his wife seventy-three years of age. Death arrived at the hut one evening, dressed like a gentleman, and told them that by rights they should both be his on that day, but since a fifty years' respite had been granted, he should not call again till that period was expired. For the next fifty years Jan and his wife lived on as quietly as before, and when the fatal day at length arrived, Death kept his appointment. As Jan and Mietje were accompanying Death, they passed by the pear-tree in the garden, and Jan persuaded Death to climb the tree and gather some fruit

for their journey, but there he was stuck fast till he granted that they should live another half century. When Death came again, he was induced to sit down in the enchanted chair, and was only released on promising a further respite of fifty years, at the end of which period Jan Schalken and his wife died peacefully in their bed.

In stories of this class, the wishes are granted indifferently by Jesus, St. Peter, or the Evil One; in the last case, the Arch-Enemy is to have the soul of the possessor of the wishes at the expiry of a certain period, but his crafty devices are invariably turned to his own discomfiture. Thus in a Tuscan version a smith contracts with the devil to sell his soul for two years of life, and is granted that whosoever should sit on a bench near the fire must stay there so long as the smith pleases; that whosoever should look out of the window cannot go away without the smith's leave; and that whosoever should climb his fig-tree must remain there till the smith permits him to come down. When the two years are expired, the devil comes to fetch the smith away, and is asked to sit on the bench till the smith has finished the job at which he is working, which the devil unthinkingly does; and the smith blew up such a fire that even the devil could not endure it, and he was fain to grant two more years to the smith in order to be set free. The same happens when he comes again and is asked to look out of the window; and when he returns a third time and is induced to climb the fig-tree, he has perforce to cancel the con-

tract and sign a new one, by which it is solemnly agreed that the smith and he should never meet again.[1]

There is a curious Italian variant, also from Tuscany, entitled "Grandfather Misery," in which Jesus and St. Peter having received from the hero some polenta, he is granted in return three favours: the bench near the fire; the fig-tree; and finally, out of regard to St. Peter, the salvation of his soul. Death comes, and is invited to sit by the fire, and he would soon be ready. But Death, thin as he is, could not stand the heat; so he granted him a hundred years more of life. When Death again comes to fetch him, he is induced to climb the fig-tree to pick a few figs for the journey, and is not allowed to come down till he consents to another lease of a century to the hero. The third time Death comes, "Give me time," says his intended victim, "to say an Ave Maria." "You shall have it," says Death. But the old fellow seemed in no hurry to begin or finish his Ave Maria, and Death bade him make haste. "You have given me *time*, and I am taking it," said Grandfather Misery, who still lives, for Misery never ends.[2]

It was formerly believed by Muslim doctors that evil spirits could be subdued and confined in bottles by means of fasting and prayers. This notion had its origin, doubtless, in the Rabbinical legends of Solomon's

[1] This story finds its exact parallel in an Irish legend, related (I think) in one of Carleton's books.

[2] See Crane's 'Italian Popular Tales,' pp. 221, 222, and notes.

power over demons and genii (*jinn*); and the Rabbins borrowed most of their wild tales of *diablerie* from the Zoroastrians of ancient Persia, and perhaps partly also from the Hindús. According to the *Vinculum spirituum*, a work of Eastern extraction, Solomon, having discovered the secret of subduing demons, confined no fewer than three millions of them, together with seventy-two of their kings, in a bottle of black glass, which he then threw into a deep well near Babylon.[1] But it happened that the citizens of Babylon, descending into this well, in expectation of finding treasure, and breaking the bottle, liberated the demons.—Le Sage borrowed the leading idea of his well-known novel, 'Le Diable Boiteux,'[2] from a Spanish work, by Guevara, entitled 'El Diable Cojuelo,' written in 1641, in which a student, named Don Cleofas, "having accidentally entered the abode of an astrologer, delivers from a glass bottle, in which he had been confined by the conjuror, the demon called Diable Cojuelo, who is a spirit nearly of the same description as the Asmodée of Le Sage, and who, in return for the service he had received from the scholar,

[1] The magic of Babylon is frequently alluded to by Muslim writers; the poets speak of the "Babylonian witchery" of a beautiful woman's eyes; and it is believed that the two wicked angels, Hárút and Márút, mentioned in the Kurán (see chap. ii. and Sale's note), are still hanging, head downwards, in a well at Babel, and will instruct any one who is bold enough to go and solicit them. Setting idle legends aside, it is highly probable, as Sir W. Ouseley remarks, that at Babylon the Persians learnt the arts of magical incantation from the conquered Chaldeans.—Notes to my privately-printed edition of the 'Bakhtyár Náma.'

[2] The English translation is entitled 'The Devil upon Two Sticks.'

exhibits to him the interior of the houses of Madrid." Mr J. O. Halliwell (now Halliwell-Phillipps), in his 'Fugitive Tracts and Chap Books,' printed for the Percy Society (vol. xxix.), describes a very rare tract which was evidently also derived from the Spanish romance. It is entitled "The Devil upon Two Sticks, or the Town Until'd [*i.e.*, unroofed]; with the comical humours of Don Stulto and Seignor Jingo; as it is acted in Pinkeman's booth in May Fair. Printed by J. R., near Fleet Street, 1708." The tract, we learn, consists of only four leaves, and the title is illustrated by a woodcut of Don Stulto escaping from an intrigue, and finding himself in the chamber of an astrologer at Madrid. "He saw books and papers in confusion on the table, spheres and compasses on the one side, and vials and quadrants on the other. Presently he heard a deep sigh break out just by him, which a little startled him. He took it at first for a nocturnal illusion or imaginary phantom, but hearing a second sigh, it made him cry out, 'What devil is it which sighs here.' 'Tis I, Seignor Stulto,' answers a voice; 'I have been three years enclosed in one of these bottles. In this house lives a skilful magician, who, by the power of his art, has kept me so long shut up in this close prison.'" The demon is liberated, and represented as "a very surprising figure, about three feet and a half high, resting upon two crutches, with goat's legs and a long visage, sharp chin, a yellow and black complexion, a very flat nose, and eyes that seemed like two lighted coals."

"THE RING AND THE FISH" LEGENDS: MEN LIVING INSIDE MONSTROUS FISH.

SOLOMON'S recovery of his magical signet-ring from the stomach of a fish, according to the Talmudic legends, finds many parallels in the popular tales of Europe, and the Rabbins perhaps borrowed the idea from the classical story of Polycrates, which must be so generally known that it need hardly be cited here, excepting for its connection with similar stories. Polycrates, king of Samos, having made a treaty of alliance with Amasis, king of Egypt, the latter, terrified by his continued prosperity, advised him to chequer his enjoyments by relinquishing some of his most cherished possessions. Polycrates complied by throwing into the sea a magnificent ring, the most valuable of his jewels. The voluntary loss of so precious an object afflicted him for some time, but a few days after he received a present of a large fish, in whose stomach the jewel was found. Amasis no sooner heard of this than he rejected all alliance with Polycrates, observing that sooner or later his good fortune would be reversed.

The plot of the noble Hindú drama of 'Sakúntála,' by Kalidasa, turns upon the same incident. In Act vi. a fisherman offers for sale a ring "bright with a large gem," on which the king's name is engraved, and, being arrested by the police, tells them that "one day, having caught a large *róhita* fish, I cut it open, and saw this bright ring in its stomach." The ring had been given by the king to Sakúntála, whom he had married by the Gandharva form while on a hunting expedition, and after his return to his capital, altogether forgot her, and its recovery at once brings her back to his recollection, and the lovers are finally united.[1]

A story is told in the Talmud of a wealthy but irreligious man, who was informed by an astrologer that all his riches should one day come into the possession of his neighbour Joseph, a poor man, but very strict in his observance of the Sabbath. Resolved to set the stars at defiance, this man disposed of all his property, and purchased with the proceeds a large diamond, which he sewed into his turban, and then embarked in a vessel bound for a distant country. Standing on the deck, his turban was blown into the sea,—and how he fared after the loss of all his wealth the Talmudist does not inform us; but it happened shortly after this accident that the pious Joseph, having bought a fish and taken it home to have it cooked on the Sabbath

[1] In the 'Mahábhárata'—Last Days of the Sons of Pándu—we read that a piece of iron was found in the belly of a fish and made into an arrow-head, with which Krishna was slain.

eve, found in its stomach the very diamond which his neighbour had lost with his turban.

The legend of Kentigern, or St Mungo, the patron saint of the city of Glasgow, is another of the ring legends which abound in European folk-lore. "A queen, having formed an improper attachment to a handsome soldier, put upon his finger a precious ring which her own lord had conferred upon her. The king, made aware of the fact, took an opportunity, in hunting, while the soldier lay asleep beside the Clyde, to snatch off the ring and throw it into the river. Then, returning home along with the soldier, he demanded of the queen the ring he had given her. She sent secretly to the soldier for the ring, which could not be restored. In great terror she then despatched a messenger to ask the assistance of Kentigern. He, who knew of the affair before being informed of it, went to the river Clyde, and having caught a salmon, took from its stomach the missing ring, which he sent to the queen. She joyfully went with it to the king, who, thinking he had wronged her, swore he would be revenged upon her accusers; but she affecting a forgiving temper, besought him to pardon them, as she had done. At the same time she confessed her error to Kentigern, and solemnly vowed to be more careful of her conduct in the future."[1]

A poor man finds a valuable diamond in a fish, in a North German legend entitled "The Three Gifts." Three students becoming acquainted with a poor

[1] Chambers's 'Book of Days,' vol. i., pp. 105, 106.

weaver, gave him a hundred dollars. He did not even tell his wife of his good fortune, but concealed the money among some old rags, which his wife one day sold to a rag-collector. When a year had passed, the three students came again, and finding the man poorer than before, when they expected he would be in comfortable circumstances, they asked him the reason, and he informed them of his misfortune. Warning him to be more careful for the future, they gave him another hundred dollars. Now he resolved to be more prudent, and so, without saying a word to his wife, he hid the money in the dust-tub, the contents of which his wife exchanged with the dustman for a few pieces of soap, in her husband's absence. Another year having passed, the three students came for the third time, and found the weaver in rags and misery. They said to him, at the same time throwing a piece of lead at his feet, "Of what use is a nutmeg to a cow? To give thee money again would prove us greater fools than thou art." Thereupon they went away in anger, and the weaver picked up the piece of lead and placed it in the window-sill. By-and-by his neighbour, a fisherman, came to him, and inquired whether he could lend him a piece of lead, or anything heavy, as a sinker for his net. He gave the fisherman the bit of lead which the students had thrown at his feet, and was promised the first large fish he caught. He received from the fisherman a fish of four or five pounds weight, and when he opened it he found in its stomach a large stone, which in the dark shone like the

sun.[1] It was a diamond, and the weaver sold it to a merchant who chanced to be passing for 1000 dollars, and then became the richest man in the village. His wife would have it that his good fortune was entirely due to her having thrown away the money twice.[2]

An exact parallel to this legend is found in the Arabian tale of the poor ropemaker, whom two benevolent gentlemen wished to assist in his business. One of them, believing that without money no one could attain wealth, gave the poor man twice a sum of money. Of the first sum, he spent a portion in buying hemp, and wrapped the remainder in his turban, which a kite snatched off his head one day; of the second sum given him the following year, when the two friends came to see how the money had been spent, he again used a part in the purchase of hemp, and placed the balance in a pot, which he then filled with sand. His wife sold the sand, pot and all, to a sand-merchant. The third year the two friends came again, when he told them of his second mishap, which the gentleman who gave the money did not believe. The other, who was of opinion that it is vain to strive if destiny is not in our favour, gave the ropemaker a piece of lead. As in the German tale, a fisherman borrows the lead as a sinker for his lines, and gives him by way of acknowledgment a fish, which contains a splendid diamond. This the ropemaker sells to a

[1] See Note, "Luminous Jewels," p. 412.

[2] Thorpe's 'Yule-Tide Stories,' p. 463 of Bohn's edition.

Jew, who lived next door, for a great sum of money, and he now begins business on a "large scale." At the end of the fourth year the two friends come again, and find that he has "removed to more commodious premises." He tells them the cause of his success in trade, and before they leave, strange to say (that is, outside of an oriental romance), his turban with the money is found in a tree, the kite having made a nest of it, and the pot of sand with the money originally placed in it has again found its way into his own warehouse, thus proving the truth of his stories.

Strange things are certainly found sometimes in the stomachs of large fish, occasionally even rings and gems—for they greedily seize and swallow any glittering object; but the ring-legends of all countries are for the most part mere inventions. The story of Kentigern is an evident imitation of Christ's miracle, of causing a fish to be caught, in whose stomach was found money wherewith to pay tribute to Cæsar.[1]

If such tales as those above cited, of wonderful "finds" in the maws of fish, may be admitted to be probable or possible, the equally wide-spread and

[1] The old ballad of 'The Cruel Knight and the Fortunate Farmer's Daughter' turns upon the discovery of a ring in the stomach of a fish; a legend which is alluded to in Lyson's 'Environs of London,' and which forms the basis of a novel entitled 'Dame Rebecca Berry; or, Court Scenes in the reign of Charles II.,' published at London in 1827.

ancient legends of men having been swallowed by monster fish and escaping after living therein—not merely the "three days and three nights" of the prophet Jonah's similar experience, but sometimes for several years—are so incredible that we must conclude, either that they had originally an esoteric signification, and are variants of a "nature myth," or that they are the mere offspring of the untutored fancy. Stories of this class are common to the folk-lore of Asiatic countries, but they were not unfamiliar in medieval Europe, if we may judge from a specimen found in one of the early English versions of the 'Gesta Romanorum.' The king of Naples sends his daughter in a ship to be married to the son of the Emperor of Rome:

"And whenne thei were in the shippe, and hadde passid fro the londe, there rose vp a gret horribill tempest, and draynt all that were in the ship, except the mayde. Thenne the mayde sette all hire hope strongly in God; and at the laste, the tempest sesid; but ther folowid strongly a gret whale, to devoure this maide. And whenne she saw that, she moche dradde; and whan the nyght com, the maide dredyng that the whale wolde haue swolowide the ship, smot fire at a stone, and had gret plenté of fire. And as long as the fire laste, the whale dorst come no nere, but abowte cockis crowe the mayde, for gret vexacion that she hadde with the tempest, fell on slepe, and in hire slep the fire went out. And when it was out the whale com nye, and swolowid both the ship and the

mayde. And when the mayde felte that she was in the wombe of the whale, she smot, and made a gret fire, and greuously wondid the whale with a littill knyfe, in so moche that he drowe to the lond, and deyde. For that is the kynde, to drawe to the londe when he shall dye. And in this tym ther was an Erle namyd Pirius, and he walkid in his disport by the see, and afore him he sawe the whale come toward the lond. He gaderid gret helpe and strenght of men; [and] with diuerse instrumentis thei smote the whale in euery part of hym. And when the damesell hurde the gret strokys, she cryde with an hye voys, and saide, Gentill siris, havith pite of me, for I am the dowter of a king, and a mayde haue y-ben sith I was borne. Whenne the Erle hurde this, he merveilid gretly, and openyd the whale, and toke out the damesell. Thenne the maide tolde by ordr how that she was a kyngys dowter, and howe she loste hir goodes in the see, and how she sholde be maryed to the Emperour. And when the Erle hurde theise wordis, he was glad, and helde the maide with him a gret while, till tyme that she was wele confortid; and thenne he sent hire solemply to the Emperour."[1]

To say the least, this "story" is not very consistent in its details: all those on board the ship were drowned, excepting the maiden, after which both she and the vessel were swallowed by "a great whale"; but how the others came to be drowned without the

[1] Herrtage's 'Gesta Romanorum' (Early English Text Society), pp. 297-299.

ship being broken in pieces the credulous monkish chronicler does not condescend to inform us: and since the maiden told the noble who rescued her from the animal's internal economy that she had lost all her goods by the misadventure, we must suppose that the whale had digested ship and cargo.

The story may have been suggested by Lucian's 'Vera Historia,' Book i., where a monster fish swallows a ship, and the crew discover extensive countries in the creature's inside.[1] Sindbád, of 'Arabian Nights' celebrity, among other perils he encountered in his frequent voyages to unknown parts, narrowly escaped the like fate: his vessel was surrounded by enormous fish, one of which darted down to swallow the ship and all that was in her; but a tempest drove her on a reef and broke her to pieces—the hero reaching the shore, as usual, with the aid of a plank. It is surprising that the historian of Sindbád's trading career has not represented him as having been actually swallowed—himself, at least—by the sea-monster that thus threatened the destruction of the ship and all that was in her;—the incident could hardly fail of proving to most readers an interesting addition to the marvels so minutely described by the Arabian story-teller.

[1] Possibly Rabelais had this most veracious incident in mind when he represented the renowned Pantagruel as eating a salad one day, and unwittingly taking into his mouth half a dozen pilgrims who had sheltered themselves under the leaves. By skipping about with their staves the unlucky pilgrims manage to avoid contact with his grinders, till at last one of them chances to strike the cleft of a decayed tooth; the pain which this occasions makes him search his mouth, and the devotees are delivered.

More judicious was the Hindú author in his story of Saktideva's adventures in quest of the Golden City. That hero sets out in the vessel of a merchant with whom he had scraped acquaintance, and this is what happened to him: "When they had but a short distance to travel, there arose a black cloud with rumbling thunder, resembling a roaring rákshasa, with flickering lightning to represent his lolling tongue. And a furious hurricane began to blow like Destiny herself, whirling up light objects and hurling down heavy.[1] And from the sea, lashed by the wind, great waves rose aloft like the mountains equipped with wings, indignant that their asylum had been attacked. And that vessel rose on high one moment, and the next moment plunged below, as if exhibiting how rich men are first elevated and then cast down. And the next moment that ship, shrilly laden with the cries of

[1] That is to say, Destiny often elevates the worthless, and hurls down men of worth.—Compare Defoe, in his scathing reply to Lord Haversham's Vindication of his Speech: "Fate makes footballs of men; kicks some up-stairs and some down;—some are advanced without honour, others suppressed without infamy; some are raised without merit, some are crushed without crime;—and no man knows, by the beginning of things, whether his course will issue in a peerage or a pillory." And these passages from the drama of "Mrichchakata," or the Toy-Cart (Dr H. H. Wilson's 'Theatre of the Hindús'):

> "Fate views the world
> A scene of mutual and perpetual struggle;
> And sports with life as if it were a wheel
> That draws the limpid water from the well;
> For some are raised to affluence, some depressed
> In want, and some are borne awhile aloft,
> And some hurled down to wretchedness and woe."

> "O Fate! thou sportest with the fortunes of mankind,
> Like drops of water trembling on the lotus-leaf."

the merchants, burst and split asunder, as if with the weight. And the ship being broken, that merchant its owner fell into the sea, but floating through it on a plank, he at last reached another vessel. But as Saktideva fell, a large fish, opening its mouth and neck, swallowed him without injuring any of his limbs. And as that fish was roaming at will in the midst of the sea, it happened to pass near the island of Utsthala; and by chance some servants of the king of the fishermen, Satyavrata, who were engaged in the pursuit of small fish, came there and caught it. And those fishermen, proud of their prize, immediately dragged it along to show their king, for it was of enormous size. He too, out of curiosity, seeing that it was of such extraordinary size, ordered his servants to cut it open; and when it was cut open, Saktideva came out alive from its belly, having endured a second wonderful imprisonment in the womb."[1]

A similar accident befell Ahlá, the celebrated Bundel'-khand hero: "The Banaphals went once to Hardwar to hunt. When they arrived near the hunting-ground, Ahlá went into the Ganges to bathe, and was then and there swallowed by a monstrous fish. His friends searched for him. While they were lamenting, Machhlávatí, the daughter of the king

[1] 'Kathá Sarit Ságara,' chap. xxv.—In another story, chap. lxxiv., a Bráhman named Sankhadatta relates how he was swallowed by a very large fish in the Ganges, and remained for a long time inside "the capacious habitation of its stomach," eating its flesh, which he cut off with a knife, until the waves cast the fish upon the bank, and some men, having killed it, drew him out.

Ragho Machh of Hardwar, came there with her companions to bathe. Hearing the lamentations of Ahlá's friends, she sent for a fisherman, who, throwing his net into the river, brought the fish to land. On its belly being split open, Ahlá issued therefrom unhurt. Thereupon they all set out for Machhlávatí's house, and Ahlá engaged himself to marry her and her friend Subhna."[1]

But a proud king, in a Kashmírí tale, who had lost his kingdom, and was swept away by a swift river which he attempted to wade across, had a sojourn of many years inside a great fish. Meanwhile his two little sons had been found on the banks of the river, and adopted by a kind-hearted fisherman and his wife. "One day it happened that an enormous fish threw itself on the bank of the river, and could not get back into the water. Everybody in the village went to see the monster and cut off a slice of it. A few people also went from the neighbouring villages, and amongst them was a maker of earthenware. His wife had heard of the great fish, and urged him to go and get some of the flesh. Accordingly he went, although the hour was late. On arriving he found nobody there, as all the people had satisfied themselves and returned. The potter took an axe with him, thinking that the bones would be so thick as to require its aid before they could be broken. When he struck the first blow a voice came out of the fish, as of some one in pain. The potter was very much surprised. 'Perhaps,'

[1] "Legend of Ahlá," in 'Indian Antiquary,' September 1885.

thought he, 'the fish is possessed by a bhút. I'll try again;' whereupon he struck another blow. Again a voice came forth from the fish, saying, 'Woe is me! woe is me!' On hearing this the potter thought, 'Well, this is not a bhút evidently, but the voice of an ordinary man. I'll cut the flesh carefully. May be that I shall find some poor distressed person.' He began to cut away the flesh carefully, and presently he descried a man's foot; then the legs appeared; then the body, all entire. 'Praise be to God!' he cried aloud, 'the soul is in him yet.' He carried the man to his house as fast as he could, and there did everything in his power to recover him; and the joy of the potter and his wife was great when they saw that the stranger was revived."[1] This was the once-proud king, who had lived so long in the inside of the monster fish.

In one of Miss Stokes' 'Indian Fairy Tales,' the heroine, "Loving Lailí," lives twelve years in a Rohita fish; and in another, in the same entertaining story-book (which is rendered so useful to story comparers by Mr Ralston's learned Introduction to it), a crocodile is substituted for a fish (No. 12): A man started off to the river, and began drawing up water in a bucket. "Stop, stop!" cried an alligator, who was the king of the fishes; "you are taking all the water out of the river, and my fishes will die." The man replied, "I want money, and I can find none; so I am taking the

[1] "Pride Abased: a Kashmírí Tale," by the Rev. J. Hinton Knowles, in 'Indian Antiquary,' June 1886.

water out of the river in order to get some" [by selling it]. "You shall have some in a minute," said the alligator; "only do stop drawing the water." Then a great wave of water dashed on to the land, and dashed back into the river, leaving behind it a heap of gold, which the man picked up joyfully. The next day he came again, and night and day he drew water out of the river. At last the alligator got very angry and said, "My fishes will all die for want of water. Once I gave the man a heap of gold, and yet he wants more. I won't give him any," and the alligator thrust up his head out of the river and swallowed the man whole. For four days and four nights the man lived in the alligator's stomach. At the end of the fourth night the king of the fishes said to him, "I will let you get out of my stomach on condition that you tell no man what has happened to you. If you do, you will die instantly." The man jumped out of the alligator's mouth and walked towards his house. On his way he met some men, and told them what had happened to him; and as soon as he got home he told his wife and children, and the moment he had done so he became mad and dumb, and blood came out of his mouth, and he fell down dead.

NOTE.

Luminous Jewels (p. 402).

In the 'Gesta Romanorum,' chap. cvii., a carbuncle supplies the place of sunlight. "Whether a carbuncle doth flame in the dark," says Sir Thomas Browne, in his 'Vulgar Errors,' "or shine like a coal in the night, though generally agreed on by common believers, is very much questioned by many." (Why did not Sir Thomas satisfy himself, by experiments?) This absurd notion of luminous jewels is of frequent occurrence in Eastern fictions and legends. In the Talmud it is said that Noah and his family while in the Ark had no light besides what was sent forth by diamonds and other precious stones. And Abraham, who, it seems, was very jealous of his wives, built for them a city, the walls of which were so high as to exclude the light of the sun! — an inconvenience which he easily remedied by means of a large basin full of pearls and other gems, which shed a light equal in brilliancy to that of the "eye of day." It is related that over the gable of the palace of Prester John were placed, at the two extremities, two golden apples, in each of which were two carbuncles, so that the gold might shine by day and the carbuncles by night. In the Pseudo-Callisthenes it is said that Alexander found in the belly of a fish a precious stone, which he set in gold, and used at night as a lamp. In Lucian's 'De Deâ Syriâ,' on the head of the statue of the goddess was a stone, "which they call the Lamp, from its lustre; by night it shines with such splendour as to light the whole temple." In the 'Forty Vazírs' we read of a dome composed of a carbuncle six feet in diameter, which served instead of the sun in an underground palace. Jewel-lamps are often mentioned in the 'Kathá Sarit Ságara.'

MAGICAL TRANSFORMATIONS.

THE stem of what Mr Baring-Gould terms the "Magical-Conflict Root" has spread its branches far and wide in the shape of popular fictions in which two or more persons, possessing nearly equal powers of changing themselves into whatever forms they please, engage in a life-or-death struggle. It seems to me that popular belief in men being capable of acquiring such powers should sufficiently account for the universal prevalence of stories of this class, without seeking for their origin in primitive conceptions of the phenomena of physical nature, such as sunrise, sunset, clouds, lightning, and so forth. However this may be, there certainly is no cycle of folk-tales of which the members everywhere present a more striking resemblance to each other, or indicate more clearly a common origin. In this case especially is independent invention of the same incidents in different countries and ages altogether out of the question, as I hope to prove conclusively in the course of the present paper.

Readers familiar with the 'Arabian Nights'—and who is not?—must remember the terrible conflict which occurs in the story of the Second Calender: He had been changed into an ape by an evil genie; and while a beautiful young princess is performing magical rites for restoring him to his natural form, the genie appears as a fierce lion, upon which the princess changes herself into a keen-edged sword and cuts the lion in two. Then the genie becomes a scorpion and the princess a serpent, in which form she vanquishes her enemy, who flees away as an eagle, and is pursued by the princess as a larger eagle. The succeeding metamorphoses are: a black cat, chased by a wolf; the cat becomes a worm, which, piercing a pomegranate, causes it to burst, when the wolf becomes a cock, and begins to pick up the seeds; one of the seeds rolls into the canal and becomes a fish, and then the cock turns himself into a great pike; finally, the princess and the genie are seen enveloped in flames, and both are reduced to ashes.—This catastrophe is, so far as I am aware, peculiar to the Arabian version of the Magical Conflict; in the other versions the person who acts the same part as the princess is usually victorious.

Keightley, in his 'Tales and Popular Fictions,' published more than half a century ago—an interesting little book, though now obsolete with comparative storiologists—has pointed out Italian and German tales "which have some resemblance" to the fore-

going, "though probably an accidental one." This is Keightley's abstract of a story in the 'Pleasant Nights' of Straparola:[1]

A magician, named Lactantius, followed the trade of a tailor. He takes an apprentice, who, happening to overhear his incantations, loses all relish for tailoring, and his father takes him home. Lactantius, however, receives him again, and sets him now only to common work, and the father takes him away once more. As they were very poor, the son said to his father, "I will turn myself into a fine horse. Do you then sell me; but be sure to keep the bridle, and not to let it go with me, or else I cannot come back." Lactantius, seeing the horse, knows who it is. He buys him, and persuades the father to let him have the bridle along with him. Having got the horse into his possession, he ties him up, beats him, and abuses him. One day the daughters of the magician led the horse to water, when suddenly he turned himself into a little fish, and dived down. Lactantius hastened to the spot, and becoming a large fish, pursued the little one, who jumped, in the form of a ruby set in a gold ring, into the basket of the king's daughter, who was gathering pebbles at that place. She takes him away with her, and he shows himself to her in his true form—that of a handsome youth. She loves him, and keeps him with her as a ring. The king falling sick, Lactantius comes as a physician, cures him, and for his

[1] 'Piacevoli Notti di M. Giovan Francesco Straparola la Caravagio,' etc., first printed at Venice in 1550.

fee demands a ruby-ring which his daughter has, and with which he was well acquainted. The princess refuses to give it up; but when at last she is compelled to surrender it, the youth tells her to throw it against the wall before the magician. She does so, and as soon as the ring falls to the ground it is turned into a pomegranate, which bursts, and scatters its seeds about. The magician converts himself into a cock, and picks them up; but one hid itself from him, and becoming a fox, catches him by the neck and bites his head off. The king then gives the young man his daughter in marriage.

In the German version cited by Keightley (the tale of the Gaudeif, or Thief, in Grimm's collection), the pupil is sold, in like manner, as a horse, the father also parting with the bridle. When he gets the bridle off, he changes himself into a sparrow, and is pursued by his master, also as a sparrow. They then become fishes: finally, the master is a cock, and the pupil, as a fox, bites his head off.—In an Austrian version, the last metamorphosis of the master is into a grain of oats, which is gobbled up by the pupil, in the form of a cock, and thus an end of the magician.

"There are, it will be seen," remarks Keightley, "some points of resemblance in these different tales, but perhaps hardly sufficient to justify an assertion of one being borrowed from another. Yet possibly," he adds, "the Arabian story had reached Venice." (Pp. 123, 124.)

That many Eastern fictions were imported into Italy in the 16th century there is every reason to believe; but I do not think this was one of them, since the first incident, the selling of the horse with the bridle, is found in a separate tale in the 'Arabian Nights,' as Keightley himself was aware; while not only in Germany and Austria, but in Denmark and Norway also, the "magical conflict" is current in a form similar to that of Straparola's story; and I am rather disposed to consider that it was introduced into the south of Europe by the Norsemen, than that it travelled from the South to the North.

The "bridle" incident occurs in the Arabian tale of Julnar of the Sea and her Son. Queen Láb, a sorceress, having attempted to transform King Badr Bassim and failed, because he had taken precautions by the advice of Abdallah the grocer, who was skilled in "white" magic (which is not regarded as unlawful by Muslims), and who had also instructed him how to turn the tables on her, the story thus proceeds, according to Sir R. F. Burton's new translation:

Badr Bassim took water in his palm and threw it in her face, saying, "Quit this human form and take that of a dapple mule." No sooner had he spoken than she found herself changed into a she-mule, whereupon the tears ran down her cheeks, and she fell to rubbing her muzzle against his feet. Then he would have bridled her, but she would not take the bit. So he left her, and going to the grocer, told him what had passed. Abdallah brought out for him a

bridle, and bade him rein her forthwith. So he took it to the palace, and when she saw him, she came up to him, and he set the bit in her mouth, and mounting her, rode forth to find the shaykh. But when the old man saw her, he rose and said to her, "Almighty Allah confound thee, O accursed woman!" Then quoth he to Badr, "O my son, there is no more tarrying for thee in this city; so ride her, and fare with her whither thou wilt; and beware lest thou commit the bridle to any." King Badr thanked him, and farewelling him, fared on three days without ceasing till he drew near another city, and there met him an old man, grey-headed and comely, who said, "Whence comest thou, O my son?" Badr replied, "From the city of this wretch." And the old man said, "Thou art my guest to-night." He consented, and went with him; but by the way, behold! they met an old woman, who wept when she saw the mule, and said, "Verily this mule resembleth my son's she-mule, which is dead, and my heart acheth for her. So, Allah upon thee, O my lord, do thou sell her to me." He replied, "By Allah, O my mother, I cannot sell her." But she cried, "Allah upon thee! do not refuse my request; for my son will surely be a dead man except I bring him this mule." And she importuned him till he exclaimed, "I will not sell her save for a thousand dinars;"[1] saying in himself, "Whence should this old woman get a thousand gold pieces?" Thereupon she brought out from her girdle a purse con-

[1] About five hundred pounds.

taining a thousand ducats, which when King Badr Bassim saw, he said, "O my mother, I did but jest with thee. I cannot sell her." But the old man looked at him and said, "O my son, in this city none may lie; for whoso lieth they put to death." So King Badr Bassim dismounted and delivered the mule to the old woman, and she drew the bit from her mouth, and taking water in her hand, sprinkled the mule therewith, saying, "O my daughter, quit this shape for that which thou wast aforetime." Upon that she was straightway restored to her original semblance, and the two women embraced and kissed each other. So King Badr Bassim knew that the old woman was Queen Láb's mother, and that he had been tricked, and would have fled, when the old woman whistled a loud whistle, and her call was obeyed by an Ifrít, as he were a great mountain;[1] whereat Badr was affrighted and stood still. Then the old woman mounted on the Ifrít's back, taking her daughter

[1] Demons of this species often figure in Arabian romances, and we have met with them more than once in the preceding papers. A Persian poet has thus graphically sketched the likeness of one of these formidable beings:

He was an Ifrít, created from mouth to foot by the wrath of God.
His hair like a bear's, his teeth like a boar's. No one ever beheld such a monster.
Crook-backed and crabbed-faced, he might be scented at the distance of a thousand parsangs.
His nostrils were like the ovens of brick-burners, and his mouth resembled the vat of a dyer.

For a full account of the nature of the jinn, ifríts, etc. see Lane's 'Arabian Nights,' vol. i. pp. 26-33.

behind her and King Badr Bassim before her, and the Ifrít flew off with them.[1]

To return to the "magical conflict." In the Norwegian version, the pupil of Farmer Weathersky, having become what his mother wished, "the master of all masters," she wouldn't rest till he gave a proof of his magical skill. So when the fair came round the lad changed himself into a horse, and told his father to lead him to the fair. "Now when any one comes," he said, "to buy me, you may ask a hundred dollars for me; but mind you don't forget to take the headstall off me—if you do, Farmer Weathersky will keep me for ever, for he it is who will come to deal with you." So it turned out. Up came a horsedealer who had a great wish to deal for a horse, and he gave a hundred dollars down for him; but when the bargain was struck, and Jack's father had pocketed the money, the horsedealer wanted to have the headstall. "Nay, nay," said the man, "there's nothing about that in the bargain; and, besides, you can't have the headstall, for I've other horses at home to bring to town to-morrow." So each went his way; but they hadn't gone far before Jack took his own shape and

[1] 'A Plain and Literal Translation of the "Arabian Nights Entertainments," now entituled "The Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night." With Introduction, Explanatory Notes on the Manners and Customs of Moslem Men, and a Terminal Essay upon the History of "The Nights." By Richard F. Burton. [In ten volumes.] Benares: MDCCCLXXXV. Printed by the Kamashastra Society for Private Subscribers only.' Vol. vii. pp. 304, 305.

ran away, and when his father got home, there sat Jack in the ingle. Next day he turned himself into a brown horse, and told his father to drive him to the fair: "And when any one comes to buy me," said he, "you may ask two hundred dollars for me—he'll give that, and treat you besides; but whatever you do, and however much you drink, don't forget to take the headstall off me, else you'll never set eyes on me again." So all happened as he had said: the man got two hundred dollars for the horse, and a glass of drink besides, and when the buyer and seller parted it was as much as he could do to remember to take off the headstall. But the buyer and the horse hadn't got far on the road before Jack took his own shape, and when his father got home, there sat Jack in the ingle. The third day it was the same story over again; the lad turned himself into a black horse, and told his father some one would come and bid him three hundred dollars for him, and fill his skin with meat and drink besides. But however much he ate or drank, he was to mind and not forget to take the headstall off, else he'd have to stay with Farmer Weathersky all his life long. "No, no, I'll not forget—never fear," said his father. So when he came to the fair, he got three hundred dollars for the horse; and as it wasn't a dry bargain, Farmer Weathersky made him drink so much that he quite forgot to take the headstall off, and away went Farmer Weathersky with the horse.

Now when he had gone a little way, he thought he

would just stop and have another glass of brandy; so he put a barrel of red-hot nails under his horse's nose, and a sieve of oats under his tail, hung the halter upon a hook, and went into the inn. So the horse stood there, and stamped and pawed, and snorted and roared. Just then came a lassie, who thought it a shame to treat a horse so. "O poor beastie!" she said; "what a cruel master you must have to treat you so!" and as she said this, she pulled the halter off the hook, so that the horse might turn round and taste the oats. "I'm after you!" roared Farmer Weathersky; but the horse had already shaken off the headstall and jumped into a duck-pond, where he turned himself into a tiny fish. In went Farmer Weathersky after him, and turned himself into a pike. Then Jack turned himself into a dove, and Farmer Weathersky became a hawk, and chased and struck at the dove. But just then the princess stood at the window of the palace and saw this struggle. "Ah, poor dove!" she cried, "if you only knew what I know, you'd fly to me through this window." So the dove came flying in through the window, and turned himself into Jack again, who told her his own tale. "Turn yourself into a gold ring," said the princess, "and put yourself on my finger." Quoth Jack, "Nay, nay, that'll never do; for Farmer Weathersky will make the king sick, and then there'll be no one who can make him well again till Farmer Weathersky comes and cures him; and then for his fee he'll ask that gold ring." The princess replied, "Then I'll say I had it from my mother, and

can't part with it." So Jack turned himself into a gold ring, and put himself on the finger of the princess; and so Farmer Weathersky couldn't get at him. But then followed what the lad had foretold: the king fell sick, and there wasn't a doctor in the kingdom who could cure him till Farmer Weathersky came and asked for the ring off the princess' finger for his fee. So the king sent a messenger to the princess for the ring; but she said she wouldn't part with it, for her mother had left it her. When the king heard that he flew into a rage, and said he would have the ring, whoever left it her. "Well," said the princess, "it's no good being cross about it. I can't get it off, and if you must have the ring, you must take my finger too." "If you'll let me try, I'll soon get the ring off," said Farmer Weathersky. "No, thanks; I'll try myself," said the princess, and flew to the grate and put ashes on her finger. Then the ring slipped off, and was lost among the ashes. So Farmer Weathersky turned himself into a cock, and scratched and pecked after the ring in the grate till he was up to the eyes in ashes. But while he was doing this, Jack changed himself into a fox, and bit off the cock's head; and if the Evil One was in Farmer Weathersky, it is all over with him now.[1]

In the Danish version the lad's master in magic is a Troll-man, and his first exploit is to change himself

[1] Dasent's 'Popular Tales from the Norse.' Second edition, pp. 335-339.

into a beautiful little dog, which his father sells for a considerable sum to the occupants of a fine carriage that came rolling past; at the same instant the son changes his father into a hare, and in the form of the dog chases it, and both disappear in a wood, when father and son assume human forms and return home. After all the money was spent, the youth said to his father, "Now I will turn myself into a boar, and you must put a cord round my leg and take me to Horsens market for sale; but remember to throw the cord over my right ear at the moment you sell me, and then I shall be home again as soon as you." The peasant did as his son directed him, and went to market; and there at length sold the boar at a high price to an old man (who was none other than the magician), taking care to throw the cord over its right ear as the lad had told him, and in the same moment the animal vanished, and when he reached his own home again, there was his son sitting at the table. They now lived a merry life until all their money was spent, and then again set out on fresh adventures. This time the lad changed himself into a bull, first reminding his father to throw the rope over his right horn as soon as he was sold. At the market he met with the same old man, and soon came to an agreement with him about the price of the bull. While they were drinking a glass at the alehouse, the father threw the rope over the bull's right horn, and when the magician went to fetch his purchase it had disappeared, and the peasant

on reaching home again found his son sitting beside his mother at the table.

The lad next turned himself into a horse, and the magician was again in the market and bought him. "Thou hast already tricked me twice," said he to the peasant, "but it shall not happen again;" and before he paid down the money he hired a stable and fastened the horse in, so that it was impossible for the peasant to throw the rein over the animal's right ear. The old man, nevertheless, returned home, in the hope that this time also he should find his son; but he was disappointed, for no lad was there. The magician in the meantime mounted the horse and rode off. He well knew whom he had bought, and determined that the lad should pay with his life for the deception he had practised upon him. He rode the horse through swamps and pools, until at length he himself was tired and went home. When he arrived there, he put a magic bridle on the horse and shut him in a dark stable, without giving him anything to eat or drink. After some time had elapsed, he said to the servant-maid, "Go out and see how the horse is;" and when she went into the stable the horse began to moan piteously, and begged her to give him a pail of water. She did so, and on her return told her master that the horse was well. Some time after, he again desired her to go and see if the horse was not yet dead. When she entered the stable the poor animal begged her to loose the bridle and the girths, which were strapped

so tight that he could hardly draw breath. The girl did as she was requested, and no sooner was it done than the horse was changed into a hare and ran out of the stable.

The magician, who was sitting at the window, was immediately aware of what had happened on seeing the hare go springing across the yard, and, in a moment changing himself into a dog, went in pursuit of it. When they had run many miles over corn-fields and meadows, the hare's strength began to fail, and the magician gained more and more upon him. The hare then changed into a dove, but the magician as quickly turned himself into a hawk and renewed his pursuit. In this manner they flew towards a palace where a princess was sitting at a window. When she saw a hawk in chase of a dove she opened the window, and immediately the dove flew into the room, and then changed itself into a gold ring. The magician now became a prince, and went into the apartment for the purpose of catching the dove. When he could not find it, he asked permission to see her rings. The princess showed them to him, but let one fall into the fire. The Troll-man instantly drew it out, and in so doing burnt his fingers, and was obliged to let it fall on the floor. Then the ring became a grain of corn, and at the same instant the magician turned himself into a hen in order to eat the corn, but scarcely had he done so than the lad became a hawk and killed him. He then went to the forest, fetched all the

magician's gold and silver, and from that day lived in wealth and happiness with his parents.[1]

A similar but briefer conflict is waged between the hero and a species of griffin, called the Tree Lion, in the Gaelic story of the Fair Gruagach, son of the king of Eirinn: "When they were on forward a short distance, whom saw they coming but the Tree Lion. He became a bull; the Fair Chief became a bull before him, and the first blow he struck him he laid his head on his side, and the Tree Lion gave out a roar. Then he sprang as an ass; the Fair Chief sprang as an ass before him, and at the first rush he gave towards him he took a mouthful between flesh and skin. The Tree Lion then sprang as a hawk in the wood, and he took the heart and liver out of him. The Fair Chief fell down afterwards; Fionn seized him, and he put him into the napkin [as had been previously arranged between them], and he cut a turf, and he put the napkin under earth and the turf upon it, and he stood on the turf. The wife of the Tree Lion came, and the book of witchcraft was on her back in a hay-band. 'Een, son of Connal, man that never told a lie, who killed my comrade?' 'I know not, *above earth*, who killed thy comrade.' And she went away

[1] Thorpe's 'Yule-Tide Stories,' Bohn's edition, pp. 336-339.—The incident, in the Norse version, of the horse having a pan of red-hot nails at his head and a bushel of oats at his tail occurs in a different Norwegian story in Thorpe's collection, "The Widow's Son," p. 295.

in her weeping cry, and she betook herself to distance. He caught hold of the Fair Chief, and he lifted him with him, and he reached the castle in which was the Dame of the Fine Green Kirtle."[1]

The oldest European form of the Magical Conflict is doubtless found in the legend of the birth of Taliesin, a famous Welsh bard, who flourished in the sixth century, as given in the last of the 'Mabinogion,' translated by Lady Charlotte Guest:

Ceridwen, the wife of Tegid Voel, having prepared a magical concoction in order to render her ugly son Aragddu all-knowing, and thus compensate him for his physical defects, she set the cauldron containing it upon the fire, and put Gwion Bach, the son of Gureang, to stir the ingredients, and a blind man named Morda to kindle the fire beneath the cauldron, charging them on their peril not to suffer it to cease boiling for the space of a year and a day. All went well until near the end of the year, when Ceridwen being absent one day culling plants of magic virtue, three drops of the Water of Inspiration flew out of the cauldron and fell upon the finger of Gwion Bach, and by reason of their great heat he put his finger to his mouth, and instantly perceived all that was to happen, and that he must guard againt the wiles of Ceridwen. So he fled towards his own land. The cauldron burst into pieces and the charmed liquor was all lost. When Ceridwen returned and saw what had happened, she

[1] Campbell's 'Tales of the West Highlands,' vol. ii. p. 423.

struck blind Morda on the head with a billet of wood, upon which he declared himself guiltless, and then she knew it was Gwion Bach who had done it.

And she went after him, running. And he saw her, and changed himself into a hare and fled. But she changed herself into a greyhound and turned him. And he ran towards a river and became a fish. And she in the form of an otter chased him under the water, until he was fain to turn himself into a bird of the air. She, as a hawk, followed him, and gave him no rest in the sky. And just as she was about to stoop upon him, and he was in fear of death, he espied a heap of winnowed wheat on the floor of a barn, and he dropped among the wheat and turned himself into one of the grains. Then she formed herself into a high-crested black hen, and went to the wheat and scratched it with her feet, and found him out and swallowed him. And, as the story says, she bore him nine months; and when she was delivered of him, she could not find it in her heart to kill him, by reason of his beauty. So she wrapped him in a leathern bag and cast him into the sea to the mercy of God, on the twenty-ninth day of April.[1]

[1] 'The Mabinogion.' From the Welsh of the 'Llyfr Coch o Hergest' (The Red Book of Hergest), in the Library of Jesus College, Oxford. Translated, with Notes, by Lady Charlotte Guest. London: Quaritch, 1877. (Last edition.) Pp. 471-473.—The term "Mabinogi," Professor E. B. Cowell has informed me, means "juvenility," from *mab*, a child; then "juvenile amusement," "a youth-tale." It is properly the title of four only of Lady Charlotte Guest's tales—viz., "Owyll," "Branwen," "Manawyddan," and "Math," which all form one romance; but the name in the plural, "mabinogion," has been

If this cycle of folk-tales be, as some comparative mythologists maintain, survivals of a primitive Aryan myth, then the foregoing Cymric story, so far as it relates to the Magical Conflict, probably reflects more or less faithfully the very tradition which the tribes carried with them when they first began to migrate to Europe. "It might, I think," says Lady Charlotte Guest, "be shown that the Cymric nation is not only, as Dr Prichard has proved it to be, an early off-shoot of the Indo-European family, and a people of unmixed descent, but that, when driven out of their conquests by the later nations, the names and exploits of their heroes and the compositions of their bards spread far and wide among the invaders, and affected intimately their tastes and literature for many centuries, and that it has strong claims to be considered as the cradle of European romance." No doubt the mediæval romances of Europe were largely derived from ancient British sources, though they also owed much to the Sagas of Scandinavia, and to Arabic fictions; but it is not at all likely that the Cymric story of the magical contest between Ceridwen and little Gwion Bach was the direct source of the Norse tale of Farmer Weathersky and his pupil, or Straparola's version, with which it so closely corresponds. We must conclude that the resemblance between these two versions is due to transmission from the North to the South, or *vice versâ;* or that the story, like so many others, reached Scan-

improperly applied to all the rest. Properly, these four are *the* 'Mabinogion.'

dinavia through the Mongolians, and Italy through the Turks.[1] Observe the exact parallel which is presented to both the Norse and the Italian stories in the following version from Leger's 'Contes Albanais':

Once upon a time a man sent his son away among the devils to learn their art, and at the end of a year he had learned it so thoroughly that he knew more of it than his masters; so his father went for him and brought him home. Then he said to his father, "To-morrow I intend to become a horse, with every quality valued in that animal. You will sell me at a price proportionate to my value, but take particular care not to give away the bridle with me." So next day he changed himself into a horse, and his father took him to market and sold him for I know not how many thousand piastres, taking care to keep the bridle. But the youth, resuming his proper form, fled from the buyer's house and came home. Next day there was a new metamorphosis, this time into a mule; and his father again set out to sell him at the market. The devils with whom the youth had studied came and asked the father what he wanted for his mule, and having agreed on the price, they paid him the money. Then quoth the father to them, "Observe, I do not give you the bridle." The devils replied, "But we must have it," and thereupon a dispute arose. The

[1] Many learned Icelanders visited even remote parts of the East during the middle ages, and they probably carried back with them some of the fictions which have long been domiciled in the north of Europe, and which are demonstrably of Asiatic extraction.

mule took advantage of it to scamper off, and the devils bolted in pursuit. Seeing that he could not escape, the mule at once became a hare, and then the devils changed themselves into dogs and coursed the hare. When the hare was about to be caught, he became an apple, which fell upon the queen's table. The dogs then took the forms of dervishes and said to the queen, "In the name of Heaven, give us that apple which has just fallen on your table! For many days have we sweated blood and water to obtain it." The queen replied, "You shall not be disgraced by a refusal. What! is it for this apple you have suffered so much? There it is—take it, and go in peace," and she tossed them the apple, which instantly became millet, and spread all over the ground. Upon this the dervishes changed themselves into fowls and began to pick up the grain. Then the millet became a fox, which crunched up the fowls. So well had the youth learned the devils' art, that he devoured those who had taught him.[1]

In the frame-story of the Relations of Siddhí Kúr,[2] we have a Kalmuk version, from an older form of which it is possible the Norse story may have been derived—for that work, as it now exists, is generally considered as of comparatively recent date:

[1] As the story occurs also in the Turkish romance of the 'Forty Vazírs,' it is highly probable that the Albanians derived it from the Ottomans.

[2] See note on page 82.

In the kingdom of Magadha there once lived seven brothers who were magicians. At the distance of a mile from their abode lived two brothers, sons of a khán. The elder of these went to the seven magicians, saying, "Teach me to understand your art," and abode with them seven years. But though they were always setting him to learn different tasks, yet they never taught him the true key to their mystic knowledge. His brother, however, coming to visit him one day, by merely looking through a crack in the door of the apartment in which the seven brothers were at work, acquired perfectly all magical science. After this they both went home together; the elder, because he perceived he would never learn anything of the magicians, and the younger, because he had learned everything they had to impart. As they went along, the younger brother said, "Now that we know all their art, the seven magicians will probably seek to do us some mischief. Go thou, therefore, to our stable, which we left empty, and thou shalt find there a splendid steed. Put a bridle on him, and lead him forth to sell him—only take care thou go not out in the direction of the dwelling of the seven magicians; and having sold him, bring back the price thou shalt have received." When he had made an end of speaking, he transformed himself into a horse, and went and placed himself in the stable awaiting his brother's arrival.

But the elder brother, knowing that the magicians had taught him nothing, stood in no fear of them.

Therefore he paid no heed to the words of his brother, but saying to himself, "As my brother is so clever that he could conjure this fine horse into the stable, let him conjure thither another if he wants it sold—this one I will ride myself." So he saddled and mounted the horse; but all his efforts to guide him were vain, and in spite of his best endeavours, the horse, impelled by the power of the magic of those from whom the art had been learned, carried him straight to the door of the magicians' dwelling. Once there, he was equally unable to induce him to stir away; the horse persistently stood before the magicians' door. When he found he could not in any way command the horse, he determined to sell it to them, asking a great sum for it. The magicians readily knew that it was a magic horse, and said among themselves, "If our art is to become thus common, and everybody can produce a magic horse, no one will come to our market for wonders. We had best buy the horse up and destroy it." Accordingly they paid the high price required, and took possession of the horse and shut it up in a dark stall. When the time came to slaughter it, one held it down by the tail, another by the head, other four by the four legs, so that it should in no wise break away, while the seventh bared his arm ready to strike it with death. When the khán's son who was transformed into the horse perceived what was the intention of the magicians, he thought, "Would that any sort of living being would appear into which I might transform myself!" Hardly had he formed the wish when a little

fish was seen swimming down the stream; into this the khán's son transformed himself. The seven magicians knew what had occurred, and immediately transformed themselves into seven large fish and pursued it. When they were very close to the little fish with their mouths wide open, the son of the khán said within himself, "Would that any sort of living being would appear into which I might transform myself!" Immediately a dove was seen flying in the air, and the khán's son became a dove. The seven magicians, seeing what was done, transformed themselves into seven hawks, and pursued the dove over hill and dale, and they were near overtaking the dove when it took refuge in Land Bede [*i.e.*, Tibet].

Southward in Bede was a shining mountain, and a cave in it called Giver of Rest. Hither the dove took refuge, even in the very bosom of the Great Master and Teacher Nágárguna.[1] The seven hawks, following fast after the dove, at the entrance of the cave changed themselves into men wearing cotton garments. The son of the khán then became a bead of the master's chaplet, and when the men humbly requested the master to give them the holy chaplet, he, who knew the whole affair, loosened the string, and putting in his mouth the son of the khán transformed into one of the beads, handed them the chaplet; and then dropping the bead out of his mouth, it instantly became a man armed with a great stick, and the son of the khán slew the pretended devotees but real magicians.

[1] The 17th Patriarch in Buddhist succession, who died B.C. 212.

The story is well known to the people of Southern India, and a version occurs in the Tamil romance 'Madana Kámarája Kadai,' which bears considerable resemblance to the European variants, and of which this is an abstract:

One of the sons of a rája, who has lost his kingdom and is reduced to poverty, having been instructed in magic by a Bráhman, who is afterwards eager for his destruction, said to his father one day, in order that they should procure the means of subsistence, "There lives in this city a rich merchant who has an only son. I shall assume the shape of a *panchakalyáni* horse,[1] and do you walk with me to the tank where the merchant's son will come in the morning for his bath. He will take a liking for the horse and ask his price. You had better demand a thousand pagodas. After you have parted with me, I shall contrive to escape and return to you." So saying, the prince transformed himself into a horse, and stood before his father whinneying pleasantly, who took him to the side of the tank, and sold him to the merchant's son for a thousand pagodas. But the prince's instructor in magic recognised in the horse his former pupil, and by making the merchant's son believe that the animal was vicious and most dangerous to ride, bought him of him for the same sum that he had just paid for him, and then rode him about till he was almost dead with fatigue.

The transformed prince, perceiving his old master

[1] A horse whose four feet and forehead are white.

intended to kill him, became a fish in a tank, which, when the master discovered, he caused all his pupils to draw off the water in the tank and kill all the fish afterwards. The prince then entered the carcase of a buffalo [1] which some skinners had left on the bank of the pond while they went to fetch their knives, and began to run away. Seeing this, the master made the skinners give chase, when the prince entered the dead body of a parrot [1] which he saw in a tree. Then the master took the form of a kite, and followed him at a furious speed over mountains and through jungles, until at length they came to a city. The parrot flew towards the palace, and entered through an open window into the chamber of the princess, who was seated on a couch unloosing her hair, and alighted in her lap. She was delighted at the sight of the beautiful bird, and taking it up, kissed it and pressed it fondly to her bosom. Then she placed the parrot in a golden cage, and fed it with dainties. One night, when the princess was lain down on her couch, the young prince assumed his own form, and told her how he was persecuted by his former master, who would

[1] This is not transformation, but voluntary transmigration—the exercise of the magical art of transferring one's soul into any dead body, on which is based the frame-story of the Indian romance of Vikrámaditya of Ujjain, which is imitated in the 'Bahár-i Dánush,' the Persian 'Thousand and One Days,' and the Turkish 'Forty Vazírs.' It is evident this Tamil version is garbled: the prince here takes no precaution that the body he is represented as quitting should not be discovered and burnt; and indeed we find him afterwards simply transforming himself, like the persecuted pupil in other versions.

return shortly as a rope-dancer, and having pleased the king her father with his performances, as his sole object was to kill him (the prince), would demand the parrot. She had better at first refuse, but when her servants come a second time she should break the neck of the parrot and then give it to them. "Don't be afraid of having killed me," added the prince; "for I shall instantly become a pearl of your necklace. The servants will come once more, saying that your father requires your necklace. Do you then scatter the pearls in the courtyard, after which you will see something very wonderful." All happens as the young prince had forecast, and when the pearls fell into the courtyard they were all changed into worms. The magician saw that one of these was the prince, and at once assumed the form of a cock, and began to devour the worms, whereupon the prince changed himself into a cat, and pouncing upon the cock, caught it by the neck. The cock in human voice calls out for help, and the king now interfering, learns the whole story from the prince, on whom the king most willingly bestows his lovely daughter. The magician repents of his crimes and is reconciled to the prince, who afterwards drove the usurper of his father's throne out of the country, and ruled over it many years in peace and prosperity.[1]

It will be very evident on a comparative analysis of the several stories above cited, that they have all

[1] S. M. Natésa Sástrí's 'Dravidian Nights,' pp. 8-18.

been derived, mediately or immediately, from one source. Although they are found to differ more or less one from another in the several metamorphoses and their sequence, yet they all possess some incidents in common. Thus, the transformation into a *horse* occurs in the Italian, German, Austrian, second Arabic (a she-mule), Norse, Danish, Albanian, Kalmuk, and Tamil. The *fish*, in the first Arabic, Italian, German, Austrian, Norse, Welsh, Kalmuk, and Tamil. The *hare and hound*, in the Danish, Welsh, and Albanian. The *bird and hawk*, in the Norse, Danish, Welsh, Kalmuk, and Tamil. The *grain of seed*, in the Italian, Austrian, and Welsh; the *worm*, in the first Arabic and the Tamil; the *ring*, in the Italian, Norse, and Danish; the *cock and fox*, in the Italian, Norse, Albanian, and Tamil. The pursued bird flies in at the palace-window in the Norse, Danish, and Tamil; into the cell of a devotee, in the Kalmuk; and in the form of an apple in the Albanian version.

Akin to the Magical-Conflict cycle are stories in which the hero is pursued by a fierce giant, or demon, and escapes by means of certain objects which, thrown behind him on his track, are instantly transformed into obstacles difficult or impossible to be overcome by the enemy. Sometimes the hero is running away with a giant's beautiful daughter who has become deeply enamoured of him, and it is through her supernatural skill that he is enabled to baffle the

giant's repeated attempts to re-capture him. Of this class is the Gaelic story, in Campbell's collection, entitled "The Battle of the Birds," in which a king's son wishes to marry the youngest daughter of a giant, and having accomplished, by the help of the damsel herself, three difficult tasks which the giant sets him to do before he will give his consent, at night the giant's daughter tells the prince that they must fly, or her father would kill him. So they mounted on the grey filly in the stable. But before starting the daughter cut an apple into nine shares: she put two at the head of the bed, two at the foot, two at the door of the kitchen, two at the house-door, and one outside the house. The giant awoke and called, "Are you asleep?" several times, and the shares answered "No." At last he went and found the bed empty and cold, and pursued the fugitive couple. At the break of day the giant's daughter felt her father's breath burning her back. She told the prince to put his hand in the horse's ear, and fling what he found behind him. He found a sprig of sloe, flung it behind him, and produced a wood twenty miles long. The giant had to go back for his axe and wood-knife. In the middle of the day the prince finds in the horse's ear a piece of gray stone. This produces twenty miles of gray rock behind him, and the giant has to go back for his lever and mattock. When the giant has cut his way through this second obstacle, the next thing the prince finds in the filly's ear and flings behind him is a bladder of water, which produces a fresh-water

loch twenty miles broad, and in it the giant is fortunately drowned.[1]

A horse takes the place of the giant's daughter as mentor in a similar adventure of the hero of a Norse tale, to which reference has been already made in comparing stories of Forbidden Rooms, pp. 203-205. The widow's son having, by the horse's advice, taken the whip of thorn, the stone, and the water-flask, he mounted his equine friend and rode off at a rapid rate. After riding some time, the horse said, "I think I hear a noise; look round, can you see anything?" The youth answered, "A great many are coming after us, certainly a score at least." Quoth the horse, "That is the Troll; he is coming with all his companions." They travelled on for some time until their pursuers were gaining on them. "Throw now the thorn-whip over your shoulder," said the horse, "but throw it far away from me." When the youth had done what the horse desired, there sprang up a large thick wood of briars. Then the youth rode a long way, while the Troll was obliged to go home for something wherewith to hew a road through the wood. After some time the horse again said, "Look back, can you see anything now?" The youth replied, "Yes, a whole multitude of people, like a church congregation." Quoth the horse, "Ah, that is the Troll; now he has got more with him; so throw

[1] Campbell's 'Tales of the West Highlands,' vol. i. pp. 32-34.

out the large stone, but throw it far from me." The youth did so, and instantly there arose a large mountain behind them. So the Troll was obliged to go home for something with which to bore through the mountain; and while he was thus employed the youth rode on a considerable way. But now the horse again bade him look back; he then saw a multitude like a whole army—they were so bright that they glittered in the sun. "Well, that is the Troll with all his friends," said the horse. "Now throw the water-bottle behind you, and take good care to spill nothing on me." The youth did so, but notwithstanding his caution, he happened to spill a drop on the horse's hips. Immediately there appeared a vast lake, and the spilling of a drop caused the horse to stand far out in the water; nevertheless he at last swam to the shore. When the Trolls came to the water they lay down to drink it all up, and they gulped and gulped it down till they all burst.[1]

A very striking resemblance to these incidents is found in a story in the 'Kathá Sarit Ságara,' chap. 39. The daughter of a rákshasa having performed for her lover the tasks which her father appointed him (see

[1] Thorpe's 'Yule-Tide Stories' (Bohn's ed.), pp. 295, 296.—Similar incidents occur in one of Powell and Magnusson's 'Icelandic Legends.' In Carleton's 'Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry,' a sprig, a pebble, and a drop of water produce a wood, a rock, and a lake. And in the Sicilian story of Fata Morgana, a prince is pursued by her and two lions. He throws successively three pomegranates behind him: one produces a river of blood, the second a thorny mountain, and the third a volcano.

ante, p. 239), the demon, in order to cause the hero's destruction, despatches him to his fierce brother, who lived at two yojanas (about sixteen miles) distant, to invite him to his daughter's marriage. The damsel gives him, before setting out, some earth, some water, and some thorns, bidding him deliver his message, and at once return at full gallop, but look often behind him, and should he see the demon coming after him, throw these things successively in his way. The youth rode off, and after delivering his message, fled from the place at full speed. And as soon as he turned his head and looked round, he saw the demon coming after him, so he quickly threw the earth behind him, and immediately produced a great mountain. When he saw that the rákshasa had, with much labour, climbed over the mountain and was coming on, he threw the water behind him, and it produced a great river in his path with rolling waves. The rákshasa with difficulty got across it, and was coming on, when the youth quickly scattered the thorns behind him, and they produced a dense thorny wood in the rákshasa's path. When the demon emerged from it, the prince threw the fire behind him, which set on fire the path with the herbs and the trees; and the demon, seeing that it was hard to cross, returned home tired and terrified.

In the Magical-Conflict cycle of stories the metamorphoses are effected by the combatants in their own persons. It now remains to notice some other kinds

of transformations, in which sorcerers or magicians change their victims into the forms of various animals, and of which we have already had one example, from the 'Arabian Nights,' in the case of King Badr Bassim and Queen Láb (p. 417). The Arabic language has distinct terms for various metamorphoses: *naskh* is change from a lower to a higher form, as beast to man; *maskh* is the reverse; *raskh* is from animate to inanimate (see *ante*, pp. 168, 169); and *faskh* is wasting away. The methods adopted in fictions to effect such changes are various. For instance, in the 'Kathá Sarit Ságara' a witch teaches a young woman two spells, by reciting one of which a man can be changed in a moment into an ape, if a string is fastened round his neck, and on unloosing the string and reciting the other spell, he becomes a man again; and by sticking a pin in a man's head, at the same time uttering certain words, he is transformed into a bird, resuming his proper shape when the pin is withdrawn.[1]

[1] In No. 16 of the 'Decisions of Princess Thoo-Dharma Tsari,' a Burmese story-book, translated by Capt. T. P. Sparks (Maulmain, 1851), two sisters having quarrelled about the possession of a young man at length are reconciled and agree to let him go, but not in his own form: "They fastened a magic thread round the young man's neck, whereupon he was transformed into a small parrot, and flew away back into his own country, and settled in the king's garden, where he lived upon the fruit." The bird-catchers are employed to snare the parrot, and having succeeded, as he was so beautiful, they presented him to the king's daughter. "The princess, continually playing with the parrot, one day noticed the thread, and taking it off, he instantly became a handsome young man; and when she put it on again he was changed back into a parrot." This discovery, however, led to consequences which proved rather awkward for the amorous princess.

Sometimes we find certain fruits or grasses producing like changes of form, as in the Roman popular tale cited on p. 97, where the hero by eating some herbs that grew on a hill becomes a donkey. A very close parallel to this is found in the 'Madana Kámárája Kadai': A young prince, who had been treacherously abandoned on an island by a dancing-girl and her mother (who decamped with his four magical treasures), climbed a mango-tree which had only four branches, and on eating the fruit of one of these he was turned into a black ape; the fruit of another changed him into a kite; that of a third transformed him into an old woman; and on eating of the fourth branch he was restored to human form. In the 'Bahár-i Dánush,' a young man, having escaped from a demon who lived on men's flesh and sheep—as Ulysses escaped from Polyphemus, by blinding him with a red-hot iron spike—travelling through a forest for several days without food, found a nest containing seven eggs of the size of a gourd, and each of a different colour. Having ate one, he continued his journey for seven days, when, having eaten the seventh egg, suddenly beautiful feathers of many colours, and at length wings, covered his body, and he was able to fly. One day, after soaring through the air, he alighted on a tree round which was a great multitude of people, to whom he addressed himself as they were going to shoot him. On hearing his adventures, they had compassion, and took him under their protection. With them he remained seven years, at the

expiry of which his wings and feathers fell off, and he returned safely to his own country.[1]

Certain waters also effect wonderful changes, mental as well as physical, in those who drink of or bathe in them. From Greek and Roman classical sources Boiardo probably adapted in his 'Orlando Innamorato,' and Ariosto in his 'Furioso,' the idea of the two magic fountains, one of which inspired love, the other disdain, which reappear in the old Spanish romance of 'Diana,' by Montemayor. In the 14th chapter of Swan's 'Gesta Romanorum' a princess by bathing in a certain fountain becomes a leper.—In all the Eastern texts of the Book of Sindibád, a prince on his way to be married to the daughter of a mighty monarch, came to a fountain, of which he drank, when lo! he nstantly became a woman, and his companion the vazír abandoned him to his fate in the desert. He

[1] Dr Jonathan Scott's translation, vol. iii. pp. 288-291. The 'Bahár-i Dánush,' or Spring (season) of Knowledge—Scott renders it 'Garden of Knowledge'—was composed in Persian by 'Inayatu-'lláh of Delhi in the year of the Hijra 1061 (A.D. 1650). In the author's introduction, which is a florid imitation of the charming preface to the 'Gulistán,' or Rose-Garden, of the celebrated Persian poet Saádí, it is said that "this heart-enticing story" was communicated to him by a young Bráhman; in other words, both the leading story and the tales interwoven are adapted from Indian sources, which are now well known. Scott's version leaves much to be desired, albeit he justly claims that it is fuller and more faithful to the original than that of Dow: he was unable to give in English the Persian names of flowers, which so frequently occur in the romance; his mode of transliteration is objectionable and antiquated; and he gives only brief abstracts of a number of stories in an appendix, which might have been translated, with a few modifications, and inserted in their proper places.

meets with a wandering horseman, who directs him to another fountain, the waters of which restore his proper sex, and he is duly united to his betrothed.—We read of pools and lakes having similar properties in several Indian story-books. Thus, in the 'Sinhásana Dwatrinsatí' (or Thirty-two Tales of a Throne), a monkey descends from a tree, and bathing in a well close by, is changed into a woman whenever a "pious" hermit comes to converse with her, and by dipping into the same well she becomes a monkey again—"till farther orders." And in a romance which recounts the adventures of two sons of a king, named Somasekhara and Chitrasekhara, one of them on a journey sees a monkey in his gambols plunge into a pool and come out a man; and a little farther on he leaped into another pool, and issued from it a monkey as before. The prince carries off some of the waters which produced these changes, and afterwards getting into his power a rascally giant who had stolen his brother's bride, by means of some of the water of the second pool changes him into a monkey, and sells him to a beggar, who compels him to perform tricks for his benefit.

Belief in witchcraft—that most deplorable of popular delusions, that most heart-hardening phase of the "madness of crowds"—was strong throughout Europe during mediæval times, and indeed long after intellectual darkness was supposed to be dispelled by means of the printing-press. King James I. of England,

ycleped by his flatterers "the Scottish Solomon," and by men of better judgment "the wisest fool in Christendom," was a firm believer in witchcraft, and encouraged witch-hunting in all parts of his dominions. It is horrifying and blood-curdling to read of the tortures which were inflicted upon decrepit old wretches —often absolutely innocent, and generally the victims of mental disease—in order to compel them to confess their intimate connection with "the devil and all his works." The stories of magical transformations related so minutely by grave authors as having occurred in different parts of Europe, are all derived, as also belief in witchcraft itself, directly or indirectly, from Eastern sources. Heywood, in his curious and entertaining 'History of Women,' devotes a chapter to anecdotes "of witches who have either changed their own shapes or transformed others." After copious references to eminent authorities for the fact that some men can change themselves into wolves—such being called by the Germans *werwolff;* by the French *loups garous;* by the Greeks *lukanthropous,* or *mormolukias;* and by the Romans *versipelles,* turn-skins—he thus proceeds: "Saint Augustine, in his book, 'De Civitate Dei,' lib. 18, caps. 17 and 18, tells us of divers hostesses or innkeepers, practised in these diabolical arts, who put such confections into a kind of cheese they made, that all such travellers as guested with them, and ate thereof, were presently metamorphosed into labouring beasts, as horses, asses, oxen, all which they employed either in drawing or bearing

of burdens, or else let them out for hackneys to gain profit by their hire; and when their work was done and they had made of them what benefit they could, they restored them to their pristine shape.

"Ranulphus and Gulielmus, 'De Regib.,' lib. 20, relate a history of two such witches that lived in the road-way to Rome: A minstrel or piper travelling that way, tasted of this cheese, and was presently changed into an ass, who, notwithstanding he had lost his shape, still retained his natural reason; and (as one Banks here about this city taught his horse to show tricks, by which he got much money) so this ass, being capable of what was taught him, and understanding what he was bid to do, showed a thousand several pleasures (almost impossible to be apprehended by any unreasonable creature) to all such as came to see him and paid for the sight, insomuch that he was sold by these witches to a neighbour of theirs for a great sum of money; but at the delivery of him saith one of the witches, 'Take heed, neighbour (if you mean to have good of your beast), that in any case you lead him not through the water.' The poor trans-shaped piper this hearing, apprehends that water might be the means to restore him to his former human figure, purposing in himself to make proof thereof at his next best opportunity. Careful was the new merchant of the charge given, and watered him still in a pail, but would never let him drink from the river. But the master travelling by the way, and, to ease his beast, alighting and leading him in his hand, the ass on the sudden broke

his bridle, ran out of sight, and leaped into the next river he came near, where, leaving his saddle and furniture behind, he waded out in his own shape. The man pursues him with all the speed he can, and follows him the way he took. The first he meets is the piper, and asks him if he saw not such a kind of beast, and describes him to a hair. The fellow acknowledgeth himself to have been the same ass he bought of the witch. The master wondereth, and relates this to his lord; his lord acquaints this novel to Petrus Damianus, a man of approved knowledge and wisdom, and numbered amongst the greatest scholars of his age; he examines the master, the piper, the witches, and such as saw him leap into the river a beast and return a man, and informs Pope Leo VII. thereof. All their examinations and confessions were taken, and a disputation of the possibility thereof held in the presence of the Pope, before whom the truth thereof was acknowledged and recorded. The same history is told by Vincentius, in 'Speculo,' lib. 3, cap. 109, and Fulgentius, lib. 8, cap. 11.

"We read in Gulielmus, archbishop of Tyrus, whom Sprangerus, the Great Inquisitor, citeth to the same purpose: An English soldier, being in Cyprus, was by a witch transformed into an ass; and when all his mates went on shipboard, he following them, as loath to lose their fellowship, was, by his own friends and countrymen, that gave him [up for] lost, beaten back with clubs and staves. They put to sea without him. He, having no other owner, returned back to the

witch's house that had trans-shaped him, who employed him in all her drudgeries, till at length he came into the church when the bishop was at divine service, and fell on his knees before the altar, and began to use such devout gestures as could not be imagined to proceed from a brute beast; this first bred admiration, and then suspicion. The witch was called before the judges, examined, and convicted, after condemned to the stake, having before restored him to his former shape after three years' transformation.

"Answerable to this we read of Ammonius the philosopher, of the sect of Peripatetics, who hath left recorded that an ass came usually into his school at the time of reading, and with great attention listened to his lecture. Merchants have delivered that nothing is more frequent in Egypt than such trans-shapes, insomuch that Bellonius, in his observations printed at Lutetia, saith that he himself in the suburbs of Cairo (a great city in Egypt) saw a comedian that desired conference with the ass that he himself rode on, who, wondering what he then intended, gave him liberty of free discourse; where they seemed to talk with great familiarity (as having been before acquainted), where the ass by his actions and signs seemed to apprehend whatsoever was spoken to him: when the one protested with the hand upon his breast, the other would strike the ground with his foot; and when the man had spoke as if he had told some jest, the ass would bray aloud as if he had laughed heartily at the conceit, appearing to him not only to apprehend and under-

stand whatsoever was spoken, but to make answer to such questions as were demanded him."[1]

We should nowadays require even better authority than that of Saint Augustine, Ranulphus, and Guliel-mus, archbishop of Tyre, combined, to induce us to credit such stories, which are simply Arabian and Indian fictions in European masquerade. The ass seems to have been the form of animal, according to popular belief, into which witches and magicians generally changed those whom they got into their power;[2] and this notion is the basis of a diverting Italian tale, ascribed, on slight grounds, to Michele Colombo, the substance of which is as follows:

A poor labourer, named Gilbert, cultivated a small enclosure, gathered faggots in a wood close by, brought them home on his ass, and conveyed them to the neighbouring market-town. He was a very simple fellow, who could be made to believe almost any absurdity. One day he left his ass tied to a tree in the outskirts of the wood, and went farther into the interior. Two monks of St. Francis, Father Antony and Father Timothy, having rambled over the adjacent districts, begging for the good of their convent, were returning heavily laden, and, seeing the ass, Timothy threw his wallet and that of Antony on the beast, loosed the halter, and, placing it round his own

[1] Heywood's 'History of Women,' ed. 1657, lib. 8, pp. 573-575.

[2] In the 'Golden Ass' of Apuleius, when the sorceress Pamphile turns herself into an owl, Apuleius asks her maid Fotis to change him also into an owl, in order to follow her; but she by mistake turns him into an ass, in which form he sees and hears many curious things, and he is at length restored to human shape by eating some roses.

neck, bids Antony to lead the ass to their convent, and tell the brethren that he had been suddenly attacked by fever, and had taken refuge in the house of a benevolent peasant, who had lent him the ass, which was to be returned next week. When Gilbert came with his faggots and saw who it was that stood in the animal's place, he crossed himself, and was about to run away. Timothy tells him that for his sins he had been transformed into an ass, but he was now restored to his own proper form. On hearing this wonderful story, Gilbert says, "And can you, good father, ever forgive me the blows which you have had from my hands, and the curses, moreover, which you have often heard from my lips?" But Timothy assures him that the blows were salutary castigation, according to the will of Heaven: "Take, then, thy wood upon thy shoulder and go; and may peace attend thee." The monk, however, is easily persuaded to put up for the night at Gilbert's cottage, as the hour is waxing late. During supper he ogles Gilbert's comely wife, which the woodcutter observing, he warns the monk to be circumspect, lest his former punishment again befall him. Next day Father Timothy returns to his convent, and informs the prior that Gilbert had made a present of his ass to the convent; so they resolve to sell the beast, and send a trusty person with it to the fair. Gilbert happened to be there, and at once recognised his own ass, from the circumstance of its having one ear cropped. Going up to the ass, he put his mouth close to its ear and whispered softly, "Alas, good father, the rebellious flesh, then, has played thee

another trick! Did I not forewarn thee that this would happen?" The ass, feeling a breathing and tickling in his ear, shook his head, as if not assenting. "Deny it not," resumed Gilbert; "I know thee well: thou art the self-same." Again the ass shook its head. "Nay, deny it not—lie not," rejoined the worthy Gilbert, raising his voice somewhat—"lie not, for that is a great sin: thee it is; yes, in spite of thyself, it is thee." The bystanders, seeing a man thus holding a conversation with an ass, believed him to be crazy, and gathering round him, began to put questions, some about one thing, some about another, and Gilbert advanced the strangest and most unaccountable facts, always maintaining that this was not his ass, but in truth a poor miserable Franciscan, who, for his carnal frailties, was now uncomfortably a second time transformed into this shape. Then he told from beginning to end all the story of the incontinent friar metamorphosed into a beast of burden. His narrative was greeted with bursts of laughter. Poor Gilbert was all day the butt of the fair. At last he was induced to buy the unlucky animal again; and taking it home, believing it to be no ass but the friar again transformed, he would not employ it to carry his faggots, but fed it until, like Jeshurun, it "waxed fat and kicked."

Alexis Piron has told the same story in French verse, under the title of "Le Cordelier Cheval," which, together with the Italian novel and translations of both, was published at London in 1821.[1] In the preface,

[1] 'Tales of the Cordelier Metamorphosed, as narrated in a manuscript from the Borromeo Collection, and in Le Cordelier Cheval of M.

the translator, G. H., gives the following account of the novel: "The Italian novel, which I believe to be now for the first time printed, existed in manuscript in the collection of the late Count Borromeo of Padua, at the sale of which, in 1817, it fell, among other trifles, to my lot. It stands thus in the catalogue of that sale: 'No. 250, Novella di Gianni andato al Boscoa far legna, &c., in 4to, MS., inedita'; and it is there, upon what authority I know not, attributed, together with some preceding articles of the catalogue, to Michele Colombo. It attracted my notice from its resemblance in the principal incidents of the story to 'Le Cordelier Cheval,' or, as it is sometimes entitled, 'Le Moine Bridé,' of Alexis Piron, a tale which I have always esteemed as not the least pleasant of that author's facetious effusions; and suspecting that Piron, like La Fontaine before him, often gathered his subjects from some older record, I have looked in vain among the earlier novelists for an original hint of this story. Whether the Italian which I now present be such, or merely an imitation, or whether both the narratives be not borrowed with variations from preceding collections of facetiæ, I will not pretend to determine. Of Colombo as a writer I have not met with any notice, but it would seem that in Tiraboschi's time he was possessed of some curious books at Padua. Without better information, one may reasonably doubt whether he was the author of the articles which Borromeo attributed to him."

In Piron's version a man named Blaise was return-

Piron, with Translations.' London, 1821. 4to, 54 pages. The tales are illustrated with a number of clever etchings.

ing from market, where he had profitably disposed of his oats and hay, and bought a horse to carry him home. After riding some distance, the weather being frosty, he dismounts in order to warm himself by walking, and while he is trudging along, leading his palfrey by the bridle, he is seen by two monks, who steal the horse, as in the Italian story. When Blaise (he is called Ralph in the English rendering) turns round to mount his horse again, what was his surprise to perceive the monk with the bridle round his neck! Father Peter explains that as a penance for having indulged his carnal desires, he had been condemned for seven years to live in the form of a horse, and his time was now expired. Ralph (or Blaise) replies that he can't understand why his purse should have to pay for the monk's misdeeds; but Heaven is just: he himself had also sinned and must do penance in his turn; the only difference between them being that the monk's mulct is paid, while his own has but begun. "You've been seven long years a horse, and it might come to pass that I should be an ass for a similar period." However, the twenty marks that he paid for the monk as a horse won't ruin him—"Go to your convent, and beware for the future."

> The monk, with reverence profound,
> Thrice clasped his knees, thrice kissed the ground;
> Then gaily and with quickened pace
> Made off; while Ralph, with rueful face,
> Light purse, and bridle dangling loose,
> Sneaked homeward, like a truant goose.
> He kept his counsel; not a word,
> You may be sure, had e'er been heard

From him of his adventure rare,
Had he not one day at the fair
Espied his well-known horse, and nigh it
Stood Gregory about to buy it.
Ralph stared, but, laughing in his sleeve,
Whispered, "Friend Gregory, by your leave,
This way—a word—that horse don't buy—
I know him, and a good reason why!
Don't buy that horse, you'll sadly rue
Your bargain one day, if you do.
Some morning, when you think on't least,
Parading bravely on that beast
(A beast to look on not amiss),
You'll find yourself—remember this—
Hey, presto! pass than lightning fleeter
Mounted astride on Father Peter.
"Astride on Peter! O you jeer!"
"Not I, indeed; you'll find him there,
With cord and cowl and chaplet meet,
A fat, gray Cordelier complete."
Ralph then began to tell his tale—
The purchase—storm—Franciscan frail—
The penitence and all the rest;
What happened since he shrewdly guessed:
"Look you," said he, "this child of sin,
His lesson fast forgetting quite,
Has given the bait another bite;
So here he is." "And here may be,
By th' mass," quoth Gregory, "for me.
Pox take him and his liquorish story,
And his new lease of purgatory!
Ralph, but for thee, I'd lost my chink;
'Tis ten pounds saved—let's drink!"[1]

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[1] Peste! interrompt Grégoire,
Qu'il aille au diable avec son hameçon,
Et ses sept ans de nouveau purgatoire!
Vraiment, sans toi, j'etois joli garçon;
C'est cinq cens francs que je gagne—allons boire!

The story is also found in 'Facetiæ Cantabrigienses,' 1825, p. 10, and in Bohn's edition of 'Joe Miller's Complete Jest Book,' printed in 1841 (No. 151): "Three or four roguish scholars, walking out one day, espied a poor fellow near Abingdon asleep in a ditch, with an ass by him laden with earthenware, holding the bridle in his hand. Says one of the scholars to the rest, 'If you will assist me, I'll help you to a little money, for you know we are bare at present,'" and so on. When the poor fellow sees his ass offered for sale at the fair, "Oh," said he, "have he and his father quarrelled again already? No, no, I'll have nothing to say to him."

The original of these three tales is perhaps found in the Búlák and Calcutta printed Arabian texts of the 'Thousand and One Nights,' where the story is thus related:

A simple countryman was walking along, dragging his ass after him by the halter, which a brace of sharpers observing, one said to his fellow, "Come with me, and I will take the ass from that man." He then quietly advanced to the ass, unloosed it from the halter, and gave the beast to his confederate, who went off with it; after which the sharper passed the halter round his neck, and allowed the man to drag him along until the other rogue with the ass was out of sight, when he suddenly stopped, and the man having tugged the halter several times without effect, he looked back, and, amazed to behold a man in place of his beast, exclaimed, "Who art thou?" The sharper answered, "I was thy ass;

but hear my story, for it is wonderful. I have a virtuous and pious mother, and one day I came home intoxicated. Grieved to see me in such a condition, she reproved me; but, instead of being overwhelmed with remorse, I beat her with a stick, whereupon she prayed to Heaven, and in answer to her supplication I was transformed into an ass. In that shape I have been in thy service until this day, when, as it appears, my mother has interceded for me, and I am restored to the human form." The simpleton, believing every word of this story, raised his eyes to heaven, and said, "Of a truth there is no power or strength but from Allah! But pray forgive me for having used thee as I have done." The sharper readily granted forgiveness, and, taking leave of the simpleton, went off to rejoin his companion and to dispose of the ass; while the countryman returned home, and showing his wife the halter, told her of the wondrous transformation which had taken place. His wife, in hopes of propitiating Heaven, gave alms, and offered up many prayers, to avert evil from them, since they had used a human being as a beast of burden. The simpleton, having remained idle at home for some weeks, went one day to purchase another beast at the market, and on entering the place where the animals were all fastened, he saw with amazement his own ass offered for sale. Putting his mouth to its ear, he whispered, "Woe to thee, unlucky! Doubtless thou hast again been intoxicated; but, by Allah, I will never buy thee!"

The English version does not appear to have been derived from the French or the Italian, since its conclusion corresponds more closely with the Arabian tale: the poor hawker's exclamation, "Oh, have he and his father quarrelled again already? No, no, I'll have nothing to say to him," having its exact parallel in that of the Arab simpleton, "Doubtless thou hast again been intoxicated; but, by Allah, I will never buy thee!"[1] In the Italian story Gilbert buys his beast once more out of pity for Father Timothy; while in Piron's version the original owner dissuades a friend from purchasing his horse. It is not at all probable that Piron adapted his tale of 'Le Cordelier Cheval' from the Italian novel, since he represents the simpleton as leading his horse by the bridle, like the Arab countryman with his ass; while in the Italian story the animal was fastened to a tree when it was discovered by the two monks. The story may have been brought to France by some Trouvère from the East;—it is precisely such a tale as would have been readily appropriated by the professors of the "gay science," and from a *fabliau* it may have become orally current among the people. Its appearance in Italy is no more remarkable than that of many other stories which occur in the 'Arabian Nights,' considering the close commercial relations which were once maintained by the Venetians with Syria and Egypt, the countries where that famous story-book almost certainly had its origin.

[1] Yet, so far as I am aware, the Arabian tale had not been rendered into English when the Cambridge Jests were published.

APPENDIX.

I.

The Inexhaustible Purse, etc.

A variant of the story of the four young fakírs and the magical treasures left them by their teachers, cited in p. 88, from Miss Stokes's 'Indian Fairy Tales,' is found in the Tamil romance, 'Madana Kámarája Kadai,' translated by Mr Natésa Sástrí, under the apt title of 'The Dravidian Nights,' p. 129. The youngest of two brothers, in the course of his wanderings, went one day to a tank to wash himself. While there he saw at a short distance from him an old *sanyási* (religious mendicant) breathing his last. The sage was surrounded by four of his disciples, to whom he was thus speaking: "My students, I have had possession for a long time of four objects which are as dear to me as life. They are: a bag, which yields to one whatever he may want; a cup, which serves up newly cooked meals whenever you require them; a cudgel, which would belabour all your enemies if you aim it at them; and a pair of sandals which takes you wherever you wish to go. First bury me, and then take these things for yourselves." So saying, the sage expired, and his disciples buried him close by, under a tree. Then they quarrelled over the four things, and at length agreed to place them in the hollow of an old tamarind-tree, and go to the town in search of an arbiter. The youth was observing from a distance what was passing, and as soon as they went away he proceeded to the spot and took possession of the four

treasures. But fearing that without the permission of the departed soul of the sage these things would be of no benefit to him, he went to the grave of the *sanyâsi* and there said, "My respected *sanyâsi*, your disciples fought over these rare treasures and carelessly put them in the hollow of a tree; I have taken them out, and with your kind leave will make use of them." Then this answer came out of the grave: "You did very well in taking possession of these objects, which will be of more service to you than to those envious fellows."

An analogue of the German, Bohemian, Kalmuk, and Buddhist tales cited in pp. 110-116 is found in the same Tamil romance ('Dravidian Nights,' p. 149 ff.): The prince, in quest of the *pârijâta* flower, having, by the directions of the third sage, who opened his eyes every third watch, won the love of a celestial maiden, she gives him a guitar on which he had only to play, when she would appear and set before him abundance of the most delicious viands. He goes back to the third sage, and playing on his guitar, the damsel appears with food as she had promised. The sage persuades the prince to exchange his guitar for a cudgel that would put to death a vast army in the twinkling of an eye. By means of the club, which goes back and kills the sage, the prince recovers his guitar, which he exchanges with the second sage for an inexhaustible purse, and with the first sage for magic sandals, each time recovering it by means of the all-powerful cudgel, which here performs the part of Kreischwinger in the Kalmuk version and of the hatchet in the Buddhist Birth-Story of Sakka's Presents.—In the German version, the hero twice recovers his magic table by means of the article for which he exchanges it—a knapsack and a hat; and in the Bohemian story, a bagpipe brings it back to him after exchanging it for a sack of wonderful virtue.

II.

"Who eats my Heart," etc.

In the story cited in p. 93 ff., from Miss Busk's 'Folk-Lore of Rome,' one of the brothers, by eating the head of a

bird, becomes emperor, and the other, by eating the heart, is never without money, of which incident an Indian analogue is given in p. 98. In the same tale from the 'Dravidian Nights' cited in the preceding note, the two bróthers enter a dense wood, in which is an extraordinary mango-tree that yields one fruit once in a hundred years. To obtain that fruit a sage was practising penance before the tree, and just as the youths entered the wood the fruit dropped down at the feet of the sage, who left it where it fell, and went off to bathe before touching it. The younger brother, without being observed by the elder, picked up the fruit and concealed it in the midst of his rice-ball. The sage, on returning from his ablutions, was distracted to find the fruit was gone, and overtaking the brothers, asked them whether they had seen a mango-fruit on the ground, to which they replied in the negative. Then the sage began to weep and tear his long beard. "What special property is there in that fruit," asked the younger brother, "that you should so much lament its loss?" Said the sage, "My dear son, he who eats the skin of that fruit will become a king, and he who eats the seed, gems will drop from his mouth every time he laughs."[1] The youths then resumed their journey. In the evening they sat down beside a stream, and the younger gave the elder some rice and the skin of the mango fruit, and himself ate the seed, with the results predicted by the sage.—I have before remarked (p. 445) that this story in the sequel very closely resembles Miss Busk's tale of 'The Transformation Donkey.'

[1] In No. 5 of Rev. Lal Behari Day's 'Folk-Tales of Bengal' a fisherman brings a young merchant a fish, which if any one eats, when he laughs the most precious gems will fall from his mouth, and when he weeps pearls will drop from his eyes. Ill-used step-daughters are often thus endowed in European fairy tales. In the Relations of Siddhí Kúr we find a gold-spitting prince—see p. 125 of the present volume. In Gonzenbach's 'Sicilianische Märchen,' a girl drops pearls and precious stones from her hair whenever she combs it, to which Dr Köhler gives many parallels in a note on this tale. In Coelho's 'Contos Portuguezes,' No. 36, pearls drop from the heroine's mouth. In a Norse story gold coins fall from the mouth of the heroine whenever she speaks; and in a Swedish tale, a gold ring.

III.

The Good Man and the Bad Man—p. 245.

My conjecture that this story is of Buddhist extraction (p. 261) seems borne out by the existence of a version current in Ceylon. Under the title of the "Two Peasants," S. Jane Goonetilleke gives a translation of it in 'The Orientalist,' 1885, pp. 150-152. In this version two peasants left their native village to seek their fortune. At the outset one of them said to the other, "Friend, if you provide out of your purse for both of us, I will do likewise when your money is all spent." To this his companion agreed, and whenever he cooked his rice he always gave his friend half of it. When his stock of money was exhausted, he asked his companion to give him some of his food, but he refused. After being without food for some days, the poor peasant at last consented to part with one of his eyes for a spoonful, and soon afterwards the other eye was also taken out by his wicked comrade, who then left him at the foot of a tree and went his own way. The blinded peasant overhears a party of rákshasas who were in the tree conversing together. One said, "All are not aware of the rare qualities of this tree. Any blind man will have his sight restored to him, if he will only rub his eyes with some of its juice." "That is not all," said another: "if a man should eat one of these leaves, he would not get hungry for seven days and seven nights." "More than that," said a third: "if a man eat the fruit of this tree, he will become a king in seven days." When the rákshasas had gone away, the poor man contrived to scrape away part of the bark of the tree, and thus obtained a little of its juice, which he at once applied to his eyes and he immediately recovered his sight. When he had eaten some of the leaves he felt quite strong, and then climbing to the top of the tree he ate of the fruit, convinced that he should become king in seven days. He set off and reached a town on the seventh day, and during all the time he did not once feel the pangs of hunger. Seating himself outside a rest-house

(for the company within would not have such a dirty and ragged fellow amongst them), the late king's elephant came past to choose a successor, and kneeling down before the peasant, he was at once acknowledged and crowned king.[1] Now his false friend had before arrived at the same city, and married the daughter of the prime minister, and when he saw the new king he was struck with his resemblance to the man he had so cruelly blinded; but fearing to ask a direct question, he one day said to him, "Sire, is it possible for a blind man by any means to recover his sight?" The king answered, "It is not impossible. If a man only sought it he would find a remedy even for blindness." So the prime minister resolved to get some one to treat him as he had done his comrade, and set out from the city with his wife, having instruced her how to act. First the man provided food for both, and when his stock of money was all spent, his wife treated him in the same way he had treated his friend, and finally left him bound under a tree. Before parting she told him where he would find her when he had become king. The woman went on till she came to a shepherd's hut, and obtained leave to stay there for seven days till her husband the king came to take her away. Seven days passed, but there was no sign of the king, and when other seven days had elapsed, the shepherd lost all patience, upon which the woman told him the whole story. The shepherd repaired to the spot to find out what had happened to the man, and there he found his carcase surrounded by eagles and other ravenous birds and animals. Returning home, the would-be queen eagerly questioned the shepherd as to the fate of her husband, and asked him whether he had indeed been crowned king. "Oh, yes," replied he, "I found him surrounded by so many of his subjects, that I could not exchange one word with him, and tell him of your welfare, but now you can go and see for yourself." So saying, he drove her out of his house as an adventuress.

[1] This singular mode of choosing a successor to the throne occurs in many Indian tales, and it seems to have been actually practised at one time.

IV.

Encounters with Ogres, etc.

The beautiful episode "Baka-badha" which occurs in the first book of the 'Mahábhárata,' and which has been done into English verse by Dean Milman, under the title of the "Bráhman's Lament" (see pp. 163, 164), seems adapted in one of the Rev. Lal Behari Day's 'Folk-Tales of Bengal,' pp. 73-77 :

Two youths, Champa Dal and Sahasra Dal, arrived one evening at a village, and became guests in the house of one of its most respectable inhabitants. They found the members of the family in deep gloom. Evidently there was something agitating them very much. Some of them held private consultations, and others were weeping. The eldest lady of the house, the mother of its head, said aloud, "Let me go, as I am the oldest. I have lived long enough; at the utmost my life would be cut short only by a year or two." The youngest member of the house, who was a little girl, said, "Let me go, as I am useless to the family; if I die, I shall not be missed." The head of the house, the son of the old lady, said, "I am the head and representative of the family; it is but reasonable that I should give up my life." His younger brother said, "You are the main prop and pillar of the family; if you go the whole family is ruined. It is not reasonable that you should go; let me go, as I shall not be much missed." The two strangers listened to all this conversation with no little curiosity. They wondered what it all meant. Sahasra Dal at last, at the risk of being thought meddlesome, ventured to ask the head of the house the subject of their consultations, and the reason of the deep misery but too visible in their countenances and words. He answered, "Know then, worthy guests, that this part of the country is infested by a terrible rákshasi,[1] who has depopulated all the regions round. This town, too, would have been depopulated, but that our king became a suppliant

[1] Female demon of the rákshasa species.

before the rákshasi, and begged her to show mercy to us his subjects. The rákshasi replied, 'I will consent to show mercy to you and your subjects only on this condition, that you every night put a human being, either male or female, in a certain temple for me to feast upon. If I get one every night I will rest satisfied, and not commit farther depredations on your subjects.' Our king had no alternative but to agree to this condition; for what human beings can ever hope to contend against a rákshasi? From that day the king made it a rule that every family in the town should in its turn send one of its members to the temple as a victim to appease the wrath and satisfy the hunger of the terrible rákshasi. All the families in this neighbourhood have had their turn, and this night it is the turn for one of us to devote himself to destruction. We are therefore discussing who should go. You must now perceive the cause of our distress." The two friends consulted together for a few minutes, after which Sahasra Dal said, "Most worthy host, do not any longer be sad. As you have been very kind to us, we have resolved to requite your hospitality by ourselves going to the temple and becoming the food of the rákshasi. We go as your representatives." The whole family protested against the proposal. They declared that guests were like gods, and that it was the duty of the host to endure all kinds of privation for the comfort of the guest, and not the duty of the guest to suffer for the host. But the strangers insisted on being proxy for the family, who at length reluctantly consented to the arrangement.

Immediately after candle-light, Sahasra Dal and Champa Dal, with their horses, installed themselves in the temple and shut the door. Sahasra told his brother to go to sleep, as he himself was determined to sit up the whole night and watch against the coming of the terrible rákshasi; and Champa was soon sound asleep, while his brother lay awake. Nothing happened during the early hours of the night; but no sooner had the king's gong announced the hour of midnight than Sahasra heard a sound as of a rushing tempest, and immediately concluded, from his knowledge of rákshasas, that the rákshasi was nigh. Presently he heard a thundering knock at the door, followed by these words:

"How, mow, khow!
A human being I smell;[1]
Who watches inside?"

Sahasra Dal replied,

"Sahasra Dal watcheth,
Champa Dal watcheth,
Two winged horses watch."

On hearing this the rákshasi turned away with a groan, knowing that Sahasra Dal had rákshasa blood in his veins. An hour after she returned, and again at two o'clock and at three o'clock, and made the same inquiry, and obtaining each time the same answer, went away with a groan. After three o'clock, however, Sahasra Dal felt very sleepy; he could no longer keep awake; so he roused his brother, told him to watch, and strictly enjoining upon him, in reply to the query of the rákshasi, to mention his (Sahasra's) name first, he went to sleep. At four o'clock the rákshasi again returned, thundered at the door, and said,

"How, mow, khow!
A human being I smell;
Who watches inside?"

As Champa Dal was in a great fright, he forgot for the moment his brother's injunction, and answered:

"Champa Dal watcheth,
Sahasra Dal watcheth,
Two winged horses watch."

On hearing this reply the rákshasi uttered a shout of exultation, laughed as only demons can laugh, and with a dreadful noise broke open the door. The noise roused Sahasra, who in a moment sprang to his feet, and with his sword, which was as supple as a palm-leaf, cut off the head of the rákshasi. The huge mountain of a body fell to the ground, making a great noise, and lay covering many an acre.

[1] This is the "Fe, fo, fum!" of our nursery tale of Jack and the Giants. Ogres and such-like monsters readily scent the presence of a human being. See the note in p. 134.

V.

'Cupid and Psyche' Legends.

The eighth of the Rev. Lal Behari Day's 'Folk-Tales of Bengal' presents, in the second part (the first belongs to the "Outcast Child" cycle), some resemblance to the modern Greek version of the 'Cupid and Psyche' legend cited in pp. 243, 244, in connection with stories of secrets learned from birds. A young lady is married to a mysterious youth, Prince Sobur,[1] who had sent her a box containing a looking-glass and a fan, and when she had shaken the fan, he stood before her. The six sisters of the bride, envying her good fortune, determined to cause the death of the prince. They broke some bottles, reduced the fragments to a fine powder, and scattered it on the nuptial couch. The prince had no sooner laid himself down than he felt the most acute pain, for the fine glass-powder had penetrated all his body. As he was writhing and shrieking, his attendants hastily took him away to his own country. The young bride, on discovering that her husband had been spirited away, was distracted with grief, and though she had never seen his country, she determined to seek it out, however far distant it might be. So she put on the dress of a religious mendicant, and set out on her journey. She soon became weary, and sat under a tree to rest. On the top of the tree was the nest of the celestial bird Bihangama and his mate. They were absent at the time, but two of their young ones were in the nest. Presently they gave a loud scream, and the pretended mendicant looking up discovered a monstrous snake climbing the tree, and in a moment she cut the snake in two with a dagger which she carried. Soon after this the parent birds return, and their young ones relate how the mendicant at the foot of the tree had killed a snake that was climbing up to destroy them. The Bihangama then said to his mate that they must do her a service, for the person under the tree was not a *sanyási,* but a woman who had

[1] Query—Pers. *sabr*, meaning "patience"?

been married last night to Prince Sobur, who a few hours after, on laying himself down on his bed, had been sorely injured with fine particles of glass which had been spread there by his envious sisters-in-law, and was now in his native country and at the point of death. The bird then goes on to explain to his mate that if their dung, which is lying about the tree and is hardened, be reduced to powder and applied with a brush to the body of the prince after bathing him seven times with seven jars of water and seven jars of milk, he will certainly get well, adding that he himself will carry her on his back to the capital of the province. The poor girl, having heard this conversation, begged the Bihangama to carry her to the prince, and he readily consented. Before mounting the bird, she gathered a quantity of the specific, and arriving at the palace of the prince, applied it to his body as the bird had directed, and he was perfectly cured.

VI.

Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp.

Another Arabian Variant.

The variant of Galland's story found in the tale of Marúf—the last in the Búlák and Calcutta printed Arabic texts of the 'Book of the Thousand and One Nights'—had escaped my memory for the time, else I should have added an abstract of it to the tale of the Fisherman's Son (p. 330 ff.), from the Wortley Montague MS. of 'The Nights.' The story of Marúf is evidently composed of incidents taken from a number of separate tales, and I shall confine my abstract to the portion which resembles Galland's tale of Aladdin:

Marúf having married the sultan's daughter "under false pretences"—he had given out that he was a wealthy merchant and daily expected the arrival of his grand caravan—the chief vazír, who had all along asserted that he was an impostor, at length prevailed upon the king to urge his daughter to wheedle out of him the real facts of the case. So one night Marúf con-

fessed to her that he was not a merchant, and that the caravan had no existence. Upon this the princess, who was fondly attached to Marúf, said that, should this come to her father's knowledge, his death was certain, and he had better fly at once to a distant land, and at her father's death she would send for him. She then gave him a purse of gold, together with a mamlúk's dress, and before dawn Marúf disguised himself and left the city undiscovered by any one. In the morning the princess informed her father that Marúf having yesterday received a letter from the chief of his caravan stating that it had been plundered by a gang of Arabs to the extent of two hundred bales of merchandise, he had set off with the messenger to bring the caravan safely into the city, and thus defeat the vile machinations of the vazír. The sultan believed the story, and joined with his daughter in reviling the minister, who, trembling for his head, was forced to bear all in silence.

Meanwhile Marúf fared on, he knew not whither, till, about mid-day, he came near a village, and seeing in a field a peasant guiding a plough drawn by oxen, he approached and asked him for some food. The man, supposing him to be one of the sultan's mamlúks, readily answered that he would at once proceed home and fetch such as his house could furnish. So saying, he left his plough and oxen, and hastened to the village. Left to his own reflections, Marúf thought that since the man had quitted his work to oblige him, the least he could do was to continue it for him. Scarcely had Marúf ploughed a furrow before the ploughshare struck against something hard in the ground, and while endeavouring to disengage it, he discovered a large ring of iron fixed in a marble slab.[1] His curiosity was strongly excited. He pulled the ring with all his strength, and raised up a slab, which turned on a hinge. A few steps were then discovered, which having descended, Marúf entered a cavern about the size of a bath, and heaped on all sides with gold, emeralds, rubies, and other gems, beyond all price. This place led to other chambers containing vast riches, and the suite terminated in an apartment in which was nothing more than a

[1] This incident occurs in several Eastern stories—*e.g.*, the tale of Abdúllah of Khurasan, in Malcolm's 'Sketches of Persia,' ch. xi.

coffer of crystal, enclosing a little box made of one entire diamond. Curious to know what it contained, Marúf opened the box, and discovered a gold ring, quite plain, except that around it some mysterious talismanic characters were engraved. As he was fitting this ring on his finger he heard a voice exclaiming, "What wouldst thou—what wouldst thou, master?" and he beheld at his side a hideous figure, with a most extraordinary countenance, who continued to address him in these words: "What are thy commands?—speak; I obey thee. What land shall I cover with flowers? what kingdom shall I ravage? what army shall I cut in pieces? what king shall I slay? what mountains shall I level with the valleys? what sea shall I lay dry?—speak; I obey. I am thy slave, by permission of the Master of spirits, the Creator of day and night!" "What art thou?" asked Marúf. "I am," replied the figure, "a genie, the slave of this ring, and of the powerful Name thereon engraved. To the possessor of this ring I must submit myself, and execute his commands. Nothing exceeds my power, for I am a king among the genii and command seventy-two tribes, each of which is composed of twelve thousand genii of my species, called *ún.* Each ún has under his command one thousand *ifríts;* every ifrít, one thousand *shaytans;* and every shaytan, a thousand inferior genii. Over all these I rule; but, mighty as I am, I submit to thee and this ring. I obey thee with all I possess, and am thy devoted slave. Command! I hear thee and obey; with the rapidity of lightning I fulfil thy orders. When thou requirest my succour, be thou on land or on sea, rub this ring, invoke me by the power of the name engraved thereon, and thou shalt instantly behold me."

Marúf then desired that the treasures should be transported to the surface of the earth, and in an instant the floor of the cave opened, and two young boys of great beauty appeared, bearing on their heads baskets of gold, which they proceeded to fill with the precious stones that lay scattered around. "Can you procure mules and coffers to transport this treasure?" asked Marúf. "Nothing is more easy," replied the genie, and uttering a loud cry he summoned all his children, who were as beautiful as the first two. At the command of their father,

some of these transformed themselves into mules, some into mule-drivers, and others into mamlúks mounted on superb horses, to guard the caravan. Three hundred mules were soon laden with cases, containing the most precious gems and pure gold. Marúf then commanded his new slaves to pitch tents and form a camp, to raise him a pavilion and serve up a repast.

At this moment the peasant arrived with a dish of lentils, some black bread, and a bag of barley. When he saw the camp and pavilion and the crowd of mamlúks and mules, he imagined the sultan had arrived, of whom Marúf had been the *avant-courier*. "Holy Prophet!" said he to himself, "wherefore did I not kill and cook my two hens? The sultan will cut off my head in return for this sorry fare!" Marúf, having perceived him, ordered one of the mamlúks to desire his presence in the pavilion. "What hast thou got there?" he asked. "Your dinner and that of your horse," replied the villager. "But I pray you, pardon me: had I known that the sultan would have halted here, I would have killed two hens which I have at home, and stewed them in butter." "Set down your lentils," replied Marúf; "I am so hungry that I shall eat them with pleasure. The sultan is not here; but I am his relation. You treated me well, though you knew me not; therefore I shall not forget to be grateful." Marúf made his dinner of the humble plate of lentils, notwithstanding that the genie, to tempt his appetite, served up the most delicious meats, of such rich flavour that the villager stood amazed at the sight. As soon as Marúf had devoured the last lentil with much appearance of appetite, he heaped the plate with gold and precious stones, and returned it to the astonished peasant, who, declaring he was enriched for life, then returned to the village with his plough and oxen, fully convinced that his guest was the son of the sultan.

Thus far after the style of the 'Arabian Nights,' but the sequel must be related with brevity. Marúf having passed the night in feasting and beholding the dances of the daughters of the genie, whom he had summoned to amuse him, early next morning set out for the sultan's capital, with 700 mules laden with rich merchandise and attended by 500 mam-

lúks. The vazír had just been declaring to the sultan that Marúf was an impostor and he would never see his face again, when a genie, disguised as a messenger, arrived, to intimate the approach of the sultan's son-in-law at the head of his grand caravan. "May Allah confound thy beard, traitor that thou art!" exclaimed the sultan, turning fiercely to his vazír. "Art thou not at last convinced, wretch, of the grandeur of my son-in-law?" The vazír, terror-struck, threw himself on his knees, and the sultan gave orders to illuminate the city. On the arrival of Marúf, he caused the royal treasury to be filled with gold and gems and silks, and other precious stuffs. The princess met her husband with joy, and having embraced him and kissed his hands, said with a smiling countenance, "You have amused yourself, my lord, at my expense, by your tale of poverty; you wished, doubtless, to put my affection to the proof. Thanks be to Allah, you are happily restored to me; for whether rich or poor you are not less dear; I love yourself, not your wealth." When the 700 mules and the 500 mamlúks were found to have disappeared the following morning, the suspicions of the vazír were once more aroused—Marúf could certainly be no merchant. So he advised the sultan to ascertain the cause of his great wealth, lest he should prove dangerous to his government. "Invite him to a banquet, ply him with wine, and then question him concerning his treasures." The sultan accordingly invited Marúf to a grand feast, and when he was warmed with wine, asked him to relate his adventures. So Marúf in an evil hour told the whole story. "I pray thee, my son," then said the sultan, "show me this ring of wonderful power." Marúf drew the ring from his finger, and gave it to the vazír, to lay it before the sultan; but as soon as the vazír touched the ring, he summoned the genie and commanded him to convey Marúf to some desert and there leave him to perish. The genie immediately obeyed the order of the new possessor of the ring. Then the vazír again summoned the genie and ordered him to convey the sultan to the same spot where he had left Marúf, which being done, he assembled the divan and compelled them to acknowledge him as sultan. The next step of the vazír was to insist on marrying

the princess, who, being threatened with death if she should refuse compliance, had no resource but in stratagem. At a banquet in the evening, she pretended that she had long secretly loved him, but she was afraid of a genie whom, she had been informed, he held captive in a ring, and if he would consent to divest himself of that terrible companion, she would be his slave for life. Deceived by her flattering words, the vazír drew the ring from his finger and flung it to a distance. The princess then presented him with a cup full of wine, which she had first pressed to her own lips, and he continued to carouse till his senses were utterly intoxicated, after which the princess seized the ring, summoned the genie, and commanded him to secure the vazír and restore her husband and father. The moment Marúf and the sultan were brought back to the palace the latter caused the vazir's head to be struck off; but when he desired his daughter to give him the ring, she replied that men who carouse over wine-cups are not to be trusted with unlimited power, and so she should give it neither to him nor her husband, but keep it in her own possession.

In this version, as in Galland and the Story of Cajusse (p. 314 ff.), the talisman is not recovered by means of grateful animals, which was most probably the original form of the story, since they play the principal parts in the European variants, in the Arabian tale of the Fisherman's Son, and in the Mongolian and the Tamil versions, a circumstance which, as I have before remarked, would seem to indicate that the tale is of Buddhist extraction;[1] and this conjecture is strengthened by the existence of a Burmese version in a story-book translated by Captain T. P. Sparks, under the title of 'The Decisions of Princess Thoodhamma Tsari,' printed at Maulmain in 1851, which is as follows:

[1] Although the Fisherman's Son is represented as purchasing the dog, the cat, and the rat in order to divert his melancholy by their tricks, and "these seeming animals proved to be magicians," we must regard this as a corruption of the Mongolian story, in which the hero buys the three animals to save them from being tortured. The alteration of the Arabian compiler is very clumsy, and spoils the story to some extent.

Burmese (Buddhist) Version.

During the era of Gaunagóng,[1] a prince, a young noble, a rich man's son, and a poor man's son were being educated together in the country of Tekkatho.[2] Having learned as much as they wished, they asked their teacher to discourse to them upon the benefits resulting from a good quality to its possessor. Their teacher then related to them the following story:

Soon after the commencement of the world, there dwelt in Gahapati Waytha four very rich men, between whom there existed the warmest friendship, so that each sought only the interest of the others. After a time one of them died, leaving an only son, to whom his mother said, "My dear boy, your father, my husband, is dead, you are therefore now in his place and are entitled to his estate; but you are still very young; go, therefore, to your father's three friends, and learn from them wisdom and prudence." Thus saying, she gave him three hundred pieces of money, and dismissed him.

The youth started on his way to his father's friends, with a retinue of attendants befitting his station. As he was journeying, he met a man with a dog. "Hey, fellow," said he, "will you sell your dog?" The man replied, "If you want to buy him, give me a hundred pieces for him." The youth gave the sum demanded, and sent the dog back to his mother, with an account of what he had done. Supposing that her son had obtained the sanction of her late husband's friends to his purchase, she fed and tended the dog with the greatest care. Another day, after his mid-day meal, he was walking along when he fell in with a man who had a cat, which he asked him whether he would sell. "You may have her for a hundred pieces," said the man. The lad paid the money and sent the

[1] The twenty-fifth Buddha.

[2] "The Páli name of Tekkatho is Tekkathela or Tekkasela, and we know that *kha* corresponds to the Sanskrit *ksha*, so the Sanskrit name is Tekshéla, which is the famous Taxila of Ptolemy, in the time of Alexander the Great 'the largest and wealthiest city between the Indus and the Hydaspes.'"—'Notes on the Ancient History of Burmah,' by the Rev. F. Mason.

cat to his mother as before, and she, under the same impression as in the previous case, treated the cat with the same attention as she did the dog. Another day he met a man with an ichneumon, which he inquired whether he would part with. The man said he would, and on being asked the price, demanded a hundred pieces. The rich man's son paid the money, and sent the ichneumon to his mother, who, supposing as before, received and fed it.

Now the dog and the cat being domestic animals, she kept them in the house without any fear, but the ichneumon, being a wild animal, she was in such dread of it that she wasted away. Her spiritual teacher coming to her house to receive his meal of cooked food, she went down to give it to him, when, on seeing her, he exclaimed, "Why, my disciple, how thin you have grown!" He then recited the eight accidents to which human life is liable.[1] The rich man's widow replied, "The only reason is this: having given my son three hundred pieces of money and sent him to his father's three friends to learn how to manage his affairs with prudence, one day he sends me a dog, on another, a cat, and on a third, an ichneumon, for each of which he paid a hundred pieces. Now the dog and the cat are domestic animals, and I am not afraid of them; but the ichneumon is a wild animal, and if I only look at it even, I am so frightened that my body, limbs, and eyes are all wasting away." The priest told her to let the ichneumon loose in the jungle, and it being wrong to disobey the commands of one's teacher or one's parents, she turned it loose, giving it at the same time some food smeared over with oil for its subsistence.

On arriving at the jungle, the ichneumon said to himself, "The rich man's son gave a hundred pieces for me, and since I have been in his possession he has had me well fed and taken care of, and has been the cause of my obtaining life and liberty. I will repay the obligation I am under to my benefactor." Thus meditating, he took up in his mouth a ruby ring which he found in the jungle, and carrying it to the rich man's son, gave

[1] These are: (1) Success in one's undertakings; (2) dignity and splendour; (3) honour and fame; (4) happiness; and their four opposites.

it to him, saying, "This is no common ring; it possesses the power of gratifying every wish of its owner. Wear it constantly, therefore, on your finger, and on no account allow any one else to wear it. The ichneumon then returned to the jungle. And the rich man's son wished, and during the night a palace with a pinnacled roof rose up in front of his house. All the people of the country, from the king downwards, came to see this sight, and the king gave him his daughter in marriage.

Soon afterwards the princess' teacher came to see if he could discover the prince's talisman. He looked, but could see nothing except the ring. Watching his opportunity, on one occasion when the prince had gone out, he entered the palace, and after making flattering speeches to the princess, asked her whether her husband loved her. "How can you ask such a question as that?" replied she. "He is only a rich man's son, while I am the daughter of the king." "If he loves you so much, you have been, perhaps, allowed to wear his ring?" insinuated the Bráhman. "If I have not worn it," returned she, "pray who should?" After this the Bráhman retired. A day or two later, the princess asked her husband to let her wear his ring, and he, being extremely attached to her, took it off and gave it to her, at the same time charging her not to show it to any one, but to wear it constantly on her finger.

One day, when the rich man's son had gone out, the Bráhman came again and addressed her with his usual smooth phrases. She said, "I have got the ring you spoke about the other day." "Have you?" cried he. "Where is it?" "Here," she replied, displaying it. He begged of her earnestly to take it off and let him examine it; and at last, on her nurse, who was present, persuading her to yield to her teacher's importunity, she took it off and gave it to him. The instant the Bráhman received it he changed himself into a crow and flew away to the middle of the ocean, whither no one could follow him, and there dwelt in a pinnacled palace.

When her husband returned, and heard that the Bráhman had taken the ring, he said to her, "You showed the ring, although I particularly charged you not to do so; and the consequence is that it is now in the midst of the sea, where I can

never recover it." After speaking these words, he remained brooding over his loss.

One day a party of the daughters of the Nats[1] came to bathe in a tank covered with water-lilies, not far from the place where the rich man's son dwelt, and having taken off their necklaces they laid them down on the bank; there the cat found them, and picking them up, ran away and hid them. The daughters of the Nats came to the cat and begged her to return the necklaces, saying they were only fit for Nats, not for mortals. The cat said, "If I do, you must make a road for me to travel to the place where the Bráhman is living in his palace in the midst of the ocean; on this condition only will I restore them."[2] So the daughters of the Nats made the road, and the cat crept stealthily along it until she arrived at the palace, where she found the Bráhman asleep, with the ring on his finger. She then slipped off the ring, brought it back, and delivered it to her master, in return for his kindness, saying, "You paid a great price for me, and have fed and taken care of me ever since." As for the Bráhman, he fell into the sea and was drowned; while the rich man's son, being once more in possession of the ring, had every wish he formed gratified.

After a time a band of five hundred robbers came to kill the rich man's son and take away his ring. The dog, perceiving that they had come to kill his master, who had purchased him at so high a price and treated him so kindly, flew at the leader of the band and bit him to death, and threw his body down a well. Seeing this, the rest of the robbers fled in dismay.

Next morning the dog said to his master, "I had no sleep last night; I had hard work to do"; and on being asked to explain, he related how the robbers came to slay his master, and how he had killed their chief, and thereby put the rest to flight, adding, "In return for the many favours you have conferred upon me,

[1] The inferior celestial regions are inhabited by Nats, beings who occupy the same place in Buddhist belief that fairies, genii (*jinn*), dívs, perís, yakshas, etc. hold in European, Arabian, Persian, and Hindú superstitions.

[2] Maidens of this order of semi-celestial beings cannot leave the earth, apparently, without their necklaces, like the daughters of the *jinn*, when their garments are seized by a human being.

I have preserved your life and your property." "Ah," replied the rich man's son, "all men reviled me for giving a hundred pieces for you who are but an animal, but I owe all my prosperity to three animals, each of whom I purchased at that price." Thus saying, he went into the jungle, brought back the ichneumon, and kept him in the house.

Now the ichneumon, the dog, and the cat each asserted it had a right to eat before the others. The ichneumon, because he was the first to give the ring to their master. The cat, because, when the gift which the ichneumon had made to their master had fallen into the hands of the Bráhman, she, by taking the necklaces of the daughters of the Nats, and by means of the road which they made for her, had recovered the ring, and was thus the cause of their master's happiness. The dog, because, when five hundred robbers came to strip the rich man's son of what the others had given him and to take his life, he killed their chief, and cast him into the water, whereupon the rest of the band fled. "And thus," said the dog, "I am the preserver not only of our master's wealth, but of his life also."

Thus disputing, they agreed to submit their cases to the decision of the Princess Thoo-dhamma Tsari, the daughter of King Dhammarít, who dwelt at Madarít, in the kingdom of Kambautsa, in a pavilion with one pillar in the centre,[1] who possessed a perfect acquaintance with the ten laws,[2] and was deeply versed in the civil and criminal codes, the fame of whose wisdom had spread to the eight quarters of the world,[3] so that the illustrious of every nation came to her for judgment.

[1] Pavilions of this form are only allowed to certain females of the Burmese royal family.

[2] These are: (1) To make religious offerings; (2) to observe the Five Precepts; (3) to be charitable; (4) to be upright; (5) to be mild and gentle; (6) not to give way to anger; (7) to be strict in the performance of all religious ceremonies; (8) not to oppress; (9) to exercise self-restraint; (10) not to be familiar with inferiors. The Five Precepts of Buddha referred to in the second of these ten laws are: (1) not to do murder; (2) not to steal; (3) not to commit adultery; (4) not to drink intoxicating liquors; (5) not to do anything evil.

[3] The four cardinal points, and North-East, North-West, South-East, and South-West are called the "eight faces," or quarters, of the world.

The three animals having appeared before the princess, the ichneumon opened the case: "A rich man's son paid a hundred pieces of money for me, fed and tended me well, and gave me my liberty in the jungle. Bearing this in mind, and because he was my benefactor, I gave him a ruby ring, by means of which he obtained a pinnacled palace which sprang up out of the earth; therefore I am entitled to take precedence of, and eat before, the dog and the cat." The cat, in turn, related how that when the Bráhman had gained possession of the ring which the ichneumon had given their master, she recovered it, and so was the cause of his present good fortune. After her, the dog stated his case, saying, "When robbers came to take from our master the ring which the ichneumon had given him, and which, when lost, was restored to him by the cat, I killed their chief, and the remainder of the band fled. Thus I preserved not only my master's wealth but his life also, and therefore I ought to have precedence over the two others."

When they had ended, Princess Thoo-dhamma Tsari thus pronounced her decision: "The dog, in addition to saving his master's treasures, also prolonged his life; therefore he is entitled to the first place among you; but verily among animals there are none who understand how to repay a debt of gratitude as you do."

Thus ends the story of the dog, the cat, and the ichneumon, from which you may learn, that although man is superior to animals, yet kindness towards them does not go unrequited.

As almost all Burmese story-books are translations from the Páli,[1] we may consider the foregoing as representing the Buddhist prototype of Galland's tale of Aladdin. Here, as in the Mongolian, first-cited Arabian (the Fisherman's Son), Bohemian, Albanian, and Greek versions, the number of befriended and

[1] The translators have a curious method of doing their work. Instead of composing continuously in their vernacular (says Captain Sparks), a few words of Páli are written, and then their meaning in Burmese; then a few more Páli words, followed by their interpretation, and so on through the whole book, after the fashion called at school "construing."

grateful animals is three. In the Tamil story there are but two—the snake, through which the hero obtains the talisman, and the cat, which recovers it from the king of Cochin-China. It is interesting to see how the chief incidents are reproduced in the several versions. In Aladdin the princess parts with the "old" lamp for a new one; in the Fisherman's Son, the ring is exchanged for a basket of jewels; in the Mongolian story, the hero very foolishly barters his talisman for the merchants' goods and money. But in the Bohemian, Greek, and Danish versions, the princess, who does not love the hero, her husband, steals the talisman; this is done by a Jew in the Albanian; in the Tamil, by an old hag, who, like the Bráhman in the Burmese story, artfully obtains possession of it from the princess. In all the versions, with the exception of the Burmese, the magically-constructed palace is transported to a great distance—to the heart of Africa, an island in the midst of the sea, or to the sea-shore. The underground cave in the story of Marúf has its counterpart in that of Aladdin, while the wicked vazír plays the part of the African magician—with a difference. From whatever source Galland may have derived his tale, it is very evident, from the Bohemian, Albanian, and Greek variants, that it came to Europe in a form closely resembling the Mongolian, Tamil, and Burmese versions.

VII.

The Magical Conflict.

My friend Mr E. J. W. Gibb has kindly furnished me with the following Turkish version of the Magical Conflict (referred to in p. 432), from his forthcoming translation of the romance of 'The Forty Vazírs':

It is related that there was a woman in the city of Cairo, and that woman had a worthless son, who, no matter to what trade she put him, did no good. One day the woman said to the youth, "My son, what trade shall I give thee?" The youth replied, "Take me along with thee, let us go; and whatever

trade I like, to that do thou give me." And that woman and her son went to the bazaar, and while they were walking about they saw a geomancer, and the youth observed that geomancer and liked him. Thereupon the woman made him over to him, and the geomancer took the youth and began to show him the principles of geomancy. After some days the master said to the youth, "To-morrow I will become a ram; sell me, but take heed and give not my rope." The youth said, "Very good." The master became a ram, and the youth took and led him to the bazaar and sold him for a thousand aspres; but he gave not the rope, but took it away with him, and returned. When it was evening his master appeared. After some days the master said, "Now, youth, to-morrow I will become a horse; take and sell me, but take heed and give not my headstall." And he became a horse, and the youth took him and sold him, but gave not the headstall; and he took the money and went to his own house. When it was evening his master came to his house and saw the youth was not there, and he said, "He will come in the morning," and went to bed. On the other hand, the youth went to his mother and said, "O mother, to-morrow I will become a dove; sell me, but take heed and give not my key." And he became a dove without peer; and the woman put the dove up to auction, and the bidders began to raise their bids at the rate of five piastres. But this dove, which spake the language of the people of that city, acquired such fame as cannot be described. Now, as every one was speaking of the qualities of this dove, his master heard and came; and as soon as he saw him he knew him to be the youth, and he said, "Out on thee, misbegotten wretch, thou doest a deed like this and I whole; now see what I will do to thee." And he went and bought him from the woman. The woman said, "I will not give the key." Quoth the master, "Take fifty piastres more, and go and buy another key such as thou pleasest." And he gave her the whole sum; and the woman was greedy and took it, and drew the key from her girdle and threw it on the ground. As soon as the key fell, it became a pigeon and began to fly, and the master became a hawk and pursued the pigeon. While these were flying along, the king was seated in the plain taking his pleasure; and the

youth looked and saw no escape, and he became a red rose and fell in front of the king. And the king wondered and said, "What means a rose out of season?" and he took it in his hand. Then the master became a minstrel, and he came to the king's party, with a mandolin in his hand, and sang a stave with a sweet voice. And the king marvelled and said to the minstrel, "What desirest thou from me?" The minstrel answered, "What I desire from thee is the rose that is in thy hand." The king said, "The rose came to me from God; ask something else." The minstrel was silent; then he sang another stave, and again the king said, "What desirest thou from me?" Again the minstrel asked the rose; and this time the king stretched out his hand to give it him, whereupon the rose fell to the ground and became millet. Then the minstrel became a cock, and began to pick up the millet. One grain of the millet was hidden under the king's knee; and that grain became a man, and seized the cock and tore off its head. And the king and the nobles wondered, and they asked the youth of these matters, and he explained them to them.

It will be observed that this version differs materially from all others in some of the details, especially in representing the master, not the pupil, as turning himself into a ram and a horse for sale. The rope and the bridle, however, as in the Norse and Italian variants, are not to be given into the bargain. For the apple in the Albanian story we have here a red rose. The grain of millet and the cock are metamorphoses which occur in most of the versions. But there is some obscurity in the transformation of the key—of the dove's *cage?*—into a "pigeon." What became of the wonderful dove (the youth thus self-changed) after the master had bought it? The incident of the woman's casting the key on the ground, with its result, has its parallel in Straparola's story, in which, by the hero's counsel, the princess dashes the ruby ring against the wall, when it turns into a pomegranate, which bursts, and the seeds are scattered about; also in the Albanian version, in which the queen tosses the apple to the pretended dervishes, when it instantly becomes millet. In the Tamil version (p. 438), the hero, having changed himself into

a pearl of the princess's necklace, when the latter is required of her, she scatters the pearls in the courtyard, and they at once become worms—an incident to which that of the rosary in the Mongolian variant bears some analogy. The grain of millet, in the Turkish version, becoming transformed into a man, who kills the cock, seems a reflection of the catastrophe of the Mongolian story (p. 435), from an earlier form of which it was probably derived.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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